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RUINS AT CALLO. See P 198

TRAVELS

IN THE

67.272

EQUATORIAL REGIONS

OF

SOUTH AMERICA,

IN 1832.

BY ADRIAN R. TERRY, M. D.

"Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me."—ISAAC WALTON.

Hartford:

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1834.

/ Fz 328

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PREFACE.

The greater part of the following work had originally the form of letters, written from the country which it attempts to describe, to my friends in North America. The remainder is but an enlargement of the journal which I constantly kept during my absence. When I returned home, I had no intention of publishing my observations on South America; but subsequent consideration determined me to hazard the experiment.

The press of the present day so overflows with works by men of talent in every department of science and literature, that an unknown author runs a great risk of being overlooked among the multitude of established competitors for the notice of the public; and so true is it, that we ourselves cannot judge with impartiality of the merit of our own productions, that although I am convinced the subject of the following pages might be made interesting to a large proportion of my readers, I am by no means equally sure that I have treated it in a manner to render it so. The title of the work (Travels in the Equatorial regions of South America) does not embrace its whole scope; but as it clearly designates its most important part, I have adopted it.

The region through which I have travelled, is part of a vast territory, which, for about three centuries, was held in a bondage most oppressive and humiliating, by a people occupying a spot on the globe, comparatively insignificant in extent. After the conquest, the conquerors and their descendants in turn be-

came the slaves and dependants of the mother country. The results of this long slavery are apparent, and must continue so for many years. To those with whom the history of the rise and fall of the governments of the earth is a matter of philosophical study and reflection, the condition of so fair a portion of the globe, after a great political change, cannot fail to be of interest. I have therefore described this condition, without going into lengthened speculations on its causes, for the most part leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions and inferences. I think it will not be attributed to that excessive national vanity of which citizens of the United States are accused, when I say that the eyes of the whole civilized world are now anxiously watching the state of affairs in our republic. Setting aside all consideration of our actual present importance in the scale of nations, the future prosperity or adversity of the United States is of immense moment as an example, and as the result of an experiment in the republican form of government. In this point of view again, the state of the South American republics ought to attract attention in the minds of citizens in the United States. It may be well if we can take warning from the misfortunes of our neighbors, and pause before we have blown the embers of civil discord into a flame that will destroy us.

The gross misrepresentations of *some* recent travellers in the United States, are sufficient to render our citizens cautious in the reception of *travellers' stories;* and it would be no matter of surprise to me, if some of the pictures I have drawn of the state of society in the Ecuador, should be thought exaggerated. Nothing will perhaps excite more astonishment in us, who are accustomed to see in our clergy the patterns of a correct life, than the account I have given of this class in South America; but in regard to this, and many other things of which I have taken notice, it must be recollected that, until since the revolution, Spanish America has been absolutely shut out from participation in the wonderful advancement in knowledge and civilization, which many other parts of the world have been

making during the last sixty years; and that even since this event, only the sea-port towns, and those possessing easy and rapid means of communication with the coast, have drawn essential benefit from foreign intercourse. After all, the account I have given of the clergy, will, even at the present day, find many parallels in Spain and Italy. As regards the correctness of my descriptions, all I ask is, that they may be judged of, not by comparison with our own state of society, but by the testimony of other travellers of credibility, taking into view the considerations which I have just suggested. The book pretends not to science. Its object is to give a faithful picture of the moral and physical condition of the people, and an idea of the more prominent natural features of the country. I have considered that I could in no better and pleasanter manner accomplish this, than by describing things as I saw them, interspersed with my personal adventures from day to day.

In my short account of the Indian population, I have purposely omitted any speculations concerning their origin, and their supposed connexion with the copper-colored tribes of eastern Asia, and of the chain of islands between the two continents. The subject has been fully treated of by older and more learned heads than mine; and, moreover, the discussion of it would involve a greater space than would be consistent either with the limits I have prescribed to myself, or with the character of the rest of the work.

I shall not attempt to excuse myself for any errors (except those of mere typography) which may be in this book, on the plea of haste or negligence. This I consider would be no apology for me, nor compliment to my readers. I have taken much pains with the work, and, such as it is, I commit it to the judgment of the public.

ERRATA.

Page 16, line 8 from the bottom, for luxuriant, read luxurious.
" 52, " 12 " " " for Punto, read Punta.
" 56, " 4, 6, 18, " " for Verda, read Verde.
" 165, " 11 " " " for subtle, read subtile.

TRAVELS

IN

SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage from New-York to Jamaica.—Adventure in a boat.—Port Royal.—Kingston.—Races.—Contemplated Emancipation of the Slaves.—Voyage from Port Royal to Chagre.—Passengers.—False alarm.—Rains on the coast of Veragua.—Chagre.—Fevers.—Night in the castle of San Lorenzo.—Voyage up the river.—Pyebald negroes.—Parrots.—Cruces.—Ride from Cruces to Panama.—Advantages of a canal across the Isthmus.

A sea voyage, unless accompanied by extraordinary circumstances of hardship or danger, or directed to unexplored regions, however interesting to the voyager himself, can seldom be made so in a narrative. A history of the succession of winds and calms, although their occurrence be of paramount importance to the prisoner on board ship, makes but a poor appearance in any other place than a log-book. I shall therefore pass lightly over my voyage from New-York to Jamaica, from which former place I sailed, with one *compagnon de voyage*, on the 24th of September, 1831, in a schooner of seventy tons burden, bound to Kingston and Chagres. On board a vessel of this size, of course, the cabin *could not* be very spacious; and unfortunately it was very dirty and uncomfortable: however, this was the only vessel bound for our place of destination, and we were obliged to make the best of the matter. The whole furniture of the cabin consisted of a few chairs without backs, and now and

then "lame of a leg," and a small table swung upon hinges for the convenience of shutting it up to the deck, where it was confined by a button, except during the time of meals, when it occupied nearly the whole area of the cabin floor. But we had, what Dr. Franklin says was so rare in his day, a civil and obliging master of the vessel, and affairs went on with tolerable smoothness.

Toward sunset, as we approached the mouth of the harbour, one of the beautiful packets for England (I think the Sheffield,) passed near us. On board was a friend of whom I had a few hours before taken leave; and as I compared our cock-boat with the stately fabric now rapidly leaving us, I almost envied him the superior comfort and security of his position, and felt more strongly than I had ever before, the discomfort of my own situation. As long as the packet ship remained in sight, I watched her rapid progress; and when darkness hid her from my view, a cold feeling of imprisoned loneliness came over me, on looking round our narrow deck, and peering into the dark hole called a cabin, and thinking of the many tedious days and nights I was to be confined within their limits.

From this time to the end of our voyage, we had about the usual number of gales, fine days, and calms. A calm in the tropics is, in my opinion, more disagreeable than a storm; and on board our vessel, a hurricane would have been a relief from the intense heat and glare of the sun. There was no escaping it. The cabin was hotter than Mons. Chaubert's ovens, no awning on deck, and the pitch, frying and bubbling from every seam, sent

up its pungent odour, and, as I imagined, rendered the heat more unbearable. The only relief was to place myself under the foot of a sail, which, flapping with the lazy rolling of the vessel, created some motion of the air. But the wished-for breeze would at length come, and with it vessel and crew would wake from their lethargy, and again bound over the bright blue waves.

I always preferred, when the weather would permit, having my matrass brought on deck, to inhaling the close, air of the cabin during the night; and often have I been awakened by the man at the helm shaking my shoulder, and bawling in my ear, "there is a squall coming, Sir." On these occasions, I would either go to the black hole below, or, if the squall promised not to be too severe, draw a tarpauling over my large cloak, and weather it out. I cannot descant on the miseries of sea-sickness, the common theme of landsmen at sea, for, happily, I was spared this addition to the *desagremens* of the voyage. At various times we caught dolphins; and, notwithstanding the many horrid accounts of the poisoning of whole ships' companies in consequence of eating fish caught in the tropical seas, we ate them, and found them a wholesome and palatable fish. I can affirm, from numerous observations, that the stories of the changing colors of this fish when dying, are not fabulous, as they are asserted to be by the author of "Six months in the West Indies." The colors do change in the most beautiful manner; and although this fish may exhibit the phenomenon more vividly than others, yet it by no means affords the only instance of it. Almost all the sea-fish

with which I am acquainted, display more or less of it, after being taken from the water.

On the 12th of October we made land, which proved to be the small low sand-keys called Los Caycos, or Les Caiques, probably from the resemblance which they bear, when first seen, to boats. On the next day, we made in sight the grand dark blue hills of Santo Domingo. How melancholy is the reflection, that this island, the garden of the West Indies, is in possession of a people, the whole mass of whom are in a state of debasement and degradation, scarcely if at all less than that, which a part of them suffered under their French masters. On the 14th we saw Cuba ; Santo Domingo still in sight.

On the 15th we made point Morant, the eastern end of Jamaica, and soon had a pilot on board, and were sailing close along the shores of this lovely island. In some places, ranges of beautifully green conical hills, rise from the edge of the sea, each hill, as they recede from the water, being higher than the one in front of it, until they are merged in the grand swelling outline of the blue mountains. In other parts the foot of the first range of hills is at a considerable distance from the sea, and the intervening flat ground is occupied by sugar plantations, presenting a rich surface of green, unbroken save by the low red tiled roofs of the manufactories, and the round brick towers of the windmills for grinding the cane. The hills are covered with grass or with wood, except where a neat white house, or more rarely a cliff, peeps forth from the luxuriant covert of leaves. Some of these houses appear to be placed in almost in-

accessible situations, high up on the sides of steep hills, and indeed we were told that they were approachable only by a bridle path.

About twenty miles east of Port Royal are the White Horses, fine cliffs, the bases of which are washed by the sea. They can be seen at a great distance, and are a landmark well known by sailors.

Our water had for a number of days been so bad, that we drank no more than was absolutely necessary to support life, supplying the deficiency with porter and light French wine. After the pilot came on board, it fell calm as we were near the shore, and some one suggested that the boat should be sent to a small stream of fresh water, the mouth of which was in sight, to procure a supply of the necessary element. The master consented; and the jolly-boat was lowered into the water, with the mate, two sailors, myself, and a huge cask in it. I was delighted with the prospect of exchanging, even for a few moments, our narrow, dirty vessel, for a walk on the green and fresh looking shore. We had hardly proceeded a quarter of the way to land, when we saw, careering down a gap or ravine in the hills, a mass of white vapor, and were overtaken by a smart gust of wind, with rain. To proceed to land in the teeth of it, was impossible; we therefore immediately pulled again for the vessel, which was now making short tacks expecting us, our little boat dancing like an eggshell on the waves caused by the sudden squall. The manœuvre of boarding a vessel under way, from so small a boat, is one of some delicacy and danger, when there is much wind, although the schooner was thrown into the wind to lessen

her headway as much as possible. We however accomplished it, after narrowly escaping being swamped, glad to terminate our excursion in safety, although without the wished-for water, and at the expense of a thorough wetting, both by the rain and sea. The suddenness of these squalls is astonishing. When we left the schooner the sky was perfectly cloudless, and not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the water, or filled our loosely-hanging sails; and before the sailors had pulled half a mile, the sun was hidden, heavy rain fell, and a strong breeze raised a sea absolutely dangerous to our little boat. In half an hour, the sun was again shining brightly, and not a trace of the gust remained.

A light breeze brought us the same evening in sight of Port Royal; and, wrapped in my cloak, I lay down on deck thirsty, but with the hope of plenty of good water in the morning. After midnight, my companion woke me from a dream of running brooks, with a large tumbler of water in his hand, a demijohn full having been procured from the fort in the harbor. How delicious! These cold-water drinkers are practising no self-denial, it is luxury, thought I; and after another tumbler full, I fell asleep, fully convinced of the virtues of cold water.

When I arose at sun-rise, the schooner was at anchor in Port Royal harbor. The novelty of the scene was, for a while, highly amusing. It was soon after the British West India ports were opened to our vessels; and the harbor was crowded with shipping, among which, swarms of chattering blacks were paddling their canoes, offering for sale fruits and vegetables, and wrangling and abusing each other in their laughable dialect, composed of bad

English with a sprinkling of worse Spanish. Now and then a white man was seen, lolling listlessly under an awning in his boat rowed by three or four stout negroes, or pacing slowly along the shore, overshadowed by a broad-spreading palm-leaf hat. The rising sun brought every thing into activity. Sails, wet with the heavy night dew, were hoisted to dry; decks were washed down; and every living thing was bustling to improve the cool hours of the early morning, that they might rest in the middle of the day.

Port Royal is strongly fortified on both sides of the harbor. On the east side the shore is so bold, that ships of a heavy draught can lie close to the fortifications. The neat barracks of the soldiers, surrounded by tall, feathery Cocoa Palms, form a pleasant feature in the landscape. There is an excellent and spacious hospital at Port Royal, which I visited before leaving Jamaica, and found in a state of the most perfect neatness and comfort. The wards of the hospital are placed on each side of a central avenue, and are divided by partitions which do not reach to the ceiling. This is a great advantage for the purpose of ventilation. Port Royal is five miles below Kingston, and was formerly the more considerable place; but after its destruction by the sea in the great earthquake of 1692, and subsequently by a hurricane, when partially rebuilt, Kingston became the more important town, and has so continued ever since.*

After breakfast, my companion and myself obtained permission to land with our baggage, as the schooner was to remain some days, and we proceeded in a wherry

* See Raynal's Indies, and Edwards' West Indies.

up to Kingston. The master and coxswain of the wherry was a free black, and exercised the most despotic sway over the four slaves who rowed it, never ceasing his vituperations of what he called their laziness; though the poor fellows were pulling with all their might, and really carried us to the town in a very short space of time. The appearance of Kingston, on approaching it, is not very attractive. The lower part of the town, which is most prominent, is principally built of red brick. It is situated on a sandy slope, shut in on three sides by hills, and the whole aspect, as seen from the water, is hot and uncomfortable. After landing, a long walk took us to a public house which had been recommended to us, but which we found full of people come from other parts of the island to witness the approaching military races; we were therefore obliged to go in search of another, and, after half an hour of plodding through the deep sand under a burning sun, we were safely housed in excellent lodgings.

In Jamaica, English comfort is grafted on that luxury which is peculiarly tropical, and which no combination of artificially heated rooms, hot-house fruits, and exotics, can ever successfully imitate. The contrast of our present cool, airy, and luxuriant quarters, to the dirty, close cabin of the schooner, put us in very good humor to enjoy the refreshing luncheon of fruits which was set before us at noonday. The delicious pine apple, the juicy orange, the high-flavored mango, the delicate nispero, the blushing pomegranate, and the far-famed Aguacati, or Avocato pear, were spread before us in an abundance and a perfection astonishing to a native of the colder re-

gions of the north. From subsequent observation, I am well convinced that the fruits of these regions, used in moderation, instead of being hurtful, are an antidote to many of the diseases of tropical climates. Fruit bears the odium of inducing many diseases, which are in reality brought on by excess, or by an imprudent exposure, especially to cold and damp night air, or to the fierceness of the noonday sun.

On the morrow, I presented letters of introduction to several merchants residing in Kingston. I was received by these gentlemen with a cordial hospitality, which I shall ever remember with gratitude and pleasure, and which rendered my short stay in the island, one of the few periods in my life which I should be willing to live over again.

The houses of Kingston (especially those in the upper part of the town, at a distance from the water,) are admirably fitted for the climate, airy, spacious, and surrounded by wide verandahs, with large shutters of Venetian blinds. The floors are principally without carpets, for the sake of coolness. They are made of the island mahogany, which is different from the Honduras; and as they are kept as highly polished as a mirror, it is a matter of some difficulty for an inexperienced person to keep his legs under him in walking on them. The better houses stand at a little distance from the street, and have small inclosures around them, which are filled with flowering and sweet-smelling vines and shrubs, which comport well with the green verandahs, and help to relieve the eye from the glare of the sandy

soil, while they diffuse coolness and fragrance throughout the house.

The military races given by the officers of H. B. M.'s forces in Jamaica, were held this week on the race course in the rear of the town. The horses were entered and ridden by the officers, in spite of the heat, rain, heavy course, and the fever which was then prevailing with great malignity. I was present one day, but unfortunately do not recollect the name of the winning horse, nor whether he or his rider had the longer pedigree.

I did not visit the interior of the island, more than to the distance of two or three miles from Kingston. What little I saw of it, was extremely picturesque and beautiful.

At the time I was in Jamaica, the public mind was in a state of great agitation on the subject of Parliamentary interference in the management of the slaves. At that time, the late decisive steps for the emancipation of the slaves, had not been taken by the British Parliament; and I believe few in the island imagined that the measures referred to would so soon be entered upon. The public presses were full of complaints of the acts that had then passed, regulating the manner and degree of punishment that might be inflicted on slaves, and the quantity of labor to be exacted from them. The advocates for the continuance of slavery for an indefinite period, pretended that these acts excited insubordination among the blacks. But the real cause of the alarm which was felt by a large portion of the community, even by those who strenuously advocated the amelioration of the condition of the slaves, and their emancipation as soon as it could

be done with safety to the whites and benefit to themselves, was the conduct of certain persons who, with intemperate and misjudging zeal, (to call it by no harsher name,) had been industriously instilling into the minds of the slaves, that immediate and unconditional freedom was what they should demand; and who had been stirring them up against their owners, by representing to them, that it was only the obstinacy and cruelty of these, that prevented such an event from taking place. A report had even gained ground among the blacks, it was said by means of these persons, that Parliament had actually passed an act emancipating the negroes; but that the Colonial Assembly refused to sanction it, or permit it to go into operation. How absurd such an assertion was, any moderately-informed person might see; but it served to impose on the ignorant blacks. The massacre which subsequently happened in 1832, proved these apprehensions to be well founded.

The noble and liberal measures since taken by the British government, have probably set this matter at rest. There is every reason to suppose that emancipation will now proceed as fast as is consistent with safety to both parties. What will be the ultimate effect, and whether the great superiority in numbers of the black population, and their better adaptation to the climate, will not, at some future period, render the islands ineligible residences for the whites, remains to be seen. Should such an event take place, it must be brought about gradually; and, by the growing wealth and intelligence of the blacks themselves. Accomplished by these

means, the complete possession of the islands by the negroes, is an event perhaps not to be deprecated.

There are in this country, (the United States,) a set of men who may be fairly termed agitators, although they assume to themselves the name of Anti-Slavery party. As the question of the proper means of getting rid of slavery in the United States, is more and more discussed every day, and is one of engrossing interest and vital importance to every good citizen, I trust I shall be excused for a short examination of some of the principles and arguments of these men, as set forth in an article published in the English Quarterly Magazine and Review for April, 1832. I refer to this paper, because it has been republished in the United States, through the agency of some of the members of the so called Anti-Slavery party, and therefore may be considered as an exposition of their sentiments. The difference between the forms of government of Great Britain and the United States must, in a measure, alter the state of the case; but the principal question of immediate emancipation remains the same.

In discussing this question it must be kept in view, that the British government has both directly and indirectly sanctioned colonial slavery. If any one doubt this, let him read Bryan Edwards' account of the slave trade, in the fourth book of his history of the West Indies. Charters have been granted in different reigns, for trading in slaves; acts of Parliament have been passed, regulating the manner of their importation; and, in two instances, the crown has actually held an interest in the trade. It appears to me, that for the

British government to have deprived the West India planters of their slaves without compensation, would have been an act of as flagrant injustice, as to have deprived any other of its subjects of any other property acquired in a way not unlawful. Of the ten distinct arguments of this writer, why the planters should not be compensated for the loss of their slaves, (all of which I think are equally futile and susceptible of refutation,) I shall examine but two. In No. 3 he assumes that no loss will happen to the proprietor from emancipation. Does he deny that slaves have a regular marketable value? No. But he says that the estates would become so much more valuable under free labor, that emancipation would be a benefit rather than an injury to the owner. Let me state a parallel case. A man has a horse and a plough, with which he tills his ground. It is represented to government, with every show of probability, nay, it is proved, that he can till the same ground more profitably, by means of a hoe; and that, in this way, he can soon indemnify himself for the loss of his horse and plough. Would any one justify his rulers in depriving him of them, without a compensation? It may perhaps be replied to this, that the possession of a slave is wrong, while that of a horse is not. In answer, I repeat, that the government are partakers in the wrong, and therefore have no right to redress it solely at the expense of the planters. In No. 9 he says, "If the claim demand a sum of money equal to the full existing value of the negro, *this*, and *more* than this, the claimants have already received: the oppressed negroes have amply paid it by the net products of their toil." What an argument! Will it be said, that be-

cause a man has reaped from his estate, in the course of years, more than its full existing value, that his rulers have a right to deprive him of it, without indemnification?

On the subject of *immediate* emancipation, I have a few words to say. By immediate emancipation, I do not mean the immediate commencement of measures for emancipation, and their gradual progress until its accomplishment; but the immediate placing of the slaves on the footing of other citizens. He contends, that it would be safe for the masters; basing his assertion on the presumed gratitude of the negro for such a benefit. Can it be supposed that the continued injuries of years can be washed out and forgotten, on account of a single benefit conferred, however great it may be? This writer must either be very ignorant of human passions, or he must wilfully put his knowledge out of sight, when he makes such an assertion. He says that "the native Africans" (referring to the liberated Crown slaves,) "are as fit for liberty as any people upon earth." Such an assertion is almost too absurd to merit contradiction. But let us see what the author of Six Months in the West Indies, in 1825, says on this subject. "In Antigua," he writes, "I went to see the African free apprentices, who were all drawn up in a line, in theyard of the Custom House. They amount to upward of two hundred, and consist of natives of the various coasts of Africa, who have been captured by our cruisers on board unlawful bottoms, and landed at St. Johns. It has been the intention of government to bind out these persons, as apprentices, for seven years, under the ordinary incidents of this species of service; and to

declare them absolutely free at the expiration of the term. This plan does not at present succeed. As there is no law to compel the planter to accept the labor of these apprentices, he naturally consults his own interest alone in hiring them. Unfortunately, these wretched creatures are for the most part so barbarous, that it has been found almost impossible to induce them to engage in any regular work; and so profligate, that they universally import disorder and vice into every plantation where they may be. About thirty only were of such a character that they could be safely employed." So much for the fitness of the native African for liberty. Further I shall not pursue this subject. I will merely remark, in conclusion, that I abhor the system of holding our fellow men in bondage, as much as can any one, and am as anxious to see our country free from this reproach; but I cannot regard with patience, those men who are madly rushing forward to the desired end, without regard to the miseries they will certainly inflict on both blacks and whites, if they continue to pursue the course which they have hitherto followed. One would think that the late horrid occurrences in Virginia would be a warning to them. A good evidence of the character of their views and motives, is their strenuous opposition to that noble institution, the Colonization Society, which, working with mildness and moderation, has done, and still continues to do incalculable good, and, in all human probability, will be the instrument of civilizing and Christianizing a large portion of Africa; thus affording a refuge, among their brethren, for the unfortunate negroes, as fast as they are freed from bondage.

On the 25th of October, I took leave of my excellent hostess, Mrs. Clark, of Hanover-street, (whose obliging disposition, delicate turtle steaks, and snowy-white bed linen, and mosquito curtains, I shall long remember,) and embarked on board our schooner, now rendered doubly disagreeable by contrast, and also by a number of passengers, which the master had contrived to pick up for a passage to Chagre. One of the new-comers was carrying a dozen game cocks on speculation to Panama, which valiant birds were ranged in separate boxes along the deck, and thus not being able to battle each other, entertained us with their screams of defiance, from morning till night. Our passengers consisted of two young Panamanians, who were just returning from completing their education abroad, and who, having lost the ceremonious and ostentatious politeness of the Spanish Americans, and having gained no substitute, were eminently disagreeable; a trader from Barbacoas, a decent and agreeable man; a Panama mulatto shopkeeper, whose hands bore marks that induced me to give him a wide berth; a Canadian distiller; and a little withered, wizzen-faced Frenchman, combining in his sole person the trades of baker, barber, and dancing-master. The last two personages were in partnership in the speculation in game cocks, and based their hopes of fortune upon the expectation of being enabled, by the sale of them, to exercise their respective trades in El Dorado. Poor fellows! I learnt afterward that their game cocks did not sell for the half of what they gave for them: the fate of many speculations on a larger scale. We sailed out of the harbor before a fair breeze; the master in high glee

at the prospect of the doubloons he was to have from his passengers, both feathered and not feathered; the speculators calculating their profits; cocks crowing lustily; and I myself not a little out of humor.

On the evening of the 30th we made land, as it afterward proved to be, off Porto Bello. The master, being unacquainted with the aspect of the coast, and having no means of ascertaining the longitude, passed Chagre in the night, and kept along the coast a little to the southward of west. On the night of the 31st, the vessel was hove to with a heavy breeze off shore, with rain; the night was pitchy dark. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 1st of November, the mate came into the cabin, apparently in great agitation, and inquired if any of the passengers had means of striking a light. The light in the binnacle had been out nearly two hours, the cabin lantern had expired, and the cook had lost all his matches. The mate said that he had reason to think that the wind had shifted, and was blowing on shore; and, as the vessel was drifting fast, we might be within half a mile of the land. Consoling news this! While one of the passengers was searching his trunk for matches, I went on deck. The wind had increased; and, from being steady, heavy squalls now swept across the waters. The sea was high, and the night was so dark that even the sails of the schooner could not be seen a few feet distant. After half an hour of anxious suspense, every moment expecting the vessel to strike, a light was procured, the compass examined, and the whole proved to be a false alarm; the wind was still directly off shore. When day dawned, the master continued his course; and about 6

o'clock, A. M., had the good fortune to discover that he was between the mainland and Escudo, or Shield island, off the coast of Veragua, about sixty miles west, and a little south of Chagre. When he had convinced himself of this fact, he put about; and by sun-down we were riding at anchor in the mouth of the river Chagre, in front of the village.

During the two nights we were off the coast of Veragua, rain fell with a violence I have never seen equalled. From nightfall until daylight, it poured down as if a succession of water-spouts were bursting upon our deck, and our little vessel seemed to reel under its weight. In this province it rains so, nearly every night, for more than half the year; and, as almost the sole riches of the inhabitants consist in the gold dust washed from the mountains by these rains, they consider a dry season as the greatest of misfortunes. The same is the case in Choco, a province of Colombia, bordering on the Pacific.*

Chagre is a miserable village, inhabited mostly by Indians and mulattoes. It was destroyed by fire in 1830, and but a small part of it has been rebuilt. It is one of the most unhealthy places on the coast. No white man remains there for any great length of time without being sick; even the Panamanians are not exempt. Of the nine passengers of our vessel who crossed the isthmus, not one escaped a severe illness. A British man-of-war

* The gold-washing country extends from the river Mira, the southern boundary of the province of Buenaventura, to Golfo Dulce, the northern boundary of the province of Veragua, an extent of nearly a thousand miles on the Pacific ocean.

carries the mail from Jamaica for Panama to Chagre, once a month. The crews of these ships have often suffered severely from the fevers taken at Chagre.

A bar which extends across the mouth of the river Chagre, prevents the entrance of vessels which have not a light draught of water; and the entrance was formerly defended by the fine castle of San Lorenzo, which, although the walls are yet good, is almost without guns or garrison. We were shown the dungeons in which, during the Spanish dominion, prisoners were confined previous to being sent to Spain for trial. They are loathsome, underground, arched vaults, dark, damp, and the habitation of frogs and lizards. My companion and myself, on the evening of our landing, were advised to sleep in the castle, as being higher, and more removed from the exhalations arising from the river and swamps, than the village. We accordingly had our beds carried up and spread on two rickety tables of rough boards, (bedsteads there were none,) in the best room we could find, which, a few months before, had been the quarters of the Commandant. On our entering the great gate of the castle, a single sentinel was pacing his round, while three or four ragged soldiers were lying on the ground under the portal. These, with the Commandant, who lives in the village, compose the whole garrison. On the walls were a few guns, some on broken carriages, some without any. They were all of brass, and beautifully ornamented. On each, just in front of the touch-hole, was a scroll, bearing the name of the gun. One was the *Scorpion*, another the *Eagle*, another the *Thunders of an offended King*, &c., &c.

After clearing our room of bats, which abound here, and looking round for scorpions and lizards, our servants spread our beds, and we lay down, not without some apprehension that a stray bat might have escaped our observation, and be lying in wait to make his evening meal on the blood of a North American by way of rarity; or that one of those little black monsters, a scorpion, might be lurking in a cranny of the table, ready to dart his envenomed sting into our luckless flesh. But the frogs in the moat and vaults of the castle proved a much more serious obstacle to our rest, than either bats or scorpions. Their croakings echoed along the hollow arches, louder than the bellowing of a herd of bulls. From the great variety in the pitch of their voices, the idea occurred to me, that a skilful musician, by carefully selecting them, might form an instrument at least equal to that famous one, made from those musical animals, domestic swine, by arranging them in proper order, and pinching their tails; with the advantage, that the frog harmonicon would play spontaneously, on the approach of night. The only difficulty would be to stop the mouths of those not wanted at the instant. This I conceive might be done by a judicious distribution of flies; it being a well-known fact, that nothing is more effectual in stilling a clamorous mouth, than filling it with food. But in spite of bats, scorpions, lizards and frogs, we at last slept. This was the only night we spent in the castle. Subsequently we slept in the house of Sōr Pareles, an old gentleman from Panama; by whom, and by the Commandant, we were treated with great hospitality and attention during our stay in Chagre.

We were, by a vexatious combination of circumstances not to be foreseen, detained in Chagre until the 9th, which was the more irksome from the want of any interest in the place, or any thing now relating to it. In the first two hours I had seen every thing that was to be seen; my books were in boxes under the seal of the collector of the customs; and it is impossible to walk in the country, in the neighborhood of the village, it being either impenetrable forest or morass. My principal employment was killing the mosquitos, and talking unintelligible Spanish to the inhabitants, who generally answered me with, "*no entiendo*," *I do not understand*, followed by a laugh at the ignorance of *el Yngles*. The lower class of people, in all parts of South America where I have been, make no distinction between Englishmen and North Americans; and they have often looked extremely incredulous, when I have said I was an American, and this after I had acquired the pronunciation, and could speak the Spanish fluently, and was able to explain my meaning clearly. But I could never convince them that there was any part of America where English was spoken by all.

We had been twice disappointed by persons with whom we had contracted to carry us up the river in canoes; but at last, on the morning of the 9th, after a great deal of scolding and coaxing, we succeeded in starting two canoes, one containing our heavy baggage and servants, and the other ourselves and some lighter articles of baggage, such as baskets containing cold ham and biscuit, a fowl or two, sundry bottles of wine, Scotch ale, &c. To any one who travels on the rivers, or among the pestilential swamps of tropical climates, let me recom-

mend a small quantity of strong beer as the best drink. Without stimulating strongly and suddenly, like ardent spirit, it removes the chill occasioned by the copious exhalations, and causes a permanent warmth. It is, moreover, nutritive; and if used in moderation, is followed by none of that languor so apt to succeed the use of ardent spirits, even when they may be considered as absolutely necessary.

The river was much swollen by the rain; and, although narrow, is very deep. Every thing being on board, we stepped into a canoe eighteen inches wide, two feet deep, and thirty feet long. Aft of the centre, is an arched shelter made of split bamboos, thatched with leaves. This is about eight feet long; and a person can sit under it with ease. On the bottom of the canoe is a kind of flooring also made of split bamboo. Over this we spread a narrow mattrass, and took possession. It is necessary to be very circumspect in one's movements in a small canoe; for a slight deviation from an equilibrium, excites the idea of being drowned in a basket, which I should suppose not at all preferable to being drowned in a sack; but it would perhaps be as well to be under the covering, in case of an upset, for you would run a great risk of being seized by an alligator, in case you were not drowned in the boat.

The distance by the river, from Chagre to Cruces, the head of navigation, is about fifty miles; and the general direction which we followed, was from N. W. to S. E. We were four days and three nights in accomplishing this distance. Our crew consisted of a steersman, called "*el patron*," and two "*peones*," or laborers. For the

first ten miles, oars were used for propelling the boat; but after that, the rapidity of the stream compelled them to resort to poles, and to keep close to the banks of the river, often passing under the branches of the trees which dipped in the water. The general aspect of the river is gloomy in the extreme. Shut in by impenetrable forests, the abode of noxious reptiles and pestiferous exhalations, rolling on, discolored, dark, and overshadowed by clouds, it has none of that gorgeous coloring of scenery which we are so apt to associate with our ideas of tropical regions. Even around the settlements on its banks, the land is free from forests but to a small distance from the houses, which are the chosen homes of disease, filth, and misery. It rained at intervals, during our voyage; but when the sun shone, it was with a scorching power which made us wish for clouds again. Millions of musquitos made our faces their pasture, and the constant smoking of cigars was the only thing which would keep them off at all: killing one brought a dozen to his funeral.

About 10 o'clock at night, the boatmen moored the canoe in the middle of the river, and my companion and myself alternately watched, and slept as well as we could for the musquitos. There were two reasons for this. One was, that we had not the most perfect confidence in the honesty or good intentions of our boatmen, and when awake, our firearms insured our safety; the other, that the canoe was so narrow as to admit of but one person lying down with any convenience. The boatmen cautioned us not to talk loud, as it would bring the mosquitos from their haunts, under the trees on the banks of the

river. I have since heard it asserted by travellers in these parts, that talking will attract the mosquitos; but in our case no such attraction appeared necessary.

There are, at intervals along the banks of the river, small settlements of negroes and mulattoes, at many of which we landed. They are, as I have said before, very miserable in appearance. Huts with floors of earth, and thatchings of leaves, form the only tenements; but the people live easily as regards food, the plantain grounds around their houses affording the principal part of it. They also use maize when they can get it. The plantain probably affords more nutritious food, in proportion to the labor bestowed on its culture, and the soil occupied, than any plant cultivated by man. At one of the little hamlets we found an old negro of gigantic frame, employed in cleaning a musket. On our inquiring what use he made of it, he told us that he shot wild hogs*; and showed us several pieces of the flesh hung up under the roof of his hut. I afterward had an opportunity of seeing some of these animals. They are of an uniform gray color, small, but fierce and savage. They are excellent food. This veteran hunter was a specimen of what are called pye-bald negroes. He had on his hands, arms, and face, circular spots of white, from the size of a sixpence to that of a dollar, not the dazzling and rough whiteness of disease, but smooth, and of the color of a fair and healthy man. I have observed many more of this variety of the negro on the isthmus, than any where else. I believe they are never born so spotted; but that the change commences after adult age, and gradually increases during life. I have never been able to

* Peccaries.

discover that any obvious disease is connected with it, either as a cause or consequence.

The second night, we slept on shore at a place called Plamatea. Our lodging was a square building, raised on posts about ten feet from the ground, with a floor of bamboo, and a thatching of leaves. This being open on two sides, afforded a free circulation of air; and in consequence we had fewer mosquitos than on the river. But dearly did we pay for the comparative luxury of our lodging on shore; for our basket of bread was stolen in the night, and as a substitute, we were obliged to use the maize bread which we could purchase from the negroes. I never think of it but it gives me a choking sensation. The loaves resemble nine-pins in form; and are about as palatable and digestible food as those would be. The corn from which it is made, is soaked in water until the outward skin will peel off by rubbing it in the hands; it is then bruized, and worked into a stiff, tenacious paste, between two stones. The paste is made into long, thick cylinders, and baked, or rather dried, over the embers for ten or fifteen minutes. It is about as easily masticated as India rubber; and to swallow any quantity, is to run the risk of suffocation.

As we advanced higher up the river, the country became more open; and on the third day we stopped at a little hamlet called Palancana, which bore some appearance of comparative comfort and plenty. There were some fields of maize, and a few cattle. We here found abundance of delicious *guayavas*, from which the much-esteemed guayava jelly is made. This fruit affords food to thousands of parrots, which congregate in large flocks

on the trees, and almost deafen you with their screaming. They appear to possess as much talkativeness in their wild state, as when domesticated, although in an unknown tongue. Possibly the Rev. Mr. Irving* might be able to converse with them; and as they are said to live to a great age, who knows but some patriarch might be found, who remembers the first coming of the Spaniards? and who, perched on the top of some giant of the forest, (the Atlantic and Pacific both within his ken,) beheld their long and painful struggles to gain the latter ocean? It is amusing to watch these birds in their wild state. They appear to be eminently social, the whole community taking an interest in what each one does. They bow, and scrape, and converse; none are sullen and *dignified!* each bustles about as if on affairs of importance. If one or more acquaintances arrive from another flock, or from some distant errand, some sally out to meet them, others sit upon the trees, flapping their wings, and receiving them with noisy demonstrations of welcome; and the uproar does not subside until the new comers are comfortably seated, and *perhaps* served to a guayava. They most aptly fill that situation among birds, which monkeys do among beasts.

The third night we again slept in the canoe, anchored in the middle of the stream. About noon of the fourth day, Nov. 12, we arrived at Gorgona, a considerable village about a league below Cruces. Near this place a hill was pointed out to us, from the top of which, in a

* See the Gazette's *passim* for accounts of this gentleman's gift of tongues.

clear day, the Atlantic and Pacific can both be seen. We did not visit it, on account of the difficulty of the ascent in the rainy reason, and also on account of our anxiety to arrive at Cruces, and get rid of canoe navigation. The river from Gorgona to Cruces is extremely shallow and rapid. We were aground many times, and great difficulty was experienced in forcing the canoe over the rapids. Our progress was in consequence slow, and we did not arrive at Cruces until near sun-down. We were received with great hospitality by the Commandant, so called, although he has no soldiers or fortifications, and is rather a custom-house officer than a soldier. He undertook to procure mules to transport us and our baggage to Panama, a distance of seven leagues. Cruces is a village of about the same size as Chagre. and suffered by fire almost as severely as that place, nearly at the same time. The extreme combustibility of the roofs, thatched with leaves or long grass, renders a fire very difficult to be arrested.

At 9 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 13th, having seen all the baggage safely loaded on mules, we left it under the care of the muleteers and a servant, mounted and rode toward Panama. At a short distance from Cruces, we were shown a great anchor which the Spaniards (after having brought it from Chagre by the river,) attempted to transport to Panama on the shoulders of men. When they had carried it about half a mile, it fell and killed four of those who were bearing it, and was then abandoned. This is the story told at Cruces. The date of the occurrence I could not learn. The anchor has evidently lain there a long time. It is nearly buried in

the ground, and deeply corroded by rust. Our ride from Cruces to Panama was during the worst part of the year, toward the end of the rainy season, which is here called winter. Summer had not commenced; for although vegetation continues active all the year round, there is an appropriate season of fruits and flowers, as in climates where the temperature is subject to a greater variation. The road is rough and broken, but leads over no very great elevations. In many places it is cut fifteen feet deep into the solid rock, and the lower part of the excavation is so narrow, that the rider is often obliged to extend his legs along the neck of the mule, to avoid injuring them against the rock. Part of the road, where it is not cut in the rock, has formerly been paved with round stones; and a portion of the pavement is still perfect, but other parts have been so washed by the rains, that they are altogether execrable, consisting of long descents covered with rolling stones, over which no beast but a mule could proceed in safety. As it was, my mule travelled down one of them on her knees, which might, by the superstitious, have been regarded as something miraculous, for this brought us to the *iron cross*, half way between Cruces and Panama.

At the iron cross are a few huts and an orange grove; and we stopped under the shade of the trees to take our dinner. On opening the leathern boxes which travellers here carry at the pommel of the saddle, and which can be used as holsters as well as for other purposes, we found that the hard-boiled eggs and fresh bread which we had put into them at Cruces, were reduced to a homogeneous paste by the trotting of our mules. We how-

ever procured some fried plantains and eggs at one of the houses, and made a dinner.

There is no considerable elevation between Cruces and Panama; and (although I am no engineer, and on that account probably not a competent judge,) it is my opinion that no very serious natural obstacles exist to the construction of either a rail-road or a canal across the isthmus. As far as I could judge by the eye, without making surveys, I should think that there are no objections of that kind, as great as some which have been overcome in public works in the United States. The medium level of the Pacific at Panama, has been said to be more elevated than that of the Atlantic at Porto Bello (the place where a canal would probably be opened into the latter ocean, were one constructed,); and the opinion has been advanced that, in the event of a canal being cut by which the waters of the Pacific should cross the isthmus, the water of the gulf of Mexico would rise so as to overflow New Orleans, and large tracts of low land bordering on the gulf.* This objection could only apply to a ship canal without guard locks, even allowing the premises on which it is grounded to be true, but must be futile with regard to a canal for boats, with proper guard locks. The utility of a canal or rail-road, well constructed, and kept in good repair, cannot be doubted. The common passage from New-York to Lima, by way of cape Horn, is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty days. I think one hundred and ten days a fair average. An average passage from New-York to Porto

* Humboldt does not believe that the waters of the Pacific have a higher level than those of the gulf of Mexico.

Bello may be considered twenty days ; from Panama to Lima, the passage may be fairly rated at thirty days ; then allowing four days for unloading at Porto Bello, transporting across by a rail-road or canal, and re-loading at Panama, (which is a large allowance,) we have fifty-four days from New-York to Lima, not half an average passage by way of Cape Horn. I have taken Lima as nearly a central point on the Pacific coast of South America ; of course the difference must be increased or diminished, as the merchandise is taken to ports either north or south of Lima. Such a work would be of still greater importance, as regards the south-western coast of Mexico. Notwithstanding the great expense of transporting merchandise across the isthmus in the manner now practised, large quantities are constantly carried over ; and there can be no doubt that, in case of a rail-road or canal being constructed, the greater part of the Pacific coast of South America and Mexico would be supplied with articles of foreign production and manufacture, by way of the isthmus. The immense number of hides brought from the gulf of California, would come by this way, instead of being subjected to the great risk they run of spoiling on a long voyage. The difference between a voyage from Europe to Lima, by way of cape Horn, or one by way of the isthmus, would not of course be as great as that of a voyage from the United States to the same place, by the different routes.

We arrived at Panama after a very fatiguing ride, at 8 in the evening.

CHAPTER II.

Panama, foundation &c.—Revolution.—Col. Alzura.—Bay.—Pelicans.—Climate.—Yellow fever.—Bunque.—Taboga.—Baths.—Voyage from Taboga to Payta.—Passengers.—Father Pepe.—Tumaco.—Sharks.—Funeral.—Cross the line.—Peruvian method of initiating landsmen.—Payta.—Voyage from Payta to Guayaquil.

Vasco Nugnes de Balboa, a man of virtue and moderation, rare among the adventurers in South America, was the first European who, after the discovery of the western world by Columbus, crossed the isthmus connecting the northern and southern continents, and stood upon the shores of the Pacific ocean. In the month of September, A. D. 1513, he started from the small settlement of Santa Maria on the gulf of Darien, with one hundred and ninety men, and, after an arduous march of twenty-five days, reached the other side. The water which he first descried, he called the gulf of San Miguel, which name it still bears. It is about seventy miles to the south-eastward of Panama. Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, served under Balboa in this expedition; and it was then that he acquired from the natives, his first ideas of the wealth of a country situated to the south-eastward, which led to his repeated and untiring efforts, resulting in the discovery and finally the subjugation of Peru. Panama was founded about four years after this, by Pedrarias

Davila. From this place sailed all the expeditions having for their object the discovery of Peru.

After the discovery and conquest of Peru and Chili, Panama rose to great wealth and importance, being the depot of all the wealth of those countries, which was carried there by sea, to await the arrival of the yearly Galeones in Porto Bello; through it also passed all the merchandize brought from the mother country to supply the vast Pacific coast of S. America. In 1670, Panama was pillaged and burnt by Henry Morgan, the most famous of the English bucaneers of the West Indies. It was rebuilt at the distance of five miles from the old site, and on that spot the town now stands. This event, aside from the amount of property destroyed and carried off, was of great injury to Panama and the trade of the Galeones; for the merchants of Peru and Chili, dreading a repetition of it, no longer sent their gold and silver to Panama beforehand, but waited until the actual arrival in Carthagena of the ships from Spain, which caused uncertainties and delays, and increased smuggling. From this time, Panama gradually declined; and, in 1748, the abolition of the fairs held at Porto Bello, and the discontinuance of the Galeones, (the supplies which they brought being now carried round Cape Horn,) rendered it a place of minor importance. Still, the wealth which had been accumulated during the days of its prosperity, and the pearl-fishery, which yielded considerable sums, buoyed it up for a time. Pearls, however, much decreased in value; and Panama sunk to a state which only needed the troubles of the late revolution to complete its ruin.*

* See Robertson, Raynal, Edwards, &c.

The last disturbances which happened, and which, according to the inhabitants, have paralyzed the little life and spirit left in the city, were caused by a Col. Alzura, the military governor under the republic of New Granada, who, in May, 1831, declared the department of the isthmus, an independent State, and caused himself to be named President. He committed various atrocities, plundering and murdering the inhabitants; and, at last, when a force was sent to subdue him, promising, as an incitement to his soldiers, while he marched from the city to give battle, that they should return and plunder it, in case of their gaining the victory. He was fortunately beaten, and taken after three days wandering in the woods, brought into the city at 1 o'clock, P. M., and shot at 4 the same afternoon.

The day before the battle, as the insurgents were encamped on the banks of a small stream near Panama, (the troops of the government being on the other side, a few miles distant,) an old man and his grandson, a boy of twelve years old, crossed the river in a canoe. Alzura ordered them to be arrested and brought before him. He questioned them relative to the force and position of the enemy. They could give him no information, as they lived close to the banks of the river; which so enraged him, that he ordered out a file of soldiers and had them both shot immediately. This is a specimen of his acts during the two months he commanded; and the whole affair may be taken as an example (on a small scale, and perhaps rather more atrocious than many of them,) of the occurrences to which this unhappy country is, and will continue to be subject, while its government

is essentially a military despotism. I do not speak unadvisedly. Let any one review the history of Colombia for the last five years, particularly since the death of Bolivar, and what is it but a succession of intestine commotions, generally petty, as regards the number engaged in them, but horribly sanguinary in their effects; and not the work of the people, but of the soldiery, headed by a few ambitious and restless spirits. Their independence of Spain being gained, they prey upon each other. This will continue as long as the arm of the civil law is weaker than the military. Education, and the diffusion of a moderate share of knowledge among the whole mass of the people, would produce effects of which the importance can hardly be estimated by one who has not witnessed the present state of the country. Before the revolution, Panama belonged to the vice-royalty of Santa Fe, or the New Kingdom of Granada.

Panama is principally built of stone, stuccoed. The houses are spacious and substantial, and generally three stories in height, as the place is not subject to violent earthquakes. The city bears a look of departed grandeur. The churches are spacious, and are built in the fantastic style of architecture introduced into Spain by the Moors. There are a number of extensive convents, mostly ruinous and untenanted. In one of them that overlooks the walls of the city and the bay, a few sallow, withered, and melancholy looking nuns were occasionally to be seen at the windows. The Government House is a fine stone building; but a tank of hewn stone in which a fountain (now dry,) formerly played, the broken marble pavement of the grand hall, the de-

faced balustrades of richly carved stone, and the once painted ceilings now mouldy, discolored, and crumbling, only showing in spots traces of the original designs, all tell of decay and poverty.

The general aspect of the city comports with the desolate appearance of the public edifices : every thing has the same look of decay. Grass springs up between the stones of the pavement ; the stucco has fallen in patches from the walls of the houses ; troops of the black carrion vulture sit ranged in files along the roofs, or hop unconcernedly about the streets, as they are never molested, being the only scavengers ; the inhabitants, sallow and miserable from the effects of the noxious climate, stroll listlessly along the streets, or sit in the doorways and balconies dozing away life. The city is said to contain seven thousand inhabitants, of which about seven-eighths are black and brown. No such thing as a hotel or tavern is known in the town. My companion and myself hired the second floor of a house large enough to have quartered a regiment.

Panama is a walled town ; and that part of the walls which borders on the bay, is very fine masonry, thirty feet broad at the top, forming a beautiful promenade, commanding a view of the lovely bay, and much frequented during the fine season. Very few cannon are remaining on the walls, which are undermined in two or three places by the tide. On the left of the town stretches a long beautiful beach of fine white sand, narrow, and bordered by a dense thicket of luxuriant foliage, as if vegetation grudged space for the flow of the tide. At intervals, the thicket is interrupted by the palm thatched

cottages of the natives, overshadowed by lofty cocoanut trees. In front and on the right, as far as the eye can reach, the bay is dotted with small, green, fairy-looking islands, all together forming a picture whose beauty I have rarely seen equalled. The pearl fishery is still pursued in these islands, and large quantities of beautiful pearls are annually procured. Foreign vessels are forbidden to touch at these islands without special permission from government, under pain of forfeiture. Green turtle are abundant about these islands, but the islanders will not suffer them to be caught, as they assert that the sharks feed on them; and that, by lessening the supply, these voracious fish will be rendered ravenous, and more likely to attack the divers. As it is, accidents happen often. The bay is the resort of immense flocks of pelicans and other water-fowl, which find in the abundance of fish an easy subsistence; and which, at sunset, wing their way in long-drawn lines, from the shore to their roosts in the islands, and by their noiseless and even flight to their place of rest, add to the idea of repose which the whole scene at this hour so strongly suggests. A flock of pelicans fishing, is a curious and entertaining sight. They fly at the distance of thirty or forty feet from the water, slowly flapping their long wings, and carefully watching the shoals of fish, their enormous thick bills and clumsy form giving them any thing but the appearance of an enemy dangerous to the nimble "scaly brood." When a favorable opportunity arrives they hover for an instant, and then, as with one motion the long bill is pointed to the water, the wings are drawn close to the body, and with inconceivable velocity, they

dart upon their prey. Those who are successful sit for a moment on the water, to gorge their spoil, when they rise and join their less fortunate companions. I have sometimes seen them seize a fish too large for them to swallow; and, as they have no talons by which to bear them to a more convenient place, a struggle commences in the water, the pelican striving to disable the fish that he may devour it piecemeal, and the fish making violent efforts to escape, which very seldom happens, unless it be a very large one indeed, the bill of the bird being so sharp and strong as soon to inflict deadly wounds. These birds often fish separately from each other. This, I suppose, is when shoals of fish are not to be found.

The customs, manner of living, &c., in Panama, are very similar to those of Guayaquil, which I shall describe in a subsequent part of the book. I will therefore pass over them for the present. The climate of Panama is extremely moist and hot, and consequently unhealthy during most of the year; but in the months of December, January, and February, when the north winds blow and there is little rain, it is tolerably salubrious. A severe attack of Vomito Prieto, *Anglice*, yellow fever, which I probably contracted in Chagre, detained me in Panama until the third of December. Tom Cringle has described his suffering under this scourge of the West Indies, in a most graphic and masterly manner.

My companion and myself had engaged our passage to Payta, in a Peruvian vessel of thirty-five tons, lying at Taboga, an island distant about twenty miles from Panama. Accordingly, on the 3d, in the afternoon, we embarked (myself scarcely able to walk, from the effects

of the fever,) with our baggage, in a *bunque* bound for the island. Lest some of my readers should suffer the pangs of ungratified curiosity to know what a *bunque* is, I will describe one. The thing in question is a boat made from the trunk of an immense tree, and differs from a canoe in having a square stern, a rudder, keel, and cutwater, with bows shaped somewhat like those of a ship. The bunque is generally larger than the canoe, many of them being capacious and buoyant enough to carry forty men. It has generally a *remada*, or arched covering, similar to that of the canoe, over a part of it. A little forward of the centre is placed a mast, which hoists a single large square sail, the only canvass of the craft. It is the opposite of graceful, either in its form or motions; and is such a bark as a sea-nymph, with any pretensions to taste, would certainly never select. It however served our purpose, and put us on board the schooner a little after dark.

The next morning, on arising, we found a vessel at anchor in a little bay of the island Taboga, almost shut in by the land. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the scenery as beautiful as the weather. Taboga is composed of a ridge of high hills, with a narrow stripe of level land bordering it in most places. On this, among beautiful trees bearing tropical fruits, are built the huts of the inhabitants. In front is a broad beach of pure white sand, sweeping almost in a circle around the bay, interrupted here and there by masses of rock jutting out from the base of the hills. At a short distance behind the village, rise the hills, some covered to their summits with groves of oranges and limes, or fields of maize,

plantains, and pine-apples; others, smooth and grassy, were dotted with a few sheep, forming, by their resemblance to the scenery of temperate regions, a strong contrast to the first. At a little distance from the village, and about a quarter of the way up the hill, in a most romantic situation, stands a neat, whitewashed church, whose early mass bell pealed among the hills, and echoing back, stole over the quiet waters of the bay. The buccaniers who burnt Panama in 1670, and who suffered extreme hardships in crossing the isthmus, visited this place, and even their rough natures were so impressed with its beauty, that they gave it the name of the Enchanted Island. It is extremely healthy; and produces great quantities of fruit, which is mostly sold in Panama. Inhabitants of Panama come to this island, to recover from the effects of fevers, which are so common in that city.

After breakfast, we went on shore, and ascended the hills to visit the natural baths, which are formed by a small stream of the purest water, tumbling in cascades from ledge to ledge, at the foot of each of which is worn, in the solid rock, a smooth and oval basin of sufficient size for a bath, in which the water is continually changing. These basins are overhung by lime and orange trees, which diffuse a delicious coolness and fragrance. These baths are supposed to possess a medicinal efficacy. The sensible properties of the water do not differ from those of common spring water; and I had no opportunity of applying tests, or of analysing any of it. On returning from our walk, as I was still debilitated by the fever under which I had been suffering in Panama, I lay down

in a hammock, in the house of the master of the schooner. His wife, a pretty Chola* girl, observing that I was exhausted, opened a little bottle of lavender-water which she appeared to have kept very carefully, and which was undoubtedly the only one she possessed, and, drawing a chair to the side of the hammock, bathed my forehead and face with it; a kindness unexpected as it was gratifying, and of which I endeavored to testify my remembrance before we sailed, by a present, trifling in itself, but with which, being a novelty, she appeared highly pleased.

On the 5th, the schooner sailed for Payta; and fortunate for us was it, that our voyage was in a sea proverbially free from storms, as is that between Panama and Payta; for our spars and rigging were composed of materials which had been condemned, and sold from foreign vessels. As it was, notwithstanding we had nothing harder than a fresh breeze, we carried away both topmasts and the jib-boom, before our arrival in Payta.

On board the little schooner were twenty-five persons all told. The passengers were, beside my companion and myself, three natives of Panama, who had been banished on suspicion of political offences. One of them was a Colonel in the service, another a merchant, and the third a priest, father Pepe. These three, with the captain, were employed from morning to night in gamb-

* Cholo, mas., Chola, fem, is the name applied to the race formed by a mixture of white and native blood. Their features are generally very good. They are nearly as dark as the natives, but their hair is not as perfectly straight and lank.

ling, seated oriental or tailor fashion on the deck, and using the space between them for a card table, wrangling, and vituperating each other all the while. Father Pepe was one of the worst specimens of the clergy of Colombia I have ever seen. His conversation was a tissue of profanity and indecency; and he seemed to glory in appearing as profligate as possible. The crew all slept on deck; indeed, there was no other place for them. In the cabin there were but four berths, two of which my companion and myself occupied, the other two were filled, one by the captain, and the other by a passenger. The rest of the occupants of the cabin disposed themselves on the floor, as best they might. Whenever it rained, my bedding was wet through by leakage of the deck.

On the 13th, we touched at Tumaco, a small island on the coast of Buenaventura, near the mouth of the river Mira. The ostensible object of the master for this departure from his course, was to procure a supply of water; but he really put in for the purpose of smuggling. Tumaco is extremely fertile, and tolerably healthy; which last circumstance is to be attributed to the fact, that, although it lies close to a very unhealthy coast, where it rains nearly all the year, the rainy season on the island lasts but about three months. The island is flat, but dry; and the forests are the finest I have seen in South America, being almost free from underwood, and the magnificent stems rising, like the columns of some stupendous temple, to support the roof of ever-verdant leaves. Tumaco produces the tropical fruits in perfection. The number and voracity of the sharks

about this island, are extraordinary. While the vessel lay at anchor in the harbor, half a dozen or more were continually in sight, watching for any thing that might fall overboard. The people dare not wade into the water deeper than their knees; and instances are related of their having bitten horned cattle so as to kill them.

We remained here nearly three days, most of which time I spent on shore, at the house of the principal man on the island, a Limanian by birth, by whom I was treated with great hospitality. On the night of our arrival, he requested us to go to a funeral with him. I was rather disinclined; but as he said it would give offence if all the strangers at his house did not attend, I went. The houses in Tumaco are all raised on piles to the distance of twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, as a protection against damp and reptiles in the rainy season; and we ascended on a rude staircase, or rather ladder, on the outside of the house, to the room where the body lay. Although the house was of the rudest kind, and almost destitute of furniture, the corpse was surrounded by six or eight massive silver candlesticks. There were about forty people in the room. The arrival of our party had evidently been waited for. On our entrance, the husband of the deceased woman received us, and conducted us to the front of the circle which had been formed around the body. A lighted candle was then placed in the hand of each person present, and a few prayers were said by the priest. The husband then came to us and thanked us for having attended, and we took our leave. A few moments after, we saw the procession to the grave, moving through the village, each

person bearing a light. We watched it until it disappeared under the dark boughs of the forest; and I could not help likening it, in my imagination, to a train of druids seeking the recesses of the woods to perform their mystic rites.

On the afternoon of the 15th, we again set sail; and on the 19th crossed the equator, and had a specimen of the Peruvian method of initiating landsmen. I had made up my mind, before I went to sea, that I would resist to the utmost any attempt to enforce this barbarous custom on my own person. Had it not been for the scandalous fare and treatment which I received from the master of the vessel, in spite of his thousand professions and promises before we sailed, I might have been inclined to buy myself off with the customary allowance of liquor to the crew; but after paying an exorbitant price for my passage, and getting nothing but spoiled jerked beef and plantains to eat, and surly behavior from the master, I felt little inclined to comply with any of his requests; and therefore when he gave me a hint in the morning, that about noon we should cross the line, and that I must either give the crew a quantity of grog, or submit to the ceremony, I told him in plain terms, that I would neither do the one nor the other as long as I had arms, and could defend myself with them. This produced the desired effect, and I was unmolested. The Peruvian custom differs from the English and North American; and although not as disgusting, is very dangerous. No father Neptune comes in state to superintend the rite. A whip is rigged on the lee fore-yard-arm, to one end of which a kind of cradle, made of rope, is attached. In

this the victim is made to sit, and hold on to the rope above his head. He is then drawn up to the yard-arm, and let go by the run into the sea. After towing a few seconds, he is again drawn up, and the operation is repeated until the poor wretch is half drowned. There was only one among the crew, who had not before crossed the equator. This was Pablo, the cook, who, while preparations were making, begged hard that I would pay his grog, and save him. But Pablo had shortly before been detected in stealing the biscuit, sugar, and chocolate (of all of which we were short,) from the cabin, to carry forward to the crew; and, moreover, he was incomparably the dirtiest of all that filthy race, ships' cooks, that I ever saw, and a thorough washing would not injure the *gusto* of his cookery; so poor Pablo was obliged to submit; and as neither did the rope break, nor did a shark catch him, he escaped with half a drowning.

As we coasted along, after leaving Tumaco, we came in sight of Punta Santa Elena, where are extensive mines or pits, from which Maltha, or mineral pitch, is taken in large quantities, carried to Guayaquil in boxes, and consumed there, or exported to other parts of the coast. Some of these pits are on fire; and as we approached within two miles of the point, which is high, rocky, and brown, we could see quantities of smoke issuing from it, and perceive a strong bituminous odour in the air. It is said they have long been on fire. The Maltha is hard, and of a compact structure, brittle, and presenting a shining fracture. Its compactness accounts for the slowness of its combustion.

The arrangement of officers, the discipline and the management on board of a Peruvian vessel, when it is not commanded by a foreigner, are different from those of English and North American vessels. They are, I believe, the same with the Spanish. The captain, as he is called, has nothing to do with the sailing or navigation of the ship, which is performed entirely by direction of a man called pilot, or sometimes mate. The captain directs where to go, and the pilot takes the vessel there in his own way, the captain never interfering; indeed, he is most commonly no sailor. When in port, he transacts all business after the manner of a supercargo. Our pilot, who was an old Peruvian Cholo, remained on deck night and day, very seldom removing from one place, where he sat or lay, issuing orders to the crew. On board the small vessels no astronomical instruments are used. They have a compass, and keep very near the coast.

On the 22d, we made the coast of Peru, a most inhospitable looking shore, composed of high, brown clay, and gravelly banks, with a narrow strip of sand between them and the sea. Behind these rise round hills, as brown as the banks; and as far as the eye can reach, not a green thing is to be seen.

On the 29th, the day of our arrival in Payta, and when we were in sight of the town, we were overtaken by a most singular squall. The surface of the sea, to the windward, suddenly appeared white; and, in an instant, from being in bright sunshine, we were enveloped in a thick fog, accompanied by a very strong breeze. But what is most remarkable, there was no feeling of damp-

ness accompanying this mist, although it was so thick that we could not see ten yards from the schooner. It continued about half an hour, and then disappeared as suddenly as it came. We arrived at our destination without a main-topmast and jib-boom, and with a short fore-topmast, glad to exchange our situation on board, even for the sun, sand, and fleas of Payta, for all three of which it is preeminent. Let any one who wishes to try his patience, beat to windward in a small Peruvian vessel, for twenty-four days; and let him lay in no stock of his own, but trust to the master for his provisions, and if it stand the vexations incident thereto, without a murmur, that man possessing it, would be a fair subject for the trials of Job.

Payta is the most northern seaport town of any importance in Peru. It contains between two and three thousand inhabitants, and is built immediately on the edge of a good and commodious harbor, which is a great place of rendezvous for whaling ships. The town is surrounded by high, barren hills; and were it not for the sea-breeze, which commonly sets in about noon, the intense heat would render it almost uninhabitable. At the time I was in Payta, it had not rained for four years; the succeeding season, so much rain fell as to do serious damage to the mud walls of the houses; and a person who was in Payta at the time, informed me, that the effect upon the surrounding country was almost magical: for two or three weeks the usually brown and arid hills were clothed with verdure. Such an occurrence as this is extremely rare. Generally the climate is so dry, that meat, hung up in the open air, will become hard, and keep without

salt. The climate is exceedingly salubrious. There are no wells or springs in the place; and as it rains so seldom, reservoirs would be of no use. All the fresh water consumed is brought seven leagues, in large bottles made of the shell of a kind of gourd, slung over the backs of asses. Payta is supplied with provisions from the valley of Sechura, watered by the river Piura, which falls into the sea, about twenty miles to the southward. It carries on a large trade (principally contraband,) with the interior of Peru, and the southern provinces of Colombia. The bay abounds with fine fish, large quantities of which are cured and exported to Guayaquil, and other ports to the leeward. Payta is situated in Lat. 5° 5′ S., Lon. 80° 50′ W. of Greenwich. San Miguel de Piura, distant about fourteen leagues from Payta, is the oldest town founded by the Spaniards in Peru. It was established by Francisco Pizarro, on the 16th of May, A. D., 1532.

There being no vessel to sail from Payta for Guyaquil, as soon as we wished to go, we were obliged to hire a fishing smack, and on the 31st set sail for Guayaquil. We laid in an abundant stock of provisions; and, notwithstanding the small size of our craft, we made a pleasant and prosperous voyage, sailing right before a strong, fair breeze. Before we got out of the bay, we took abundance of fine Spanish mackerel, by means of a line towing astern, having a hook attached, on the shank of which is put a piece of bone or ivory, resembling a fork handle. This being drawn rapidly through the water by the motion of the vessel, attracts the fish.

The green and wooded shores of the gulf of Guayaquil, form a beautiful contrast to the desolate coast of Peru. I here first caught a view of some of the lower ranges of the Andes, which, at this point, approach very near to the coast. On Monday, the 2d of January, 1832, we arrived at the mouth of the river Guayaquil, where is situated the island of Puna, the original inhabitants of which made a most gallant resistance to Pizarro, in the year 1531, which it cost him six months to overcome. Passing Puna, where we were boarded, and our passports examined by a custom-house officer, we proceeded a few miles up the river, and cast anchor to wait for the flood tide, which runs strong even above Guayaquil .It was just sunset, and we were moored opposite *Isla Verdá*, or green island, a small, uninhabited spot, of a circular form, and wooded down into the very water. It is appropriately named, being the greenest spot I ever saw. As the setting sun shone upon the rich, glittering leaves of the mangroves, the reflection from the water was so strong, as to render it difficult to discover where water ended and foliage began. At midnight, we again got under way, and arrived in sight of Guayaquil, just as the tide left us; when we were obliged to come to anchor again, with the long-wished-for haven in view. Although the darkness did not allow me an opportunity of seeing much of the river from *Isla Verdá* to Guayaquil, at this time, yet I have since passed up and down several times. From *Isla Verdá* to Guayaquil, the river varies from one to three miles in width. A great portion of the lower part, or that nearest the mouth, is bordered by *mangrove* swamps. Higher up, the banks are more el-

evated, forming the boundaries of extensive savannas. In one or two places, for a short distance, the banks rise into low, wooded hills. On the whole, there is nothing very picturesque about this portion of the river, although the stream itself has the majestic appearance which is inseparable from a large and rapid river. The river is the resort of many different species of aquatic birds; curlews, plovers, and herons, of different colors and sizes, abound; and that beautiful bird, the rose-colored spoonbill, is occasionally seen, but they are very shy, and difficult to be approached. When our arrival was known by the principal North American merchant in Guayaquil, he kindly despatched a row-boat for us; and by noon we were seated under his hospitable roof, and received that cordial welcome, for which he is so justly celebrated by all his countrymen who visit Guayaquil.

CHAPTER III.

Guayaquil.—Foundation.—River.—Population.—Revolution.—Bolivar.—War with Peru.—Secession from Colombia.—Productions.—Hammocks.—Houses.—Ladies —Dances.—Visiting.—Christenings.—Weddings.—Attention to strangers.—Saturday evening Fair.—Deer hunting.—Priesthood.—Festivals of the church.—Carnival.—Different races of men.—Balsas.—Climate.—Scorpions.—Lizards.—Trade, causes of its decline —Excursion up the river Daule.—Excursion up the river Balao,—Leper on the island of Puna.

Guayaquil was founded by Pizarro, in 1534. It was at first situated on the bay of Charapoto, near where the village of Monte Criste now stands; but the location was soon changed for that which it now occupies, on the western bank of the river of the same name, at about forty-five miles distant from the island of Puna, where the river may fairly be said to terminate, and the bay or gulf of Guayaquil to commence. In the dry season, at the time of spring tides, the water of the river is quite brackish, even opposite to the town. At this season, all the water, for drinking and for culinary purposes, is brought in large stone jars on rafts from higher up the river, above the reach of salt water. At all seasons, the water of the river is so muddy, as to require some filtration before it is fit for use. This is performed by means of filters made of a coarse sand stone brought from Peru. After the water has undergone this process,

it is exceedingly pure and fine. The manner of cooling water is the same as is practised in other tropical countries. Jars made of unglazed, porous clay, are filled with water, and placed in a current of air. The exudation keeps up a constant evaporation, by which the temperature of the water is very soon reduced.

The river is about a mile wide opposite the city, and deep enough to float any ship; and merchantmen of the largest class find no difficulty in coming up to the town, full loaded; indeed, the Colombia, a 64 gun frigate now lying in front of the city, came up the river without taking out her guns. There are in the mouth of the river bad shoals, on which a ship may be run by a person unacquainted with the tides; but there are always skilful pilots to be had at Puna. The latitude and longitude of Guayaquil are, according to Lieut. H. Forster of H. B. M.'s ship Conway, as follows: lat. 2° 12′ 12″, S., long. 79° 39′ 46″ W. of Greenwich. The city contains between 15,000 and 20,000 inhabitants, and in spite of the insalubrity of the climate, has, until within a very few years, been a place of large commerce; but latterly, many causes, of which I shall have occasion hereafter to speak, have combined to depress and impoverish it, so that at present (although by no means at as low an ebb as Panama,) it must be ranked far below either Lima or Valparaiso, in a commercial point of view. It is the natural outlet of a vast extent of fertile and *generally* healthy country; and should tranquillity and good government ever visit Colombia, it must again be a port of importance.

Guayaquil remained under the dominion of the Spaniards, until the year 1820, when the inhabitants declared it independent, and continued to hoist an independent flag, until the next year. On account of the small size and weakness of the province, it was very evident, that it must come under the government of either Colombia or Peru, and two parties were formed; one for putting themselves under the protection of Gen. San Martin, called the Liberator of Peru; and the other declaring for Bolivar. The soldiery decided the matter; for, marching out of the city, they sent a deputation to the prefect, informing him that they would serve under no flag but that of Bolivar; and that, unless he complied with their wishes, they would fire the town. Whether the prefect were well affected toward Bolivar or not, he had no choice, not possessing any means of resistance. He therefore very wisely acquiesced with a good grace, and returned for answer, that they might serve under any flag they chose. The principal part of the soldiers then marched toward Quito, to succor the patriot, Gen. Sucre, who was besieging that place. The independent flag however continued hoisted in Guayaquil, until August, 1822, when the province voluntarily joined, and was formally included in the republic of Colombia.

In 1826, an attempt was made to establish the constitution, known by the name Bolivian; which Bolivar, at their solicitation, gave to the people of Upper Peru; and it was actually proclaimed: but the constitution of Colombia was almost immediately restored, without bloodshed, by the influence of Gen. Santander, the Vice-President. This attempt to establish the Bolivian constitution

in Colombia, is one of the stains, with which the enemies of Bolivar have asserted his character to be tarnished, affirming it to be a step toward the acquisition of a crown. It is not my intention to go into a long discussion of the character of this great man, his acts are before the world; but I cannot forbear saying, that unmerited obloquy has been cast upon him. His almost incredible achievements, his heroic and unchanging devotion to the object of freeing his country from the yoke of Spain, his sufferings and labors in its cause, all have been forgotten, because it is *surmised*, that he aspired to a crown. Granting that he did aspire to a diadem, does that blast his character and fame as a patriot? The question may fairly be asked, would not a limited monarchy have been more conducive to the happiness and prosperity of the people of Colombia, than a republican government? I can only answer, that thus far, the republican *form* has failed to give them tranquillity and prosperity. The mass of the people, as yet, are too ignorant to govern themselves; and as I have before remarked, under a republican form the government is essentially a military despotism. That many of the acts of the latter part of Bolivar's life were unworthy of his previous high fame, cannot be denied; but let us look at the homage, the adoration paid him in Peru, after the successful termination of his campaigns in that country. He was absolutely deified, by thousands of people who now revile his memory. The rich cast their treasures at his feet, the exalted bowed before him, and the fair were enraptured by a smile from the hero. He was seated on a throne under a gorgeous canopy, the centre and star of admiring multitudes. Sweet music

and flowers welcomed his approach wherever he went; and a nation, with one voice, prayed him to be its ruler. Let us look at all this, I say, and remember that Bolivar was but a man. That he had extraordinary resources within his own mind, and that invincible determination to succeed, which only gathers fresh strength from being opposed and baffled, will be doubted by none who are acquainted with his history. Perhaps there is not in the annals of partizan warfare, a more extraordinary resistance to, and repulse of an invading army by a handful of men acquainted with the country, than that made and accomplished by Bolivar and his few soldiers, when they were hunted by the Spanish General Morillo, on the plains of Apure, in the year 1819. I have seen and conversed with many officers, both Colombian and foreign, who had been with Bolivar during all or nearly all of his career. With a few exceptions, they have spoken of him with an enthusiastic affection and reverence for his memory, which none but a great man deserves, or could have excited in such various characters as must necessarily be found in an army, composed of men of many nations. I well recollect, while visiting in Guayaquil, a widowed lady and her two lovely daughters, that I took notice of a beautiful dog, which appeared to be a great favorite. The lady informed me that it once belonged to Gen. Bolivar, and was cherished by them, among other mementos of him which they possessed. This led to a conversation relating to his character, which she concluded with tears in her eyes, saying, "Ah! Sir, they did not appreciate him here: we shall never have another such."

In November 1828, a Peruvian squadron, under Admiral Guise, sailed up the river, attacked and took Guayaquil, which they held but for a few days; for a part of the troops proceeding up the river, were met and beaten by the Colombians, who advanced, retook the city, and with a very few guns fired upon and destroyed nearly all the Peruvian vessels, and killed Admiral Guise, whose ship blew up and sunk, at a short distance above the city. The battle of Tarque, or Portete, near Cuenca, in which the Peruvians were defeated, by an inferior force under the command of Gen. Sucre, terminated the war between Colombia and Peru.

In May 1830, the department of Guayaquil, including the provinces of Guayaquil and Manabi; the department of the Ecuador, including the provinces of Imbabura, Pichincha or Quito, and Chimborazo; and the department of the Asuay, including the provinces of Cuenca, Loxa, Jaen, and Maynas, jointly declared themselves independent of the government of Santa Fe de Bogota, and established themselves as a separate republic, under the title of the *State of the Ecuador*, although still retaining the flag, and, with a few alterations, the laws and constitution of Colombia. In November of the same year, a Gen. Urdaneta, professing to be an emissary of Bolivar, (this, by the way, was after Bolivar's resignation of the presidency of Colombia,) came to Guayaquil, and excited a revolution, ostensibly in favor of Bolivar, placed himself at the head of affairs, and marched into the interior against Gen. Flores, the President of the Ecuador. On the arrival of the news of the death of Bolivar, most of Urdaneta's troops deserted him, and he

was obliged to yield to Gen. Flores, who spared his life, and sent him to Panama, where he became involved in the revolution of Alzura, and shared the fate of that miscreant. The friends of Bolivar say that he was not privy to Urdaneta's intentions; while his enemies accuse him of attempting in this way to regain part of the power which he had lost, by his resignation of the Presidency of Colombia. This last supposition is rather improbable, if we consider the state of Bolivar's health for a considerable time before he died, and the strong conviction which he is said to have entertained, that he should never recover; and Urdaneta's subsequent acts at Panama, (after the death of Bolivar was universally known,) show that he wanted not Bolivar's sanction to engage in revolutionary projects. While Urdaneta was in possession of Guayaquil, a fire took place which destroyed a sixth of the city, and that the best built part. The inhabitants accuse Urdaneta of being the incendiary, with what probability of truth, I cannot say; but this is certain, that he ordered out his troops, and drew them up in line near the burning houses; and although he was strongly solicited by the most influential inhabitants, he would not permit the soldiers to assist in extinguishing the fire, nor did he attempt to protect the property rescued. In consequence much of it was plundered, after being saved from the flames.

Shortly before my arrival in Guayaquil, the department of Cauca seceded from the government of Santa Fe de Bogota, and joined that of the Ecuador, which caused a declaration of war by the former, for the re-

covery of the seceding department: of the result of this I shall speak hereafter.

The staple production of Guayaquil, is the cacao, or chocolate nut, which, before the price fell, as it has done of late years, was an article of immense importance, and the producers realized large revenues from it; but at the present prices, it will hardly pay the cost of cultivation and curing. I visited a number of plantations which had been entireiy abandoned. The cacao used to sell in Guayaquil for $10 00 the *carga* of eighty-one pounds. The price however gradually decreased; but it still paid the cultivator well, until it fell below $5 00 on the *carga*. It now bears but a price from $2 00 to $3 00. All the cacao exported, pays an export duty of fourteen per cent. on a valuation. The quality of the Guayaquil cacao is far inferior to that of the Caraccas. Even among the descendents of the Spaniards, tea is rapidly taking the place of chocolate at breakfast. Coffee of a most excellent quality is grown in this province, but in no very large quantities. The tree thrives well, and the crop is uniform and abundant; and should cacao continue depreciated, as it probably will, for its consumption is much decreased, as well in Europe as America, coffee will doubtless be made an article of extensive cultivation. The sugar cane probably thrives here as well as on any part of the globe. The extreme fertility of the soil, and the profuse rains of one season of the year, give it a luxuriant growth; while the bright sun and intense heat of the other, mature it, and cause it to yield a rich juice, containing a large proportion of sugar. On the isthmus of Darien, the climate is so moist

nearly all the year, that the cane, though luxuriant, is watery, and yields a small proportion of sugar.

In the western part of the province of Guayaquil, and in the province of Manabi, are manufactured large numbers of grass hats, of every quality, from very coarse, to the finest and most beautiful fabrics of the kind I have ever seen. Some of the latter sell in Guayaquil for as large a sum as $25 00 or $30 00. Large quantities of the coarse kinds are exported to Peru and Chili. These hats are woven from whole grass, and are exceedingly firm and durable. During the dry season they are universally worn by all classes. In the same regions are made the grass hammocks, which are so essential a part in the sum of Guayaquilian comforts. Nothing strikes a stranger in Guayaquil as more singular, than the number of these hammocks, of every size, from three to twelve feet long, hung up in all parts of the houses. They are made of coarse grass, dyed of different bright colors, woven into a kind of net-work, and are a most appropriate piece of furniture for the climate. They are exceedingly elastic, accommodating themselves to any position of the body ; and are so suspended, that a person sitting or reclining in them, can just reach the floor with the tip of the toe, and thus keep up a constant swinging motion, which creates a draught of air, and drives away the mosquitos and other troublesome winged insects. They serve for sofa, chair, or couch. If you visit a lady, you are often received by her sitting in a hammock. They are more used in Guayaquil, than on any other part of the coast ; for the immense number of mosquitos renders some defensive

contrivance absolutely necessary, both for comfort and health. I have more than once been bitten into an attack of fever by the wretches. 'Tis true, the predisposition existed; but I have no doubt that the biting of the mosquitos was the immediate and exciting cause.

The houses in Guayaquil are built of immensely strong wooden frames, to guard against the earthquakes. The sides are either covered with split bamboo, or filled up between the timbers with clay mortar, which becomes very hard, and forms, when whitewashed, neat and substantial walls. The houses are generally built in solid squares, which contain four dwelling houses and a number of stores. The square is divided into four parts, in the centre of each of which is a court-yard, with an entrance by a great gate, the stairs leading to the house, ascending from the court. Around the court run railed balconies, one corresponding to each story of the house. Screens of linen are arranged to draw across, on a level with the roof of the house, shading the yard from the sun, during the heat of the day, or the balconies are furnished with curtains. Venetian blinds are not used. The balconies are excellent places for taking exercise, sheltered from the sun. Balconies, similar to those overlooking the court, surround each story of the houses, on the outside. The lower one of these is always as wide as the side-walk, so that, in walking, you are completely sheltered from sun and rain, except where the streets intersect each other. The lower story of the house is occupied with stores and tradesmen's shops; the second (if there are more,) is rented to lodgers; while the proprietor invariably occupies the highest.

One of the old-fashioned, four-story houses of Guayaquil is a perfect hive, swarming with people of every color, grade, trade, and profession; the stores and *pulperias*, or small shops, of the ground floor, are filled with buyers and sellers, chattering like a flock of magpies (the Guayaquilenians talk a great deal, and in a loud voice); in the balconies of the second and third stories, you may see the whole domestic arrangement of the different occupants, of whom there are as many different renters, as there are small apartments ranged along the corridor. Small children abound in these elevations. In the highest balcony, in the evening, are seen the ladies of the house, tastefully dressed, commonly with high, carved tortoise-shell combs in their hair, sitting in their hammocks, or leaning over the railings, enjoying the breeze from the river.

The ladies of Guayaquil are generally handsome, possessing a fairness and delicacy of complexion, which we should hardly expect to find so near the equator, at a small elevation above the sea. This may partly be attributed to the moisture and heat of the climate, causing constant and free perspiration; and partly to the fact, that they seldom leave the house in the day time, except to go to mass, which they generally do early in the morning. They dress with great taste, and possess most pleasing and agreeable manners. The *mantilla*, or close veil, (that deceitful garment which, in Lima, often causes the unwary stranger to follow the witching glances of a black eye, until all ends in his sore disappointment, when he finds the bright jewel in rather too antique a setting,) is not used here. Each fair blazes

forth in all the full lustre of her charms. Not even a bonnet is worn in walking. The hair, which is generally luxuriant and beautiful, divided into two rich braids, falls over the shoulders; a high, tortoise-shell, carved comb is placed on the back part of the head, around which are disposed natural flowers, and from it sometimes falls a white gauze or lace veil. The dancing of the fair Guayaquilenians is graceful beyond measure. In the waltz and Spanish *contre danse*, they appear to the greatest advantage. I have conversed with some of them who possessed mental endowments and acquirements which astonished me, when I considered the scanty and interrupted sources of knowledge to which alone they could have had access.

The women of the lower class, display a strong passion for dress, which they seize every opportunity to gratify. On holidays, troops of women, displaying satin shoes, silk stockings, golden and pearl ornaments, and sometimes even the more precious gems, issue from holes and corners fitter for the residence of the mole, earthworm, and bat, than for a human being. There they live in squalid misery, treasuring their earnings to enable them to figure in each procession and celebration, which are not few in a year. My black washerwoman once came to me to borrow a doubloon, with which to redeem from pawn a massive gold chain and medal, which I had often seen her wear. The women are as fond of dancing as of dress; and the peculiar dances of the country are executed with a spirit and energy, which in a measure compensate for the want of that grace which is so eminently displayed in the waltz.

I have often witnessed these dances, which are very amusing sights, whatever they may be in narration. A circle is formed, sometimes in the open air, but more generally in a room. The music consists of a violin or guitar, accompanied by two or more women singing a monotonous tune, in a high, shrill tone, and beating time with their hands or with sticks, on a door or table, the more noise the better sport. A lad and a lass then issue from the circle, and commence a slow movement, advancing and retreating, crossing and circling round, and alternately following each other, the whole appearing (as it is meant to represent,) a courtship in pantomine. At a particular strain of the music, when it has arrived at a stunning pitch, as if for a grand finale, each party starts off with a quick, stamping step describing a semicircle, and ending with two or three hard blows of the foot upon the floor. Another couple now occupies the area ; and this is continued hour after hour, the floor hardly being vacant for a moment. The words of the songs, and the figures of the dances, differ from each other, and have their appropriate names. The lookers-on seem hugely delighted, and loudly applaud the dexterity of the dancers.

The manner of visiting in Guayaquil, conduces much to render the society what it is, agreeable and unrestrained by any unnecessary formality, while it is perfectly decorous and well conducted. Formal invitations are rarely given, unless it may be for a wedding, or christening, or a large ball. Every Sunday evening, and sometimes oftener, there is a reunion at some one of the houses, which is known among the circle, during

the day. You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come, under the general one you have to the house. Music, conversation, and dancing employ the evening; and delightful parties they are. It may appear strange that dancing should be so favorite an amusement in so hot a climate; but I have found exercise taken at proper hours, to be as necessary as in a temperate climate; and that far from debilitating, it invigorates. A stranger should be very careful against exposure to the mid-day sun; and when he cannot avoid going out, an umbrella should always be used. I have found great protection from the bad effects of the sun, afforded by a wet napkin placed in the crown of my straw hat. The nights are very rarely chilly, and exposure to their air does not appear to produce those deleterious effects, which are so often spoken of, as being caused by the night air of other tropical regions. Indeed, the best time for exercise, is between sun-down and nine o'clock.

The custom in Guayaquil is, to address every lady, of whatever age, whether married or unmarried, as Senōrita, or Miss. It strikes a stranger very ludicrously, to hear the mother of a grown-up family, addressed by the diminutive Senōrita, instead of Senōra. No lady, be she ever so old and withered, is offended at being addressed as Senōrita.

The christening of a child is a ceremony of importance, and an occasion of festivity. About a week after the birth of the child, notice is given to the friends and relations, that it will be baptized on such a night. They all assemble at the appointed hour, which is generally about

eight o'clock, and go in procession to the church, attended by a large train of servants carrying lanthorns. On the arrival at church, the god-mother takes the child, and holds it during the ceremony. On the progress back to the house, the god-father flings handfuls of small silver coin among the crowd which constantly attends the procession; and if they know his name, (which they generally do,) and his distribution be liberal, he is saluted with *vivas* enough, to show very well in an account of the reception of a *beloved Sovereign by his faithful people*. On arriving at the house, a handsome supper is found prepared. After supper there is generally dancing, until midnight. During the evening, the god-mother distributes to each guest, a small piece of money suspended to a ribbon of the three Colombian colors, red, blue, and yellow. Another distribution of money is generally made from the balcony, to the crowd below. To be god-father to a child of a wealthy family, is no light expense. The entertainment and the money distributed, are all provided by him. On some occasions, the eighth part of a doubloon has been distributed to each guest. What is the meaning of this unnecessary and expensive ceremony, I could never ascertain. The weddings do not differ materially in the manner of celebrating the festivity. A few days after the wedding, the new married couple send notes to their acquaintance, informing them that they place themselves at their disposition in their new state; which means nothing more than that they are ready to see company. This must be answered by a call of congratulation.

On the arrival of a stranger in Guayaquil, especially if he has been there before, cards are sent to him by the ladies, on which are written their names, with congratulations on his safe arrival, which he must return by a call within a week. This, in my opinion, is a very agreeable way of letting a person know he is not forgotten. The ladies never rise to receive visitors. On leaving the place, if only for a few weeks, a gentleman must call and take leave of all his acquaintance, under pain of their eternal displeasure, in case of omission.

The quay, which runs parallel with the river nearly the whole length of the town, forms, in fine weather, the evening promenade of the inhabitants, who saunter here, or sit on benches under the porticos of the *cafe's*, eating ices, and enjoying the delicious south-west wind, whose commencement, after the close of the rainy season, is the signal of returning health. On this quay, every Saturday evening, is held a kind of fair for the sale of the manufactures of the week. For fifty yards it is covered with a dense crowd of buyers and sellers, all talking and bustling; hats, shoes, and other articles of wearing apparel are hawked about, or ranged on booths dimly lighted with lanthorns; every thing is recommended to you, and your ears are saluted with the cry of "*barrato, muy barrato,*" "*cheap, very cheap,*" at every step. But woe to the inexperienced stranger who buys a grass hat at one of these fairs, for the people understand pressing and finishing them in such a way, that it is impossible for a person, not accustomed to buying them, to judge of their fineness by the dubious light of their lanthorns, and the purchaser generally finds that

he has given two or three times the value of the thing. But let alone buying, and a stranger may very much enjoy the humours of a Guayaquil fair. The lower classes are extremely fond of broad humour, and expert at bandying the repartee which belongs to their station. No scene of which I know, can give a stranger who witnesses it, a more favorable idea of the natural talents and character of the people. They are vivacious without being quarrelsome, and as acute and quick of apprehension, as any people I have ever met with.

Deer hunting on the savannas is a favorite amusement of the young gentlemen of Guayaquil, during the summer season. During the winter or rainy season, these savannas are almost morasses, covered with high luxuriant grass, and so soft and muddy as to render it impossible to ride over them; in the summer or dry season, the grass withers, and the surface of the earth becomes as hard as a tiled floor, and intersected with small cracks in every direction. This year, the dry season had been of uncommonly long duration, and the face of the country was still of one uniform brown, when a few days after my arrival I went with a party of gentlemen to hunt deer. Throughout the savannas, are interspersed patches of low wood and brush, which are the haunts of the deer. The dogs used to take them, appear to be a kind of mongrel greyhound; like the greyhound they hunt by sight alone. The sportsmen on horseback, each holding a dog in a leash, range themselves at equal distances around one of these patches of wood; a number of *monteros*, or woodsmen, then enter the brush with small cur dogs, the barking of which, with the shout-

ing of the men, rouse the deer and drive him from cover: he rushes out, and as soon as he has gained what is considered sufficient law, the dogs are loosed, and away dash the horsemen over the plain; the deer is almost invariably caught; they run but little way, and when taken, they appear exhausted by the heat. To-day we took a fine buck, after a run of about a mile. The deer are much smaller than those of North America, and the venison is pale, and of an inferior quality. On the whole, the sport is not much to my taste. The horses of Guayaquil are bred in the interior, and are generally very fine, but they are not good leapers, from want of practice, there being no enclosures to the fields. One of our party who put more confidence in his horse than the event justified, attempted to leap him over a wide ditch or creek communicating with the river, and much to our amusement, and his own discomfiture, found a soft resting place in the middle of it; in floundering about, he and his horse parted company, and one gained each bank, the horse the one for which he had started, and our poor friend half stifled with mud scrambled back to the side from which he had taken his unfortunate leap. The hot sun soon dried the mud, and encased him in a complete coat of armour, and on our arrival in town, he was highly praised for his ingenuity, in thus defending himself from the mosquitos.

No wheel carriages are used in Guayaquil. Timber, stone, and every other material for building are either carried on the shoulders of men, or are dragged along the ground by oxen or asses. The oxen are yoked in a singular manner, the yoke resting on the extremity of

the neck near the horns, to which it is attached by thongs. You often see an ass laboring along the streets, with two immense bamboos 40 or 50 feet long, one end of each attached to the opposite sides of his packsaddle, and the other trailing along the ground.

The priesthood, notwithstanding the known and open profligacy of the greater number of them, still possess great influence, though undoubtedly it is on the decline. When I speak of the profligacy of the priesthood, I do not intend to cast on them indiscriminate censure; I have had opportunities of acquaintance with shining exceptions to the general fact, which is undoubted; that the greater part of the ecclesiastics lead an openly profligate life; women, cockfighting, and gambling in various ways are daily recreations with them. I once visited a monk in the cell of his own convent, who had no less than six gamecocks tied by the leg in various parts of the room; during my stay, he entertained me with a long and animated discussion of their various merits. Shaven crowns are to be seen in every coffee house, their owners as animated betters in the gambling which is going on, as any of the assembled crowd. And it is a very common thing for a curate to have a whole flock of orphan nephews and nieces, the children of an imaginary brother. The venerable vicar general of Guayaquil is a brilliant exception to this dark picture, and would, for piety, benevolence and a blameless life, be an ornament to any body of clergy in the world. After having spoken so plainly of the vices of this body of men, I must not omit to mention a virtue, for which the curates of the villages and towns, in the interior, are

conspicuous; I mean hospitality. The weary and way-worn traveller is always sure of a warm reception and the best there is, wherever a curate is to be found. Most of the vices of the clergy are undoubtedly to be attributed to the peculiar state in which they are placed in society. Denied by their forced celibacy, the delights of domestic happiness, leading a life of almost perfect idleness, in a climate which predisposes to sloth and sensual indulgence, it is not extraordinary that they should fall into those vices, from which they are not deterred by the voice of public censure. The confessional is, without doubt, a great source of evil, but I am told that the practice is daily on the decline.

The festivals of the Roman Catholic church are celebrated with considerable pomp. The procession on Palm Sunday, and during the holy week, are numerous and gorgeous, with a great display of saints, and devils, the latter habited in the most grotesque manner, fleeing from the saints, and uttering yells as demoniac, as real devils would be capable of. The supposed time of the resurrection is ushered in, by the firing of cannon from the fort and shipping. On the day of her patron saint, all a lady's acquaintance are expected to call and pay their compliments. When the host is carried through the streets, all the people kneel at the sound of the bell, and continue kneeling as long as it remains in sight; no insult is offered, if a stranger do not comply with the custom, although the inhabitants are much displeased, if any one refuse to kneel. As I was not particularly fond of kneeling in the dirty streets, whenever I heard the bell announcing the approach of the host, I hurried out of the

way as fast as possible, to avoid the necessity of kneeling or of offending their opinions. A great deal of ill will has been excited against foreigners, by their injudicious conduct in this respect. I have known instances of their visiting distant squares, (for the time appropriated to the celebration of some festival,) for the avowed purpose of witnessing the ceremony, and then refusing to kneel when all others knelt. There is no necessity of their putting themselves in such a situation; let them stay away, and not insult the opinions of the people, in whose country they are, by forcing themselves into their religious ceremonies, and then refusing to conform to their requirements. The South Americans would be as excusable, for refusing to take their hats off, during service in a Protestant church.

Of all the festivals, the carnival is celebrated in the most ridiculous, and even barbarous manner: the rudest sports take the place of the masques, music and dancing of this festival, in other Catholic countries. During three days, you cannot walk the streets without danger of being wetted at every step, with foul water. Bowls, syringes, and even pails of water, tinged of various colors, are kept by the females of all classes, in the balconies, with which they besprinkle any passer-by, who may be so unwary as to walk near them. If you cross the end of a street you are saluted in front and rear by a shower. Egg-shells, filled with this colored water and sealed with wax at both ends, are carried about the streets for sale, and parties of gentlemen ride round the city, pelting the ladies in the balconies, and being pelted in turn. For the first two days, I escaped by confining myself closely to the

house; but on the third, indispensible business called me forth, and in spite of all the precautions I could take, I was drenched from head to foot, in foul water. Before the carnival is over, every one who has not the prudence to stay at home, resembles a drowned man, who has been drawn by the heels through an ash-pit. The lower classes carry on the sports, men and women indiscriminately, in the streets. I saw one unfortunate fellow who had fallen into the clutches of about a dozen women. They had pinioned his arms, and plastered him from head to foot with paint, flour, soot, and mud, and were then driving him through the streets, shouting, beating him, and covering him with all sorts of abomination. It appeared he had been a very active tormenter of these gentle beings, who had formed a conspiracy to punish him. The carnival in Quito is said to be celebrated in a still more horrible manner, and with materials more disgusting. No cry of "*gardez l'eau*," warns the passer-by of his impending fate.

Guayaquil is peopled by men of all shades, from jet black to pure white, which run into each other by almost imperceptible gradations. The most prominent classes, and those under which all are most commonly placed, (although they by no means embrace all the varieties which have been produced by intermixture,) are whites, blacks, indians, mulattoes, a mixture of black and white, mestees, a mixture of white and indian, and sambos, a mixture of black and indian. The mulattoes are a very comely race, and, as well as the sambos, are athletic, and appear to bear the climate much better than the whites, who (the men especially,) are generally

sallow and emaciated. About one-sixth part of the population may be white. The mechanic arts are in a very rude state in Guayaquil. Numbers of the poorer people live on *balsas*, or covered rafts. These rafts are constructed of logs of a very light and spongy kind of wood,* laid parallel to each other. They are generally of an unequal number, and the centre log is the largest. They are crossed near each end, by a smaller stick of some stronger and heavier wood, to which they are tied by withes made of a pendant plant called *bejuco*, as the wood is of so soft and spongy a texture, that it will not hold a nail or spike. These rafts are also used as lighters for loading and unloading vessels which on account of their draught of water cannot lie near the quay; and some of them even have a mast and sails, making voyages to sea, and beating to windward by means of a kind of centre-board. They carry from twenty to twenty-five tons. The houses on them are built of bamboo, and thatched with leaves.

The climate of Guayaquil is very hot, the year round. Although I made no constant and regular thermometrical observations, I was in the habit of consulting the instrument often, and I do not recollect, at any hour of the day or night, to have seen the mercury below 75° or 76° of Fahrenheit; and it often rises to 96° or 97° in the shade. Situated at a distance from the sea, but nearly on a level with it, within less than three degrees of the equator, and in the near neighborhood of marshes and dense mangrove swamps, it is only strange that the city should be at all inhabitable by white men. It is free

* A species of Bombax.

from that terrible scourge of the West India islands, the yellow fever, but at the commencement and close of the rainy season, fatal dysenteries and remittent fevers prevail, and fever and ague is met with during the whole year. The seasons are but two, the rainy season or winter, as it is called, and the dry season or summer. The first begins in December, and generally ends about the latter part of April; during the first and last month, there are only occasional showers, but on every day of the three intermediate months, it commences raining at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and literally pours down until 8 o'clock the next morning; the sun generally breaks out at 9 or 10 o'clock, and shines with intense heat for three or four hours, raising a dense pestilential steam, from the saturated ground. I do not recollect a day, while I was in the country, on which the sun did not shine for a part of it. The height of the rainy season is not the most unhealthy; but when the rains have sufficiently moderated, to allow the sun to act powerfully upon the mass of putrefactive matter spread over the ground, then prevail fatal dysenteries and remittent fevers, which commit appalling ravages, until the continued heat of the sun has sucked up all the moisture, and left the country around Guayaquil as dry as a lime kiln. During the rainy season the prevailing winds are from a northerly and easterly direction; but when the summer commences, the southwest wind, which blows from the sea, is hailed by the inhabitants as the harbinger of returning health; this wind is called *El Chanduy*, from a village of that name lying to the southwestward of Guayaquil, from the country around which,

the people affect to believe, it derives its salubrious qualities. The close of the rainy season, although the most insalubrious, is the most beautiful season of the year; nature then starts forth at once to her richest luxuriance, field and forest are clothed in the brightest green, every thing teems with life as if awakening from a long trance, the woods are vocal, and insects of a thousand bright hues flutter over the savannas. This lasts but a little time; the intensity of the sun's rays, and the total want of rain, soon change the surface of the savannas to an uniform brown color, the birds retire panting to the deep recesses of the forests, the strong winds terminate the short existence of the many hued insects, and the unclouded glare of the sun seems gradually reducing the face of nature to a desert, when heavy masses of clouds and occasional showers proclaim the approach of that season, which is again to restore her to vigor and beauty.

Among the many noxious and disagreeable reptiles and insects which abound here, scorpions are the most common; they are found at every turn—in your boots and shoes, which it is always necessary to examine before drawing on,—in your clothes, bed, bureau, chairs, and, in short, every where that they can find a lurking place, are they ready to repel the least approach to an aggression, and punish the unwary by a thrust of their poisoned sting. It is said that their sting sometimes proves fatal, and perhaps it may do so from some peculiarity in the constitution of the person stung, as that of a bee is sometimes known to do; but I must confess I never met with a well attested case of the sting of a scor-

pion having produced death, and persons are stung by them here every day. The intensity of the effect depends in a great measure upon the size of the scorpion; the largest I have seen, does not approach the size of the dried specimens brought from the Mediterranean sea. I was once stung by a very small scorpion, upon the eyelid; it produced considerable pain and redness of the eye for twenty-four hours, but I do not think it was as painful as the sting of a bee, in the same place, would have been. At another time I was stung on the finger, by one of the largest size; the pain was excessively severe in the hand and arm, extending to the armpit, where it was most excruciating; a sense of numbness and constriction, about the throat and root of the tongue followed, and continued about thirty-six hours, and in a measure impeded my speech, long after the pain in my hand and arm had been removed, by the application of bruised and moistened tobacco. Lizards of many sizes, from an inch long, to the voracious alligator of twenty feet in length, abound. There is one small species two or three inches long, of a bright green color, and having very large prominent and bright eyes, which frequents the walls of houses; about this timid and harmless little animal the inhabitants tell many ridiculous stories, affirming it to possess a deadly venom in the points of its toes, which it instils into persons, by running over them when they are asleep; if the poison do not take immediate and fatal effect, they imagine that it throws the person into a succession of fevers, from which he never recovers; and it is customary to say, when a person has had fever and ague for a long time, that a *Salamanqueja* has run

over him. I have more than once caught them in my hands. Under the supposition of their poisonous qualities, they are destroyed whenever met with.

I have before remarked, that various causes have conspired to injure the trade of Guayaquil, and consequently to lower its prosperity. Among the most prominent of these, may be reckoned the great depreciation in the value of cacao; the internal commotions and wars in which this country has been involved, creating great insecurity of property, of which I shall have occasion to relate a prominent instance hereafter; the severe fire of 1830, occurring at a time when the resources of the place were not in a condition to withstand the shock, and repair the injury; oppressive export duties; and *estancos*, or government monopolies. Grass hats, hammocks, &c. pay an export duty of fourteen per cent. on a valuation. Cacao pays the same. This must act as a severe check upon the producer, who has this burden in addition to the heavy per centage which he pays to the revenue, on all articles of foreign production that he may consume; and the very producers of the cacao, hats, &c. are clothed in foreign cottons. The export duties appear to me to be a direct means of paralyzing the industry of the people, (from which, in one way or another, true national prosperity must take its rise,) by depriving them of a very large portion of the reward of their labor. The result justifies the argument, showing itself in the abandonment of the plantations of cacao, and in the smaller amount of grass work brought to market now than formerly. The *estancos*, or government monopolies, are perhaps a still more

oppressive revenue regulation. They shut up certain channels of prosperity and wealth, from all but a favored few; and forbid that competition which gives a healthful life and vigor to trade. These *estancos* are farmed out to individuals, by government, making these individuals the sole importers and sellers of the articles in relation to which the *estancos* are in force. Were they only instituted in relation to luxuries, such as ardent spirits, wine, and tobacco, they would perhaps be less to be reprobated; but, by their operation, the common necessaries of life (as in the case of bread and salt, which are *estanco* articles,) are raised to an enormous price. In regard to flour, the excessive price is not the only evil; or rather there is a collateral one arising from this very cause: the high price puts it out of the power of a great part of the population to eat bread. The quantity of flour consumed is consequently lessened. The want of a market, of course, soon renders the supply precarious. The monopolist, by his contract with the government, is obliged to have a supply of flour sufficient to meet the consumption of the city, under pain of forfeiting his lease of the *estanco*. This induces him to keep a large quantity on hand, to guard against getting entirely out of flour, when, on account of the precarious supply which the very measure has created, he may not be able immediately to procure it. In consequence, the flour is often so bad, from lying long in store in a tropical climate, as not to be eatable. On procuring a fresh supply, not a barrel is sold until the old is all disposed of. No vessels, except those bringing it to the monopolist, could enter the port, during the *es-*

tanco, with more flour on board than what was included in the ship's stores, under pain of forfeiture of vessel and cargo, as being engaged in contraband trade. I am happy to say, that the monopoly of flour ceased, during the spring of 1833; but its effects upon the trade of the port will long be felt. The fire which occurred in 1830, by suddenly destroying a great amount of property, at a time when the place had but just struggled through a series of troubles which had extremely impoverished it, gave almost a death-blow to its prosperity. Upon this, toward the close of 1831, followed the declaration of war, by the government of Bogota, for the recovery of the department of Cauca from the Ecuador. This gave a new pretext for the government to extort money, of which advantage was taken to the utmost, and the president, Gen. Flores, marched off with a round sum from the poor Guayaquilenians, little of which ever went to carry on the war; for, after a series of negotiations for peace, and a final failure of accommodation, (Gen. Flores declaring that he would carry on the war to the last extremity, rather than give up Cauca,) he met Gen. Obando (vice-president of New Granada,) on the frontier, embraced him, and ended the whole affair by giving up the bone of contention, Cauca. This took place in October, 1832. A revolt of a battalion of troops stationed at La Tacunga, happened in August of the same year, caused, as is said, by the government being far in arrears to them for pay, and this within a few months after a large sum had been raised to carry on the war, which never took place. Of this sanguinary

event, I will give a detailed account hereafter, as it comes naturally into the course of my story.

While residing in Guayaquil, I made a number of short excursions into the country around, before my final journey to the interior. Below the city, the immediate banks of the river are either low savannas, covered with grass, or they are occupied by impenetrable forests of mangroves. As you proceed down the river, the forests of mangroves increase, until, at twenty miles from Guayaquil, each bank is covered with an unbroken mass of the richest foliage, kept in eternal verdure by the water which every tide supplies to it. Above the city, the mangrove is scarcely met with. A few dwarfs only, growing at intervals on the banks, extensive savannas, alternating with grand forests, occupy each shore.*

An excursion I made with five or six other gentlemen, up the river Daule, the western branch of the Guayaquil, had very nearly proved disastrous to our whole party. Our place of destination was an estate, belonging to a gentleman from the United States, residing in Guayaquil, at about sixteen miles from the city. The tide during the dry season flows nearly twenty miles above the city. To take advantage of this, our party started from the quay, in a whale-boat with four rowers, just at nightfall. The night was dark, but every thing went on smoothly until we were within about two miles of our destination; and as we were just congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, the boat struck a sunken

* The forest in the vicinity of Guayaquil, are composed principally of Palms, Pulmeriæ, Scitamineæ, Tabernæ montanæ, &c.

tree, and stove a hole as large as the crown of a hat, in her bottom. All was now scrambling and confusion. The boat was filling rapidly ; and before we could resolve what to do, we were up to our knees in water. We found the boat settling under us, and that the oars would no longer propel her, and all of us plunged into the river, making for the shore, which was luckily within a short distance. One of our party carried on shore the rope attached to the boat, by which we drew her into shallow water before she sunk. We had landed on one of those low, muddy banks, covered with tall, rank grass, which are the favorite haunts of the alligators ; but there was no alternative. Our boat was useless, and we had to grope our way to firmer ground with the comfortable reflection, that our next step might perhaps be into the jaws of one of these monsters, and a leg or an arm be crackling under their teeth. My very bones ache at the remembrance. We however all arrived safely on shore ; and, after two hours wandering, dripping wet, muddy, and torn by the briars through which we had forced our way, discovered the house of our friend, where good cheer, and the rest afforded us, soon effaced from our memories all the disagreeables of our adventure. In the morning we arose, well prepared to enjoy the rich scenery, to cull the beautiful flowers, and to pluck from trees laden almost to breaking, the delicious fruit with which the estate abounds. *Las dos reveses*, or the two turns, which is the name of the estate, is a small sugar plantation, situated immediately on the bank of the river. Beside the cane, it produces abundance of fine oranges, pines, mangos, &c. In the

garden was a bread-fruit tree, which had been brought from the Sandwich Islands. It was not at this time in fruit; but my friend informed me, that every year it bore abundance, of a fine quality. There are no slaves on the estate, it being cultivated entirely by hired labor. At this distance from Guayaquil, the river (Daule) is of a much more agreeable character. It is less turbid, and winds through a country where the monotony of the savanna is well relieved, by fine, swelling, and richly wooded hills. The *Guacharaca*, a gallinaceous bird of a reddish brown color, somewhat smaller than a common barnyard fowl, frequents the *platanales*, or plantain grounds, on the river. They are a very beautiful bird, in shape much resembling an English pheasant, of the color of dried leaves above, with a white breast. Their note much resembles that of the Guinea fowl, and is heard at a great distance. They are easily shot, and are excellent food. The magnificent red and black Curassows (Crax Alector and Crax rubra,) abound in the interior of the province, and are often brought to Guayaquil for sale. They are nearly as heavy as a turkey, and their flesh is white and delicious.

The small river Balao, is a tributary of the Guayaquil, and opens into it nearly opposite to Puna. In the month of April, in company with two of my countrymen, officers in the service of Colombia, I made an excursion up the river, to the village of the same name. The Balao, like all the other streams which empty themselves into the Guayaquil near its mouth, runs through a flat country, and is bordered, to some distance from its mouth, by thick mangrove swamps. Higher up, the forests are

of a different character; and partial clearings for the cultivation of rice and plantains, have been made. The trees abound with *Guacharacas*, of which we shot a number without leaving the boat. As we were proceeding up the river, we were surprised to hear gruntings and ferocious cries proceeding from the mangrove trees, as if a herd of wild boars were mounted in their tops. The boatmen informed us that they proceeded from large black monkeys, which abound in these forests; and we soon had an opportunity of seeing three or four, scampering from branch to branch, stopping now and then to look down on us, shaking the branches as if in defiance, and uttering the most ferocious yells that can be imagined. The village Balao is small and extremely unhealthy. Situated at the foot of the first range of hills, or beginning of the Andes, and surrounded by thick forests, it is either in a continual fog or rain. This is the case, with regard to a considerable extent of country about here. It probably arises from this district being more uniformly wooded, than most part of the province of Guayaquil. For some reason, (even during what is the dry season in other parts of the province,) the exhalations seem to be attracted to this neighborhood, where they either hang as a pall, shutting out the pleasant light of the sun, or fall in drizzling showers. On descending the river, we saw, sitting on a mangrove close to the water, a large black monkey, making grimaces, and chattering in a most audacious manner; and immediately we gave chase. It was our first (and I believe our last) attempt at monkey hunting in a mangrove swamp. The tree rises

from a kind of polypod of roots, at the height of from four to six feet from the mud. The roots are interlaced in such a manner, as to render it impossible to force your way between them ; and the only mode of advancing, is to mount and scramble over them in the best manner you may. Jocko had entirely the advantage of us, leaping from one tree to another with great agility, and laughing at our bird shot, (for we had none larger,) which did him very little injury, and entirely failed to convince him of the necessity of descending from his high estate. One of the party, on mounting the roots of a mangrove to have a fair shot at the "ugly beast," fell through, his feet slipping between the roots, and there hung, utterly unable to extricate himself, until the rest came to his assistance. After tearing our own skins much more than we could Jocko's, we returned to the boat, heartily sick of monkey hunting in mangrove swamps. On arriving at the mouth of the river, we found the tide had fallen so far as to render it impossible to float the boat over the bar which stretches across the mouth of the river. So we had to console ourselves for three or four hours with the reflection, that if we had not hunted the monkey, we should not have been in the mud.

During the same excursion, we landed on a lonely beach on the island Puna, where we saw one of those unfortunate and loathsome beings, a leper. The disease is not uncommon in this country ; and its wretched victims are rigorously banished from all intercourse with their fellow creatures. A lonely, uninhabited spot is selected for them, in which they may linger out the

miserable remnant of their lives, cut off from all human sympathy, and forever denied the delights of social intercourse. They erect a little hut with their own hands, and their food is left for them at a stated place, beyond which they are not permitted to pass. When they die, (as they must often do from hunger and thirst, after they become so weak as to be unable to go for their food,) the hut is fired, and the body consumed, to prevent the possibility of infection.

CHAPTER IV.

Start for the interior.—Voyage up the river.—Samborrondon.—Poncho.—Rio Caracol.—Macaws, parrots, and monkeys.—Iguanas.—Alligators, anecdote of.—Bodegas.—Col. Campos.—Anecdote of Bolivar.—Inundations.—Gen. Flores' sugar plantation.—Fatal accident.—Manner of travelling.—Departure from Bodegas.—Cranes.—Mountaineers.—Chileno.—Roads.—Sabaneta.—Punta Playa.—Mantas Blancas.—Fording a torrent.—Cuesta of Ancas.—The Chimborazo.—Canton of Chimbo or Guaranda.—San Jose.—Casa de viageros.—Inhabitants, productions, &c.

The rainy season of 1831—2 had been uncommonly long and severe; and it was not until July, that the roads were sufficiently dry to render a journey to the interior, which I had in contemplation, pleasant or easy. Even now, the river was much swollen, and occasional showers fell; but as I had an opportunity of travelling in company with an English gentleman, who was going to Quito on a tour of observation, I determined to wait no longer.

Accordingly, on the 3d of July, 1832, we embarked, in company with Gen. Barriga of the army of the Ecuador, (to whose politeness and hospitality during my stay in Quito, I am deeply indebted,) for Bodegas, the place from which we were to take conveyance by land, to Quito. A boat belonging to the frigate Colombia, had been politely furnished for our conveyance, by Gen.

Wright, commandant of the marine in Guayaquil. The night was cloudy, and the moon scarcely above the horizon. As we rapidly receded from the town by the impulse of a strong tide and ten stout oarsmen, the long rows of lights in the houses bordering on the quay, had a very gay and brilliant appearance, and gave the idea of a large and flourishing city, to which the majestic river, on which we were floating, was bearing on its bosom the riches of one of the most fertile countries of the world. But how far from the truth is any imagination of this kind! Impoverished and disheartened by a long succession of troubles and commotions, not finding in freedom from the Spanish yoke, the promised improvement in their condition, under a dominion not the less galling and oppressive from the mockery of calling it republican, the great mass of the people of the province barely cultivate enough soil to afford them food; and a country which might supply the whole Pacific coast of South America with coffee, sugar, and rice, hardly affords enough for its own consumption. This must be so, until there be a government strong, permanent, and peaceful enough to give security to person and property; and until a repeal of the revenue laws in relation to export duties and monopolies, shall hold out motives for exertion.

Proceeding rapidly on our way, we soon, by a turn in the river, lost sight of the town. None of the party seemed inclined to conversation, each one enjoying in silence, the softness of the air and the profound quiet of the scene, the effect of which was rather heightened than interrupted, by the regular and almost noiseless

dipping of the oars, and the occasional lonely lowing of the herds upon the banks. The light of the moon soon became strong enough for us faintly to distinguish objects on shore; and when we approached the banks of the river, (as we sometimes did very nearly,) to perceive the luxuriant vegetation with which they are at this season covered, while every breeze from the land came laden with the delicious fragrance of the Guayava and Orange. The scene continued thus delightful for about three hours, when a smart shower converted all the romance in which we might have been indulging, into the shivering reality of a thorough wetting. In this state we arrived at Samborrondon, where we were to sleep, at a little after midnight. After a cup of coffee, we all disposed ourselves to rest in the best manner we could, for our beds were on board the baggage canoe which lingered behind, and the only lodging which we could procure, was a little *pulperia*, or shop; and here, on a bench, amid the fumes of tobacco and *aguardiente*, (spirit,) I slept until morning, my head wrapped in my poncho to defend it from the mosquitos. The *poncho*, or *ruana*, is an oblong piece of cloth, generally the manufacture of the country, with a hole in the middle for the head of the wearer to pass through. They are of different sizes. A large one is six feet long by three and a half or four feet wide. The common wool ponchos are dyed of various bright and gaudy colors. Those made in Peru from the wool of the vicuna, are beautiful and expensive fabrics. They are left of the natural color of the wool, which is a light dun. The poncho serves in lieu of a cloak; and on horseback, is

a far more graceful costume, and certainly more convenient. When you do not wish to wear it, it can be folded into a small compass, and strapped on your saddle, and you may ride upon it without doing it the least injury.

Samborrondon is a small village, distant about ten leagues from Guayaquil. Although situated on the savanna, close to the river, it is never overflowed during the rainy season. It is said to be more healthy than Guayaquil. A decent church fronts the grassy square, around which the village is built. The houses are constructed with wooden frames, covered with split bamboo, and thatched with leaves, and, like all the houses of the low country, are secure from the effects of earthquakes, if the earth do not actually open and swallow them. The houses of the peasants in this country, are very simple and extempore things, the forests around them affording all the materials for their construction, wood for the frame, bamboo for the sides and floors, *bihao* (a peculiar kind of large leaf, resembling that of the plantain,) for thatching, and *bejuco* (a pendant parasitic plant,) with which the whole is tied together ; not a nail being used in the construction. They are commonly raised on posts six or seven feet from the ground, to guard against humidity, and also against venomous reptiles, and are ascended by a rude ladder on the outside. They are very seldom entirely closed in, the walls not being continued up to the roof, which projects over them so much as to prevent the rain from driving in. On the construction of houses in the village, more care is usually bestowed.

As I was wandering around the village in the morning, I heard a female voice call me by name, from a window; and looking up, to my surprise and satisfaction, discovered two ladies of my acquaintance from Guayaquil, who had come to Samborrondon for the recovery of their health after the rainy season. I was soon however willing to forego even their agreeable conversation for breakfast, as I had taken nothing but a cup of coffee since rather an early dinner on the day preceding.

July 4. At 8 o'clock in the morning, we again embarked and proceeded on our voyage. The river Guayaquil divides into two main branches, at a little distance above the city. Of the western branch, or river Daule, I have already spoken. The eastern, or rather the direct branch, divides into two others a little above Samborrondon, the right or eastern one of which we pursued. It is called *Rio Caracol*, snail river, perhaps from its being sluggish; but the more common name is *Estero largato*, or alligator creek, from the immense number of these reptiles that inhabit it. It has nearly a north-east and south-west course. The banks are generally flat. In some parts they are covered with thick woods, and in others, with tall, rank grass; and every where showing, in one shape or another, the luxuriant vegetation, which is the consequence of a hot and moist climate acting upon a soil composed of the rich mud deposited by a large and rapid river, which, in the rainy season, overflows immense tracts, and, like the Nile, every year adds fresh fertility to the country adjacent. This stream has its origin among the An-

des ; and, as it passes through the lower ranges, it receives the vegetable mould, washed by the rains from the primeval forests with which these are covered. The forests which cover the banks, between which we were slowly making our way against a strong current, from the immense quantity of underwood, creeping and parasitic plants with which they are filled, can only be penetrated by cutting a path through them, which the natives do with a kind of broad cutlass. This is also used on the *haciendas*, (farms or plantations,) for clearing away weeds, and even for cutting down trees of considerable size. These forests are filled with monkeys, and a great variety of birds of beautiful plumage, though for the most part without song. There are two species, however, (one of them an Oriole,) which I afterward had an opportunity of seeing in confinement, which rival the sweetest songsters of other regions. Flocks of parrots fly screaming over your head ; and now and then a pair of macaws is seen sailing aloft, their brilliant plumage glittering like burnished gold in the bright sun, while they fill the air with discordant screams. A little further on, you may see a hoary-headed black monkey peeping from the thick branches of a tree, watching the progress of the boat with great apparent interest, and with a most ludicrous expression of gravity on his countenance. The *Iguana*,* one of the lizard tribe, which grows to the length of five or six feet, and is eaten and esteemed a great delicacy by some, are very numerous upon the trees and bushes which overhang the river. This is the most hideous of the lizard tribe which I have

* Iguana tuberculata of Cuvier.

ever seen, and it requires some resolution to divest yourself of the prejudice inspired by their ugliness; but when this is overcome, they are very palatable food, as I can say from repeated experience. Herds of thirty or forty alligators are seen basking in the sun, half buried in the mud and rank grass of the banks. They seem to be conscious of the security afforded them by their almost impenetrable scaly coats, for they allow a boat to approach so near as almost to touch them with the oars, and even then, unless a shot be fired, they move into the water with the utmost deliberation. A musket ball will not penetrate the hide which covers their backs, even if fired from a short distance. The side and belly are penetrable, but a shot there seldom proves fatal, in time at least to prevent them from taking to the water; yet I have repeatedly killed them almost instantly, by a shot just behind the shoulder, or in the eye. They rarely attack a person on the land; but many instances are related of their upsetting the smaller sized canoes of the Indians, and making a prey of the persons in them. Certain parts of the river are more dangerous than others. Near Guayaquil, the alligators are very shy and timid, probably from their being often pursued and fired at; but in the more lonely parts of the river, where they have not learned to fear the destructive weapons which man has at his command, and are only seeking for prey, they do not hesitate to seize any thing that falls in their way, for the satisfaction of their voracious appetites. An instance of their persevering ferocity was related to us, at one of the villages on the banks of the river, I

think Samborrondon. The occurrence happened the year before. Two Indians were going down the river in a canoe, at a time when the stream was much swollen by the rains. Nearly in the middle of the river, the canoe was upset by striking a half-sunken log. One poor fellow was seized and drawn under by an alligator, almost immediately, while the other succeeded in swimming to a tree, which in the dry season stood upon the bank, but was now surrounded by water. Just as he was climbing the trunk for the purpose of taking shelter in the branches until a boat, which was then approaching, could take him off, an alligator seized him by the leg, dragged him into the water, and drowned him. These animals catch an immense number of flies, by lying on the banks with their mouths stretched wide open. The insects, attracted by the red color of the inside, settle in it in swarms. They also devour many fishes. A strong smell of musk proceeds from the alligator, especially when wounded or irritated. During the rainy season, numbers bury themselves in the mud of the savannas, and remain encased during the whole of the summer, until a recurrence of the rains enables them to break from their earthy prisons.

At about 3, P. M., we stopped to dine, and to rest the boatmen, who had been steadily pulling for four hours, under a burning sun. The spot which we selected was an open, grassy level or glade in the forest, with here and there a beautiful tree or clump of trees, so placed by the hand of nature, that I could hardly persuade myself that art had not been at work, in disposing them for the production of a picturesque effect.

But it was evidently one of those spots in the midst of the forest, where, without any apparent cause, the growth of wood has not taken place, although the forest immediately on its edges possesses all the luxuriance which it does in any other part. Places of this kind are very rare in the forests of this region. It was the anniversary of the declaration of the independence of my native country from the sway of Great Britain; and while remembering, with joy and exultation, the immense benefits which have in so short a time arisen from our independence, I could not but form in my mind's eye a picture of this country arrived at an equal pitch of prosperity with the United States, and at last reaping the fruits of the immense sacrifices which they have made in the cause of liberty. The cloud which now hangs heavy over the South American republics, will doubtless be dispersed. The effects of a degrading slavery of three hundred years, cannot be erased in a moment. Let us hope that the seeds of better things are sowing; and although the present generation may not live to see their full fruits, yet these republics will undoubtedly, at some future period, be a conspicuous example of the vivifying power of liberty.

At 9 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Bodegas, where I was hospitably received by Col. Del Campo, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his daughter in Guayaquil. The Colonel is a venerable man, who has seen some service in the cause of the republic, and is now living in retirement, attending to his large estates which lie in the vicinity of Bodegas. His family all live in Guayaquil, and his society, with the exception

of now and then a traveller, consists of many feathered and furred pets and protegès, of which his house is full. He especially prides himself upon the great number of caveys, or Guinea pigs, which he has. But they, alas! are not as happy as their fellow inmates, the delicacy of their flesh often condemning them to the spit or pot. He had, among many other birds, two species which sung very sweetly. One of them I believe to be a species of Oriole. This reminds me of an anecdote of Bolivar, which was related to me by a gentleman in whose presence the circumstance occurred. In the course of conversation, an English officer, I think Aid-de-camp to Bolivar, made the assertion, "that there was not a singing bird in South America." Bolivar, who was surprised and even offended at this assertion, appealed to the company, most of whom decided that the officer was wrong. But Bolivar did not forget it for a long time; and would often, on hearing the note of a bird, turn to this officer with the question, "does not that bird sing?"

5*th*. One of the chief duties of hospitality in this country, is to put a traveller in the way of obtaining beasts for his journey. "Speed the parting guest" is as much attended to as the other part of the line.* In compliance with this excellent custom, Col. Del Campo sent early in the morning, to learn if any mules could be procured in the village. There are no regular post houses on the route from Guayaquil to Quito, the mules used by travellers generally being those which have come from

* Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. Popes' Homer's Odyssey.

the interior, with the produce of the country, or with travellers, and their baggage ; these you hire, not from post to post, but to a certain distance into the country, perhaps three or four days journey. The great desideratum is, to procure a good saddle beast; those fit for carrying baggage are generally to be found, but let the traveller beware of mounting one of these. I have found by sad experience, the necessity of caution in this respect. Col. Del Campo's messenger soon returned, with the intelligence that no mules could be procured in the village; when he was immediately despatched on one of the colonel's own horses to Sabaneta, a village five leagues on our route, where we had heard that mules could be procured. While we were waiting for mules, I employed myself in examining the little that is to be seen in and about Bodegas.

The proper name of the place is *Las Bodegas de Babaoyo*. (The store houses of Babaoyo,) for being at the head of navigation for loaded beasts, it has, ever since the occupation of the country by the Spaniards, been the place of deposite for merchandize passing from Guayaquil to the mountains, and for the produce of the interior on its way to the coast, while waiting for beasts to transport it in one direction and for boats to carry it in the other. There is a custom house, and a branch of the salt *estanco* or monopoly established here. During the rainy season, the village, and a great extent of country around, are overflowed; the water standing six feet deep in the square ; the church, and two or three houses near it, situated on a little elevation, are the only buildings which escape complete insulation ; the inhabitants

at this time retreat to the second floors of their houses, and all communication with each other is carried on by means of canoes. During the flood, the houses are very much infested by snakes, which are driven by the water to seek refuge with their natural enemy man; bootless trust! the people are excessively afraid of them, as many species are said to be very venomous, and a continual war of extermination is kept up. Many of the inhabitants live on rafts of the same construction as those I described in Guayaquil, both summer and winter. During the three or four months that the country is thus overflowed, all transportation of articles of trade, to and from the interior, is put a stop to, and the only communication is by means of the post man, thrice a month, or by some chance traveller, of whom there are very few, for the rains render the roads so bad, and swell the mountain torrents to such a height, that few care to venture their lives, except from absolute necessity. In the rainy season, there are hardly five hundred inhabitants in the town, while in the summer, there are nearly two thousand. After the rains cease, it becomes a busy bustling place; the before unoccupied, lower stories of the houses are converted into shops; the muleteers come in from the mountains with loads of potatoes, pease, lard, flour, and barley meal; boats arrive from Guayaquil with manufactured goods in exchange, and the number of travellers is very considerable. This description may appear in a measure to contradict what I have before said, in regard to the agricultural prosperity of the country; but it must be recollected, that this is almost the only channel through which the extensive and fertile

valleys, between this place and Quito, pour their productions, and in return are supplied with foreign manufactures. Considering the extent and fertility of the interior of the Ecuador, the produce of the soil is small. The heat of Bodegas is about equal to that of Guayaquil, but notwithstanding the periodical overflow of the river, it is said to be much healthier than that place. It is distant from Guayaquil, in a strait line, less than sixty miles, but following the bends of the river the distance is ninety miles.

On the bank of the river opposite to the town, is a fine sugar plantation, belonging to Gen. Flores; it contains sixty *fanegadas* or *cuadras* of cane each a hundred *varas** square; the overseer informed me that each *cuadra* produced $600, worth of sugar and rum, yearly. All the apparatus for making the sugar is much better than is generally seen on the plantations, in the country; the mills have copper cylinders, cast in England, in place of the clumsy wooden ones, in common use. Sixty slaves, and forty free laborers are employed on the estate. The soil is so fertile that there are two cuttings or crops of cane each year. The plantation is never overflowed, this bank of the river being twelve or fourteen feet higher than the other. This plantation is said to be profitable, which is not the case with the sugar estates in Peru, the finest of which scarcely pay the expense of working them; but in the case of Gen. Flores' estate, there is another reason for its being profitable, beside the superior fertility of the soil, and the abundance

* The Spanish *vara* is 8-100 shorter than the English yard.

of water in this region; the manufacture is carried on under the fostering care of government; the sugar pays none of those vexatious internal duties, the *alcabala*, &c. to which all other sugar is subject. The estate is Gen. Flores' pet, the offspring of the liberality of his beloved people.

To-day, 5th, a fatal accident happened, which looked rather inauspicious in the commencement of our journey; it was the offspring of that curse of the human race, ardent spirits. The boat's crew consisting almost entirely of foreigners, some English, some Irish, and some North Americans, were to remain one day at Bodegas to rest, before returning to Guayaquil. In the morning, they all got drunk on shore, and began to be very noisy and quarrelsome; the officer in command of the boat ordered them all to go on board, and to anchor her in the middle of the river, for the purpose of keeping them quiet, and allowing them to get sober. A bottle of rum had, however, been secretly conveyed on board, and in some dispute about this, a young man rushed from one end of the boat to the other, and inflicted two stabs with his knife, upon an old sailor who was sitting in the bows; they then grappled, and before any one could interfere, both fell overboard; the old man rose, and swam to the shore, bleeding profusely, the young man, the aggressor was seen no more; whether he had stabbed himself in falling overboard, or had been caught by an alligator, could not be known, he did not rise. Neither of the wounds inflicted upon the old man was very severe, although a slight deviation from the direction which one of them took, would have rendered it fatal. The young

man was an Irishman, the old man an Englishman. It is a rare thing in Guayaquil to see a native of the city drunk; but the indians of the interior get intoxicated whenever they can procure liquor.

On the 6th, Gen. Barriga, who was anxious to hasten on as fast as possible, procured beasts, for himself and his baggage, but such a ragged, miserable set of Rozinantes, I never set eyes upon. My companion and myself were not able to procure suitable animals, until the afternoon of the 7th, we concluded to wait until the next morning, to avoid being benighted on the horrible road, which forms the first stage from Bodegas. As the manner of travelling in this part of South America, is entirely different from any thing which is known in most parts of the United States, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of the preparations necessary for the journey. Had I been alone in place of enjoying the company of Gen. M——, who was an old campaigner, and traveller in South America, I should have left Bodegas, with twice the necessary quantity of baggage; and indeed, if I were to make the journey again, I would take less than the small quantity I carried with me. I took one middle sized trunk, and to balance this, on the other side of the mule was a matress with blankets, &c. and a cloak bag rolled up in it, the whole enclosed in a strong water-proof cover, secured by two broad leather straps, buckled around it. The trunk for such a journey, should be made of the strongest and thickest leathes, on an iron frame, to enable it to withstand the hard blows that it must inevitably receive, against the trees and rocks, and it should also be enveloped in a water-

proof covering. Capt. Head advises travellers on the pampas, to travel strictly *expediti* and to rough it as he says; I would not recommend a traveller in the mountains of Colombia, to go entirely without baggage, as Capt. Head did; but were I going again I would take a very small trunk, and in place of a mattress, I would provide myself with plenty of blankets, enclosed in a large piece of painted canvass, which might on occasion serve as a coverlet. With such a load, the baggage beasts would easily keep up with the saddle mules. The dress for riding consists of a full skirted coat with immense pockets, called a *picarona*, long huzzar boots, or waterproof pantaloons with feet to them, spurs, the mere sight of which would cause a horse of delicate nerves to faint, a grass hat with a brim four or five inches wide, and a low crown, and over all, if the weather require it, the poncho. To these are generally added a sword, and a pair of holster pistols.

In this guise, on the morning of the ninth, at 9 o'clock, I took leave of my kind and hospitable host, who on parting gave me a friendly caution to beware of the seductions of Quito. We crossed from the left to the right bank of the river, (as the road, which in the dry season lies along the former, was still too much covered with water to be passable,) and mounted our mules on Gen. Flores' grounds, in high spirits at the prospect of soon seeing the famous city of Quito, and the Chimborazo, now alas! fallen from its proud estate, as monarch of American mountains.* After leaving Gen. Flores' plantation,

* Ylimani and Sorate in upper Peru are both ascertained to be considerably higher than the Chimborazo.

the road lay through low flat land, in which the traces of the recent inundation were still very visible ; large pools of water stood around, covered with innumerable wild fowl of many kinds, which were so fearless as to allow us to approach within a few yards, before taking wing. Among the most remarkable on account of its size, was the soldier bird as it is called; I think it is a species of *Ardea* or crane ; it almost rivals the *Ardea gigantea* or Adjutant of India, in size ; the plumage is of a snowy white, with the exception of the neck, which in some individuals is black, and in others of a beautiful scarlet ; this difference is probably owing, either to difference of age or sex ; the legs are not as long as those of the Adjutant ; the bill is about ten inches or a foot long, and thick and strong ; they wade about in the pools, in search of frogs and fish, and keep all smaller birds at a respectful distance. I saw also two or three species of ducks, and as many of curlews, and various other birds which I did not recognize. In places a little higher, and of course where the water had first receded, luxuriant grass had sprung up, on which large herds of neat cattle were grazing. The savanna was the most beautiful I had seen, large clumps of trees were scattered over it, diversifying the view and affording a grateful shade to the cattle, during the heat of noon-day. We often met long trains of laden mules and donkeys, driven by Indians from the mountains, proceeding to Bodegas, the whole family, from the infant of a few months old strapped to its mother's back, to the old man of seventy, bringing up the rear. The contrast between the rosy cheeks, and healthy appearance of these mountaineers, and the

sallow faces, and listless motions of the inhabitants of the flat country, was very striking, and much in favor of the former. As I have before mentioned, that the rainy season had been uncommonly long, and the road was still, in many places, covered with water, but the sun shone brightly, and every thing looked green and smiling; there is beside something to me very exhilirating, in the untutored and luxuriant wildness of nature, by which we were surrounded.

About noon-day, we came to a little hillock, which is never overflowed, where we found three or four orange trees, loaded with fruit; how grateful it was to us, after our ride under a burning sun. There had undoubtedly been at some former period a habitation at this place, but no other vestige of the labor of man, was to be seen, except the orange trees, which like the garden-flowers in Goldsmith's deserted village, had survived the hand that planted them. Soon after this, we struck the river again, and crossed to the other bank; the beasts swimming, and the baggage and ourselves crossing in a canoe. While our muleteers were engaged in ferrying across the baggage, saddles, &c., the master of a solitary hut near by, invited us to enter and rest ourselves; in the course of conversation with him, he said he was a Chileno, but had been here sixteen years; my companion remarked, that Chili had improved much in that time; have you been in Chili, Sir? asked the man with great apparent interest; my companion answered in the affirmative, and was immediately overwhelmed with a multitude of questions, about dear Chili, which showed that the love of his native land still burnt brightly in his heart.

He spoke contemptuously of the country in which he lived, and wished to return home, as he expressed it. My companion asked him, why he did not do so. "*La pobreza, Senor,*"—*poverty, sir,* sighed he, pointing at the same time to his children. He then asked some questions about London, and wound up the whole, by saying, "*Ah, Senor! Londres y Valparaiso son las dos delicias del mundo.*"—*Ah, sir! London and Valparaiso, are the two delights of the world,* thus conveying, as he thought, an oblique compliment to the Englishman. I left the poor Chileno, internally repeating,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land."

Our road now lay through dense forests, and was excessively muddy, and much impeded by roots of trees, which caused my servant who was no great horseman, more than one fall; however, as he was hurt by none of them, this was a source of amusement, rather than annoyance, especially as Manuel took it very good-humoredly, and after a few objurgations mounted again with alacrity. At about three in the afternoon, we arrived at Sabaneta, a miserable village near five leagues from Bodegas, where we had intended to pass the night; but learning that there was a house two leagues farther on, where we could lodge, we determined to proceed, and about night-fall arrived at our destination, Punta Playa, a new sugar plantation, belonging to Col. Bravo, formerly in the Colombian service. This is a place of wild appearance, surrounded by dense, dark, and unwholesome looking forests. In the house, which is no better

than a mere shed, we found the *mayordomo*, and five or six wild looking *peones* or laborers. The *mayordomo* afforded us shelter, I thought with no very good grace, and sold us some jerked beef and potatoes, which our servants soon converted into a stew, which although neither savory nor easy of mastication, made us a substantial meal, very necessary after a ride of ten hours. In the woods about the house I heard the cry of a nocturnal bird, which was very similar to the note of the North American whippoorwill. I have very little doubt that it was a species of the same genus, *Caprimulgus*.

The fatigue of a first day's hard ride made us very confident that we should enjoy a sound night's rest, and our mattresses being spread we disposed ourselves for that purpose, very early. But alas! how vain are human anticipations; no sooner had I lain down, and extinguished the lamp (which consisted of a piece of cotton stuck to the side of an earthen vessel containing melted fat) than an intolerable burning sensation pervaded my hands and face; the irritation, which resembled that produced by nettles, increased every moment. I at first thought that the mosquitoes were paying me a visit, but not the buzzing of a solitary one could I hear. I then concluded that it was the effect of exposure to the sun, and tried to forget it in sleep, but without effect, and toward morning I was in a high fever, with intense thirst. I fortunately had observed, before going to bed, a large pitcher of water standing in my room, this I brought to my bedside, and taking large draughts, at last fell asleep, but awoke unrefreshed, and indeed I thought more weary than when I lay down. On examination by the light of

the morning, I found my face and hands covered with hundreds of small deep red spots, which the people of the house told me were occasioned by the bites of the *manta blanca* or *white mantle*, a very diminutive kind of white gnat; they are so excessively small, that they will pass through a common mosquitoe curtain of coarse gauze; the people of the house had all slept within close curtains of cotton. Mosquitoes are a trifle compared with these little wretches.

At 7 o'clock we were again on our way, feeling a pleasure even in creeping slowly and painfully over the horrible roads which we now encountered, as we had exchanged for them the tormenting gnats, the marks of whose stings remained for three or four days. We had not proceeded far, when the road, from nearly a dead level, changed to a gentle ascent, and became stony; and the river, whose general course we had been pursuing, from a silent and not very rapid stream, became a roaring, rushing, mountain torrent. This is the river Caracol, and has nearly an east and west course, which was now the direction of our journey. Our muleteer, who was a stout, hardy, and intelligent *mestee*, informed us that the road lay alternately on each bank of the river, and that we should be obliged to cross the stream a number of times during the day's march. We soon had to make the trial, which I confess looked rather hazardous to me. We descended to the bed of the torrent, a great part of which is dry at this season, and covered with loose, round stones of every size, from that of a small gravel, to stones of many tons in weight, worn smooth by the constant running of the water du-

ring the winter, at which season the stream becomes absolutely impassable, and all travellers go by another road. Even now, the deep and rapid, though narrow stream which occupied about one-third of its winter channel, had not subsided to its summer level; and, in my eyes, presented a formidable obstacle to our further progress. Even our muleteer hesitated sometime, and examined various places to find the one most favorable for the attempt. He at last selected one; and, luckily, we had very fine beasts, and crossed in safety, although the water was so deep that I had to sit upon the top of the saddle, with my feet drawn up under me, to avoid getting wet. I would here advise all travellers in these regions, especially if they are from temperate climes, to avoid as much as is possible getting wet. The stiffness occasioned by a hard day's ride, is much increased if you are wet during it. Long huzzar boots well impregnated with oil, are an excellent protection to the feet and legs, both against wet, and against the briars and rocks.

The road now ascended rapidly, keeping still the course of the torrent, at one time winding along the side of a hill, two or three hundred feet above its bed, and at another descending to nearly a level with it. On the bank of the river we found abundance of the Guayava growing wild. We proceeded very slowly through gigantic forests; roots of trees, rocks, and deep mud holes impeding our progress. In fording the mountain torrents, it is not a very uncommon occurrence for a baggage mule to be swept down the stream, although they are seldom ultimately lost. This accident was

near happening to us, in our next crossing. One of the mules entirely lost its footing, and had nearly been swept away; but our muleteer, with extraordinary promptness and dexterity, rushed into the water, and reached a small rock below the animal, and with his aid it was enabled to reach the bank. At one of the worst fords, where the torrent seemed to have forced its way between two hills that grudged it space to pass, we met a large number of Indians with their loaded oxen, mules, and asses, fording the stream. The torrent rushing black and swift from its narrow pass, shadowed by thick, overhanging woods, widening below and breaking into foam against the thousand rocks which it encountered, as if tossing its mane in indignation at the temporary confinement it had suffered; the wild looking mountaineers, with their long, black locks, broad *sombreros*, sandals of hide, and long staves, their shrill cries of encouragement, mingling with the lowing of the oxen afraid to tempt the stream, all combined to form a scene picturesque beyond description, and amply repaying us for the delay it occasioned.

After having forded the river five times, we arrived at a little Indian village situated at the foot of the *Cuesta de Ancas*, or *Crupper mountain*, so called from its shape. Our muleteer pointed out to us, at a considerable height on the side of the mountain, a hut which was to be our lodging place for the night. It had a very bird's-nest-like appearance; and I should have judged from its situation, that a strong wind would precipitate it into the valley below. We bought some potatoes for our dinner, at one of the Indian huts, commenced the toilsome as-

cent, and arrived at our quarters at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The house was really more like a crow's nest stuck on the side of the mountain, than the habitation of man, and fully justified the opinion I had formed of it from the valley below. We had been ascending a kind of back-bone or ridge of the mountain, with a deep ravine on each side, and now the place on which the house stood was hardly fifteen paces wide, and the hill on each side nearly precipitous, with a torrent roaring at the bottom. The old woman of the hut received us with a very bad grace, I suspect because she had heard my companion addressed by his military title; for she probably thought him a Colombian officer, and these gentlemen are not the best of paymasters in travelling. To our inquiries, "Will you sell us some eggs?" she answered, "*No hay*," *There are none;* "a fowl" "*No hay;*" "*Alfalfa*, or Lucerne, for the cattle?" "*No hay.*" My companion's servant, who had been a common soldier, and was as unscrupulous as these gentry usually are, was proceeding, without farther parley, to cut the lucerne, of which there was a plenty a little way from the house, and to kill a fowl, a dozen of which were running about, in spite of the repeated *no hay*. But the sight and touch of a dollar in the hand of our hostess, changed the face of affairs instantly. She was all alacrity; cut the grass herself, ran down to a hut a few rods below, to get some eggs, and helped the servants to catch the fowl. When the fowls, potatoes, and eggs were in the pipkin, and other arrangements for dinner completed, I went to the edge of the hill to admire the prospect; for, lover as I am always

of the beauties of nature, I enjoy them much more when I am certain I shall not go to bed hungry, after a long and fatiguing ride. The sun was just setting; and, as the curtain of vapor which almost hides the low country from sight, partially raised itself, I caught glimpses of the distant plains, and could trace, for a long distance, the thread-like course of the river. The whole view was lovely. The hills around were clothed in the deepest green, and at the time appeared to me of stupendous height; although, after seeing the Chimborazo and other peaks of the Andes, they dwindled by comparison into mere molehills. In one of the ravines many hundred feet below us, on a small, flat spot, was a house, with its little patch of Indian corn, and a cow, forming altogether a striking picture of contented loneliness and seclusion. It was without any visible means of access, and probably the spot had been selected as a protection against the depredations of the soldiery, in their occasional marches through the country, which are as destructive as a flight of Egyptian locusts. The air was deliciously cool and grateful after the hot, pestilential climate of Guayaquil; and as the lowing of cattle, rendered faint by distance, stole up the hill, associations carried me home, and I walked back to the house, deep in reveries of the friends I had left behind me, and of the smiling hills and valleys of my native land. But a smoking-hot pottage and a strong appetite are sad enemies to fine sentiment, and I soon threw my whole soul into the discussion of the very savory dish which was set before us. Sterne's supper would have been much to our taste, but we were too tired for his grace,

even if we had had pretty French peasant-girls to dance with, instead of the withered crone, our hostess. Having assured ourselves that we had no *mantas blancas* to fear, we fully indemnified ourselves for the last night's want of rest. At sun-rise the next morning, the thermometer indicated 52° Fah. The distance from Punta Playa to this place, is about six leagues. We were nine hours in accomplishing it. From this, some idea may be formed of the badness of the roads.

On the morning of the 10th, soon after sun-rise, we were again on our way, and commenced the tedious ascent of the *Cuesta of Ancas*. *Cuesta* signifies a hill or ascent, and *cuestita* is the diminutive, signifying a little hill. A North American is often astonished to hear the guides and muleteers talk of the *cuestitas ;* for the roads lead over such enormous elevations, that what appears to a traveller an almost interminable ascent, is regarded as a trifle by the mountaineers. I have often asked the question, "*Hay mas subida ?*"—Is there more up hill ? and received for answer, "*Una cuestita, no mas,*" *A little hill, nothing more ;* and have found that little hill two or three miles long. Ancas, however, is the bug-bear of travellers going to Quito, and it is indeed a *cuesta*, as much on account of its steepness as its great length. The soil is a stiff red clay, in many places so slippery as scarcely to afford footing to the mules, and in others, so muddy, that I more than once dismounted to allow my mule to extricate herself. Ancas belongs to the western of the two ranges of mountains which enclose the valley of Chimbo. In many places the road is crossed by ridges, formed by the regular stepping of

the mules in the same tracks, while the roads are drying after the rains. These ridges are so regular that, extending as they do quite across the road, I thought at first that they were logs buried in the ground. By toiling (alternately riding and walking,) until some time after noon, we arrived at the top of Ancas, and for the first time *I* caught a distant view of the snowy summits of the *cordilleras* of the Andes, glittering in the sun. The wind, which blew from that direction, had a frosty feeling in it, which made our cheeks glow, and infused fresh vigor into our frames. I was highly delighted with this, which I may call my first view of these famous mountains; for, although I had many times seen the Chimborazo from Guayaquil, yet, from its great distance, and from its snowy top just appearing above the clouds, and almost seeming a part of them, a great deal of its grandeur is lost. No extraordinary peak like the Chimborazo or Antisana was in sight, but we saw the range of the Cordilleras, blue as the ocean, and capped with snow, to great advantage, for the air was without a particle of mist.

After resting our poor beasts for half an hour, at the top of the hill, we pursued our way over a fine road, generally descending, until we came to a beautiful valley, which offered as good a specimen of a purely pastoral country as I have ever seen. It was but partially wooded; and its smooth, green pastures were spotted with cattle and sheep. No grain of any kind was to be seen, and no unsightly ploughed field marred its uniform verdure. A beautiful stream stole along at the

foot of the hills, on one side of the valley. It was a spot fit for the reign of a shepherd king.

Passing this valley, we wound up the side of a steep, wooded hill, and at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, suddenly, at the top of a long ascent, emerged from the forest; and a prospect which, for beauty and grandeur combined, I have never seen equalled, broke upon our sight. The sudden transition from a view limited to a few rods, and often to a few yards, to one extending over many leagues of the most extraordinary scenery, caused my companion and myself simultaneously to exclaim, "How beautiful!" The effect was like that produced by emerging from the dark staircase of some high tower, to the light and life of a beautiful and extensive landscape. We checked our mules, and admired the wonders of nature. Immediately below us lay an extensive valley, apparently composed of gently undulating ground, covered with luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, and maize, the two former just ready for harvesting, their rich yellow surrounding the deep green of the maize fields, like a golden setting to an emerald. Graceful rows and clumps of trees were interspersed, and the whole presented a scene of smiling plenty which Ceres might have chosen for a home. Opposite to us was the Chimborazo, free from a cloud, and glowing like molten silver in the rays of the declining sun; and on each side were the more distant tops of the *cordillera*, which here appears to divide, in order to receive this lovely valley in its bosom. On descending, we found that what we had supposed to be gently undulating ground, viewing it from the great height

from which we had first seen it, was in fact a succession of grand, swelling hills, with valleys between, both hill and valley being for the most part covered with grain, as I have described. The descent was very rapid, and we were soon crossing these hills, and winding through a succession of valleys, each one of which seemed more picturesque than the preceding. We often rode over short elastic turf, far more agreeable to my eye, than the more luxuriant and rank vegetation of the low country.

This valley composes the canton of Chimbo or Guaranda, and as regards cultivation is the most fortunate spot of like extent in the state of the Equator. Guaranda is the principal village; there are two others inferior, San Jose and San Miguel de Chimbo. We had directed our muleteer to take us to San Miguel, and on espying a village, one of us said to the other, "we have at last arrived at San Miguel," "no sir," interrupted the muleteer, "this is San Jose." "And where is San Miguel?" "*Alla, there,*" said the muleteer, pointing at something. "Let us go on," said I. "Go on," said the man of mules, "you must go back to reach San Miguel, Sir." This was conclusive; it was near night, and we were tired, and although provoked at what we thought the fellow's stupidity in bringing us to the wrong place, we determined to go no farther that night. In the course of our search for lodgings the whole mystery came out. San Jose was the native place of master Gil, our muleteer, and the mules belonged to his reverence the curate, the principal horse-jockey and trader of the village. Gil looked rather blank when we charged him with having wil-

fully led us from the right road, but I could see that the rascal was more pleased with the success of his deception, than troubled at our reproaches. In many of these villages there is a *casa de viageros* or traveller's house, a kind of caravanserai, where travellers are allowed to take shelter, and cook their food; as we knew no one in the village we were shown to the *casa de viageros*, but found it so abominable filthy and full of fleas, that we concluded it would be better to sleep under the canopy of heaven, than under such a roof. But first, as we had paid the curate for mules, we determined to request his hospitality; his reverence was not at home, but his house-keeper afforded us the desired boon. The productions of this canton are principally wheat, barley, maize, pease, beans, and potatoes, all good and abundant. The climate at this season is delightful; the rainy season is said to be severe though not very unhealthy. The houses are built of mud bricks dried in the sun; they are mostly thatched with long grass; a few in the villages are tiled. The inhabitants are chiefly Indians, who cultivate the soil; they look hardy and robust, but are excessively filthy in their dwellings and persons.

CHAPTER V.

Guaranda.—Paramos—Our guide deserts us.—Wedding party.—Ensillada.—Arenal.—Winds.—The Chimborazo.—Mocha.—Optical delusion.—Beds.—Ride to Hambato.—Agave.—Guachi.—Hambato.—Curious meteorological fact.—Ride to La Tacunga.—Earthquakes and Ruins.—Ride to Quito.—Cotopaxi and its Eruptions.—Battallion Flores.—Gen. Barrigas' Estate.—Condor.—Delay of our Baggage.—Arrive in Quito.

11th. This morning, long before day-break, we were again on our way, intending to make a long march. We had only hired our beasts as far as Guaranda, which is situated near the northern side of the valley, about five leagues from San Jose. We expected to find fresh beasts there ready for us, as Gen. Barriga had promised to engage them for us, in his progress through Guaranda. We had proceeded more than half the distance, on a fine terrace-like road, cut on the sides of the hills, when the sun rose; the Chimborazo had been faintly distinguishable in the short twilight of the morning, but when the rising sun dissipated the light mist hanging about its top, the mountain was apparently close to us, and the enormous mass of pure white snow glittered with a brightness almost insupportable to the sight. That part of the canton near the village of Guaranda, is much more broken and picturesque than the southern

part, although perhaps not as fertile. A rapid stream runs through it, over which there are two or three substantial and rather handsome stone bridges. This stream is a tributary of the river Guayaquil; it runs in a southerly direction through the whole length of the valley; continuing on, it runs as far south as the city of Guayaquil, then turning eastward and a little northward, it opens into the main stream a few miles north of the city. On our arrival at Guaranda, at eight o'clock in the morning, we found a note from Gen. Barriga, saying that it had been impossible for him to procure beasts for us, on his way through the town, but hoping that we should find no difficulty, &c. &c. The *corregidor* of the canton, to whom we had a letter from Col. Del Campo, undertook to provide us with them, as soon as possible, and in the mean time invited us to a very excellent and plentiful breakfast, to which our ride of five leagues in the fresh morning air, had prepared us to do ample justice. It is in my opinion the better way for travellers, always to eat breakfast before starting in the morning, and not to dine before the day's journey is over; a biscuit or two eaten at noon will prevent too much exhaustion; and you ride much more lightly, and with more ease to yourself before than after dinner; even after a hearty breakfast it is advisable to ride fair and easy, for three or four hours. The pleasure of such a journey, and the ease with which you accomplish it, depend in a great degree upon the preservation of perfect health, and to do this I have found no rule more certain, than to be abstemious until the day's journey was over, and then to eat heartily and sleep soundly. Those who are in the

habit of drinking tea should always carry a pound or two with them ; nothing so soon relieves the sensation of fatigue as a cup or two of strong tea.

Our host the Corregidor was an Italian, and had been a subaltern officer in the service of Napoleon ; after breakfast, he and my companion were soon deeply engaged in military discussions, while I strolled into the square of the village, where I found two men exercising some beautiful horses, indeed they were more beautiful than any I had seen in the country ; I enquired the price of them, which was from fifty to seventy dollars, and was most sorely tempted to buy one, when the Corregidor, coming out, informed me that they were merely horses for show, as he termed it, and would not be nearly as serviceable in the rough roads of the country, as those of a smaller size, and more ordinary appearance. Guaranda is the most decent looking village we had yet seen ; it contains about three thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly Indians : the market is well supplied with the productions of the valley, which are exposed for sale in wooden trays, by the Indian women, sitting on the ground in rows around the square.

At an hour before noon, our beasts were ready, and we bade adieu to the kind and hospitable Corregidor, intending to reach Mocha, eighteen leagues distant, that night. We had procured a guide in addition to the muleteer, for as we were now mounted on horses, and the roads were said to be no longer muddy, we expected to travel much faster than the baggage mules could. From Guaranda to Mocha, there is not an inhabited house on the direct road, the only place of shelter being

a *tambo*, or hut, erected for the accommodation of soldiers on marches. After leaving Guaranda, the road almost constantly ascends for more than four leagues, and leads directly toward the Chimborazo. We before long got above the region of wood, the forest changing its character, and growing more sparse and stunted at every step, until only a few shrubs remained in the more sheltered spots; these disappearing, we entered what is called the *paramo*. *Paramo* literally means a desert or wilderness, but in this country it is applied to that region or belt on the mountains, which commencing where the forests cease, extends to the lower limit of eternal snow. The lower limit of the *paramo* varies from 11,000 to 12,000 feet of perpendicular elevation above the sea, accordingly as it is more or less sheltered; in places which are not subject to strong winds the forests climb higher upon the sides of the mountains, than in more unsheltered parts. The upper limit of the paramo, or the lower limit of eternal snow, varies from 15,600 to 15,800 feet of perpendicular elevation. These estimates of course only apply to those mountains situated near the equator. The *paramos*, except where rocks or volcanic sand interfere with its growth, are covered with tufts of long fine grass, the spaces between these tufts being either bare, or covered with Alpine plants and mosses. On the *paramos* of Pichincha and the Asuay, I made rich collections of interesting plants; among others I obtained a number of species of Gentiana. The grass of the *paramos* feeds large herds of cattle, but they might be increased almost without limit, for hundreds of thousands of acres are entirely unoccupied, and the grass

withers year after year, without being cropped. The higher parts of the paramos are, in the months of July and August, exposed to snow storms, and at that season are very dangerous to cross, on account of the suddenness of the storms, which commence with short warning, and in a few moments obliterate the path, (never very well defined in these places,) while the violence of the wind, and the driving snow blind and bewilder the unfortunate traveller; in some parts of the mountains, persons are thus lost every year. The snow very seldom lies above fifteen days, and generally not half that time. These storms are a hindrance to the multiplication of horned cattle, for some perish by them each year; but this might be obviated by proper herding, for there are always immense tracts where snow seldom falls, or if it do fall, lies but for a few hours.

The hills now around us were none of them high enough to reach the limit of eternal snow, but were all covered toward the top with the grass I have described, and their sides were more or less wooded, according to the depth of the ravines between them. These ravines are narrow, and of a terrific depth; and we shuddered as we now and then caught a glimpse of it, when the wind rushing down one of them, for a moment dissipated the mist which clung to the sides of the mountains, and revealed to our sight the abyss below. This part of the road is subject to very severe gusts of wind; and our guide told us we were very fortunate in passing it on a comparatively calm day. While we were crossing these hills, our guide, on some pretence, lingered behind; and on our arrival at the hut of which I

have before spoken, as the only shelter between Guaranda and Mocha, we found that he had deserted us entirely. This hut, which is a long shed open at one side, is situated at the foot of a mountain called *la ensillada*, or the hollow-backed mountain, from the peculiar outline of its summit. Behind the hollow, between its two rounded summits, was seen the peak of the Chimborazo, and the *ensillada* was the last considerable elevation we had to ascend, before arriving at the *arenal*, or sandy plain, at the foot of the great mountain. We debated whether it would not be best to remain during the night at the *tambo;* but as we had the prospect of a fine night before us, and our horses were yet in good heart, we determined to wait until our muleteer came up with the baggage, take directions from him concerning the road, and push on. The horses of the mountains, though generally small, are hardy and enduring ; and (whether from the congeniality of the climate to their constitutions, or from some other cause connected with their rearing, I cannot say,) a lame or sick horse is a thing almost unknown. The horse I rode this day, carried me for thirteen hours with very little rest, and no feeding, and the next day was apparently as fresh as when he started. The roads are excessively trying, both to man and beast.

As we were waiting for our baggage, some travellers rode up, talking and laughing apparently in high glee. It was a party just come from a wedding, and consisted of an old and very respectable looking man and his wife, (the father and mother of the bridegroom,) the young couple, and two or three servants, all mounted

on fine, strong looking horses, the men all carrying arms of some kind. The women rode astride, having pantaloons under their other dress. They saluted us with great courtesy, and inquired if we were going to Riobamba. We replied that we were not; and in our turn, made inquiries concerning the road to Mocha. From their information, we found that the roads were the same for some distance; but that the most difficult and obscure part of *our* path would be after our separation, in case we should go on with the bridal party. We therefore adhered to our resolution of waiting until the arrival of our baggage, and, if necessary, to remain with it. The wedding party rode on, and in a few minutes our baggage arrived at the tambo. We had left one of our servants, Antonio, with the muleteer, to take care of it. Four years before, he said, he had travelled this road, and thought he could guide us. As there was no other alternative, except to remain with the baggage, and not to arrive in Mocha until nearly daylight, we determined to proceed, trusting to Antonio, and leaving Manuel, our other servant, with the muleteer. After ascending the *ensillada*, the road continued nearly level for some distance, then, descending a little, we came to the hill which forms the southern boundary of the *Arenal*. This short ascent is covered with deep, fine, volcanic sand, through which our horse waded almost to the knees. The small, sharp peaks by which the road is bounded on each side, are formed of dark brown lava, all giving evidence of the former volcanic character of the Chimborazo.

Just as the sun was lingering on the western horizon, we arrived at the edge of the *Arenal;* and the Chimborazo, which had been nearly all the afternoon shrouded in mist, was without a cloud. The setting sun cast his level rays athwart the southern edge of the mountain, and added a rich purple border to the dazzling white of the snow. I was greatly impressed with the grandeur and magnificence of the scene; and far from being disappointed in the apparent height of the Chimborazo, as many have been, every expectation was more than realized. The *Arenal* is a plain of no great extent, elevated about thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is composed of hard, compacted, volcanic sand; for, from the great violence of the winds which sweep across, no loose particles can for a moment remain upon it: the moment they are detached, they are carried into the valley below. These winds are sometimes so violent as to overthrow both horse and man; and a gentleman worthy of credit, assured me that he himself had seen two men killed. One was lifted up by the wind, and dashed against a rock; and the other blown off a precipice. He himself escaped by dismounting, and lying down until the violence of the gust had passed, which is the only safety. I have no doubt of the correctness of this statement; for even when we crossed the plain, the wind was so strong as to render it difficult to proceed. The hour of the day was said to be the least windy; and all whom we met, represented it as a calm day for the season. A few weeks afterward, on our return through Riobamba, we heard of a fatal accident of the same kind, which had

happened a day or two before. At sunset, on the *Arenal*, the thermometer stood at 30° Fah. At the foot of the *Ensillada*, two hours before, it stood at 50°. The months of July and August are the coldest and most windy in the year. The wind is most violent from noon until 4, P. M. If, during this time of the day and season of the year, the top of the mountain can be seen from the valley below, free from mist, travellers are advised not to cross the *Arenal;* as, under these circumstances, the gusts come with their utmost fury. We met a number of persons crossing the plain, all of whom had their faces closely muffled, a precaution which I neglected to my cost; for (such is the exceeding dryness and parching effect of the wind,) my lips were completely covered, next day, with a thick, dark-colored crust. The skin of my lips was as entirely killed, as if it had been seared with a hot iron; and in a week, the scarf skin separated from the whole surface of my face. The elevation of the *Arenal* from the level of the sea, is about thirteen thousand feet; consequently, the mountain rises in an unbroken peak, more than eight thousand feet from this plain. The top of the mountain is divided into two rounded summits, by what appears to be a very shallow ravine.

When the sun had set, and the short twilight had passed, the moon shone forth from an unclouded sky, and we (now very near its base,) saw the Chimborazo under a different aspect from any in which we had before viewed it. It appeared still larger, and the outline more clearly and sharply defined, than by day-light; and in the cold light of the moon, looked the very maga-

zine and head quarters of winter. The apparently complete isolation of this mountain, heightens its effect on the beholder. It seems to stand in solitary grandeur, and, fixed and immovable through the lapse of ages, it looks down upon the perishable works of man, itself a monument of the power of Him who created, and can alone destroy it. A chain of inferior hills, connected with it, stretches toward the north-west, but from the position in which we were, they were completely hidden.

Soon after crossing the *Arenal*, we overtook the merry bridal party, and rode with them as far as our path was the same. When we came to the place of separation, the old man alluded to the long and fatiguing ride we had before us, and pressed us with great warmth to go to his house, which he said was only two leagues distant, while we had nine leagues still to travel; but as we had no means of informing our muleteer, who was again far behind, where we were to be found, we were obliged to proceed. At the place where the roads separate, is a cascade, made by a large brook falling into a deep ravine. The wind, rushing up the chasm, carries along with it the spray of the cataract, which again falls in a continual, heavy shower for many yards around the place. This, we were told, continues, with little intermission, the year round. After parting, with considerable regret, from our hospitable and light-hearted companions, with whom we had a great deal of amusing conversation, we crossed several inconsiderable hills, and emerged from a ravine into an immense flat *paramo*, considerably lower than the *Arenal*, the most dreary

place imaginable. It is generally marshy, and no cattle graze upon it. The wind had now lulled, and nothing broke upon the almost death-like stillness but the tread of our horses, and the occasional cry of wild-fowl feeding in the pools around. Great caution is necessary, in riding over these marshy *paramos*, both to avoid miry places, and those spots that have been undermined by the subterranean streams, of which there are many at the season of the melting of the snows. The sky now became overcast, and occasional showers fell. Our situation was not the most pleasant, wandering over these vast plains in a stormy night, with a guide in whom we had not perfect confidence, and who now confessed that he did not recollect the path very distinctly, now floundering through a bog, then breaking through into the old bed of a brook, and again dismounting to recover the path. I had almost made up my mind, that day-light alone could extricate us from our perplexity ; but a timely application to certain substantials with which we had stowed the haversack that Antonio carried, fortified our resolution, and enabled us to persevere. About midnight, the far-off barking of a dog, and the occasional twinkling of a light in some cottage, announced to us that we were approaching the habitations of men, and we reached Mocha at 1 o'clock in the morning. As we were descending from the *paramo* toward the village, a curious optical delusion happened to us. We had arrived at the region of shrubs, when we saw, on the left hand of the road, at a little distance below us, what we supposed to be a large pond of water, and hearing the noise of a mill at some dis-

tance, neither of us had any doubt that this was the pond belonging to it; and it was not until some weeks after, when returning by the same road, that we were undeceived. The supposed mill-pond was nothing more than a flat meadow, on which the mist probably resting, gave the appearance of water.

We were so fatigued and chilled on arriving at the village, as almost to fall from our horses in attempting to dismount; and the little inn (the first we had seen,) afforded absolutely nothing but shelter. Wood was not to be found; and as to beds, the nearest approach to such a thing was offered by four upright stakes, with a fork at the top of each, in which were laid two sticks about as thick as a man's wrist, and from one to the other of these were laid thirty or forty smaller sticks. Over these was spread a coarse straw mat, the residence of millions of fleas. We were shown a room with a vaulted, stone roof, and a clay floor, containing three or four of the delectable beds just described, on which we might sleep if we could. In the open porch, on the clay floor, lay a dozen Indians, men, women, and children, with no other covering, poor creatures, than their ponchos, cold as it was. Our own beds, tea-kettle, provisions, &c., had been left with the baggage, and we had no resource but to try to forget, in sleep, that we were cold, wet, and hungry, which our excessive fatigue soon enabled us to do, in spite of the materials of which our beds were composed, which left as many marks on my ribs, as did the staves of the Yanguesian carriers on those of the knight of La Mancha. Cold, stiff, and sleepy, we arose next morning (12th,) and anx-

iously inquired for our baggage, which had not yet arrived. We waited until noon, (having in the mean time managed to procure some breakfast, for which we paid an enormous price,) and had just procured a messenger to proceed in search of the missing, when they appeared. The excuse that the muleteer and servant gave for their delay, was, that they had lost their way upon the paramo, and had been wandering all night. Notwithstanding this story, both men and beasts looked fresh, and were very willing to proceed immediately. They had undoubtedly spent the night at a cave there is by the road-side, which affords excellent shelter for benighted travellers, while the paramo around yields grass and water for the mules. Had we known the exact situation of this cave, we should probably have stopped at it, in place of coming on to Mocha.

Mocha is the most miserable Indian village (notwithstanding its inn,) which I have seen in South America. About thirty wretched huts are collected almost immediately in the edge of the paramo. The climate is rendered excessively disagreeable by the cold, snowy winds which blow from the adjacent mountains, and an air of melancholy and pinching poverty pervades the place. The inhabitants walk, or rather lounge listlessly along, shivering in the covering of their scanty ponchos, or still scantier cloaks. At 9 in the morning, with a bright sun and very little wind, the thermometer stood at 48° Fah.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we started for Hambato, distant about six leagues. This was one of the most uninteresting rides which we had met with. The

country is little else but a succession of sandy plains, separated by ravines, or water-courses made during the rainy season. These were generally dry, or at most but a scanty stream wound along their bottom. In some of the less barren spots, fields of wheat were to be seen. These fields are surrounded by hedge-rows of the Agave Americana.* On a high, sandy plain, just before you arrive at Hambato, is the battle field of Guachi, the scene of two defeats of the Patriots. One of these happened in November, 1820; Gen. Urdaneta (brother of the revolutionizer of Guayaquil,) commanding the Patriots, Gen. Gonzales the Spaniards. The other took place in the following year; the famous Sucrè commanding the Patriots, Gen. Aymerich the Spaniards. This plain produces an immense number of very large strawberries, which are gathered by the natives, and carried in baskets made of green twigs, lined with leaves, to Quito and other places, for sale. This fruit is sub-acid, and very cool and refreshing; but far inferior, in flavor, to the wild strawberries of North America.

* In the second number of the twenty-fifth volume of the American Journal of Sciences and Arts, Jan. 1834, is a paper by H. Perrine, Esq., on the Agave Americana, in which he seems fully to have established, that the plant producing the *Henequin*, or coarse hemp-like fibres, which are so universally used in the interior of Colombia, as well as in Mexico, and that producing the juice from which the fermented liquor called *pulque* is made, are distinct. I did not turn my attention to the subject when in Colombia, taking it for granted that Humboldt was correct on the subject; but I now recollect seeing but one species of Agave, and never seeing the *pulque*, or hearing it spoken of as an article of manufacture; while the Henequin which is made from the fibres of the leaves, is almost the only cordage to be met with in the interior.

Galloping over this arid and dusty expanse, we suddenly arrived at the edge of the almost perpendicular hill which overlooks the valley of Hambato. The view of the valley from this elevation, (about seven hundred feet,) is extremely beautiful; and the eye, fatigued and half blinded by the glare and heat thrown from the parched soil, rests with pleasure on the fresh and luxuriant green of this lovely spot. The valley is narrow, and shut in on all sides by dark, barren-looking hills. It is not dependent on the clouds for the moisture which nourishes the eternal verdure with which it is clothed, for it scarcely ever rains here. A considerable stream runs through it, the water of which is carried in numberless channels to irrigate the fields. The fields are divided by rows of a very graceful kind of willow, whose feathery branches and light green foliage are strongly contrasted with the rich carpet of *alfalfa*, or lucerne, with which a large portion of the valley is covered. The climate of Hambato is said to be finer than that of any other part of the Ecuador, notwithstanding the infinite variety to be found at different elevations from the sea. It is an eternal spring. No frost nips; and, in the hottest season, the air is tempered by cool breezes from the mountains. No very severe earthquakes are recorded to have happened. The same convulsions which have laid in ruins the towns in the vicinity, on every side, have been slightly felt at Hambato, and have passed without doing any serious injury. Possibly this may arise from some interruption of strata, or other peculiarity in the formation of the valley.

The variety of the productions of this extraordinary spot, is such as might be expected from its climate and situation. Elevated about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, enjoying almost continual sunshine, and supplied with abundance of water for irrigation, tropical and temperate climes seem to have united in giving it the fruits peculiar to each; wheat, barley, pease, potatoes, maize, sugar-cane, rice, and coffee, growing side by side, while apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, grapes, figs, olives, oranges, and lemons are produced in the same garden. The climate is so healthy, that invalids come from all parts of the adjacent country to profit by its salubrity. I have mentioned that it scarcely ever rains at Hambato. At Mocha, where we slept last night, about five leagues to the southward, I was told that it rained more or less, every day in the year; and at La Tacunga, somewhat more than that distance to the northward, there is a stated rainy season, as in most parts of the Ecuador. Such a total diversity of climate in places so near each other, and the first and last not differing materially in elevation, is a curious meteorological phemomenon. Can it have any connexion with the fact of the non-occurrence of severe earthquakes at Hambato? A very intelligent gentleman, a native of Guayaquil, informed me that a heavy shower incidentally occurring during the dry season, was almost invariably followed by an earthquake at that place. These facts may be of use to the advocates of the opinion, that earthquakes and subterranean thunder are *sometimes* caused by voltaic action.

We were detained in Hambato until noon of the next day, (July 13,) by the rise of the river of the same name, which had carried away all the bridges. This river is a mountain torrent, subject to very rapid swelling, from the melting of the snows on the Cordilleras. It as rapidly subsides, when its supplies are diminished by cold and dry weather on the mountains. While in the village, we were very hospitably treated by Col. Machuca, the *corregidor* of the canton; and in his stables were waiting two fine horses, which Gen. Barriga had sent from Quito for our use. At about 12 o'clock, we received information that one of the bridges had been repaired, so that we might cross, and we hastily mounted, anxious to arrive at La Tacunga before nightfall. On arriving at the river, we fonnd the only bridge to consist of three or four trunks of trees not squared, elevated about forty feet above the stream, on the abutments of the bridge which had been carried away. These were laid parallel to each other, but at sufficient distances one from another, for a person easily to slip between them into the torrent, which was roaring and foaming below. A number of people, with their horses and mules, were collected on each bank, disappointed, as I supposed, in the expectation of finding a bridge. "Where is the new bridge?" said I to our muleteer. "There, Sir," said he, pointing to the precarious footing afforded by the trunks of trees. "But how are our horses to cross? they cannot walk over on those round logs." "No, Sir; they cross by swimming." "Swimming!" exclaimed I in astonishment; "they may swim, but it will be down the stream, to be

dashed to pieces among the rocks." "*Vere'mos*,"—we shall see, was the only reply.

We now dismounted, and our muleteer, with the assistance of some Indians, unloaded our beasts, took the saddles and bridles from our horses, and carried all across the bridge. We next followed, and crossed safely, notwithstanding the narrowness of the path, and the slight nervousness occasioned by the deep and rushing stream below us. Our horses and mules were next to be got over, which was accomplished in the following manner. The river is about twenty yards wide, and darts along with inconceivable rapidity. A long rope of twisted hide was tied round the neck of the beast to be conveyed across, and carried by the bridge to the opposite side. Two men then pull at it, while others drive the animal into the water, and by the help of the rope, it is enabled to stem the current, and reach the other bank. A number of people were waiting to avail themselves of this singular ferry. Their horses and mules generally went boldly into the water, and arrived without much difficulty at the other side; but the poor asses made all the resistance in their power, holding back, lying down, and roaring most piteously, and when at last forced into the water, they were seemingly incapacitated by fear, from making any exertion, rolling over and over, and arriving at the bank half drowned. However, no accident happened, and we recommenced our journey through a country formed of the materials thrown from Cotopaxi, toward which we were now travelling. The quantity of lava thrown from the burning bosom of this terrific mountain, is al-

most beyond belief. As far as the eye can reach, the whole country appears to be a mass of lava and volcanic sand ; and although in some places there are patches of cultivation, it has a sickly hue, and the whole bears the appearance of a spot on which a withering curse has fallen. A short time before sunset, we arrived at La Tacunga, after a ride through fine sand, which the slightest breath of wind raised in blinding clouds, or over bare hills of lava, heated almost to scorching by the rays of a nearly vertical sun.

At La Tacunga, we were very hospitably entertained by the corregidor, Col. Carreon, and a glass of *fresco* cooled by snow from Cotopaxi, soon relieved our parched and thirsty throats. The town is the very picture of desolation and ruin, being a sad monument of the effects occasioned by the terrible convulsions of nature to which this country is subject. It has perhaps suffered more frequently than any town in South America. In the year 1698, it was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake. In the years 1743 and 1744 it was much injured by eruptions from Cotopaxi, to which it stands in fearful proximity. In 1756 another earthquake happened, which destroyed the Jesuit's church, an enormous stone building, at the time full of people. Five thousand persons are said to have perished in it.* Many other houses were ruined, and many people lost their lives, beside those who were in the church. The frightful earthquakes of 1797, which destroyed Riobamba and many of the villages around, and in which,

* For the accuracy of this perhaps exaggerated statement, I cannot vouch. I had it from different persons in La Tacunga.

according to Humboldt, 40,000 persons lost their lives, seem to have done comparatively little injury at La Tacunga. The last earthquake which caused much injury, happened in 1800; and although it destroyed the church of San Francisco, and ruined many houses, but few persons were killed. Many other earthquakes of considerable severity have happened at different times.

La Tacunga is built wholly of the dark coloured compact lava of Cotapaxi which is easily worked, and forms very handsome walls. Whole streets are in ruins, but the most curious and appalling proof of the tremendous and irresistible force of the earth's throes, is presented by the ruined church of the Jesuits before spoken of; its arched roof of solid stone has fallen in, burying thousands in its ruins; its walls, six feet in thickness, and which seemed built to defy destruction, are cracked in every direction, and huge fragments are torn off, as if by the agency of some violent explosion. One mass of many tons weight appears to have been twisted round, after it was detached from the wall, and now rests on one corner, its upper end leaning against the side of the church; the efforts of fifty men, unaided by machinery, would not serve to move it from its present position. On parts of the walls are fragments of fresco paintings, the colors of which are still quite fresh. We also visited the convent formerly belonging to the same order, of which all except the lower story is destroyed; the *patio*, or court-yard, is surrounded by a very handsome set of ornamented arches, built of the same material of which the town is composed. The church of San Fran-

cisco, which was partially destroyed in 1800, has been rebuilt, or rather repaired; evident traces of the effects of the earthquake still remain in it. Scarcely a month passes without the shock of an earthquake at this place; and Col. Carreon remarked that when he retired at night, he never looked at the walls of his house, without thinking he might, before morning, be buried under their ruins. The scarcity of wood in this part of the country renders it impossible for the inhabitants to build their houses of this material, which would in a great degree obviate the terrible effects of the earthquakes. The canton of La Tacunga contains a large indian population. The city contains about eight thousand inhabitants; before the occurrence of the earthquake in 1756, it is said to have contained fourteen thousand souls.

14*th*. The trampling of our horses in the paved court-yard, awoke us this morning before day-light, and we were quickly mounted and on our way through the now silent and deserted streets of the town. There was something peculiarly melancholy and desolate in the aspect of the city, at this hour, and it required no great effort of the imagination, to fancy ourselves among the ruined habitations of a race gone by, as we passed between long lines of crumbling walls, and heaps of ruins dimly seen, confusedly spread on every side of us. Not even a cur barked at us as we rode along, and we left the people buried in a repose as profound, as if they had not been sleeping under roofs which at any time, might in an instant be shaken down, burying them under their ruins: so callous and indifferent does habit

render us to dangers and miseries of very frequent occurrence.

When the sun rose, we were in front of Cotapaxi, the base of which might be distant two leagues. Above the lower limit of the snows, it presents a beautiful and unbroken cone of dazzling white, while below, unlike most of the Andes, it is not covered with grass, but shows a blackened surface of lava, which is channeled with deep ravines; this, in spite of the beauty of its summit, gives the mountain a sombre and threatening aspect. It stands nearly alone, rising from an extensive plain covered with volcanic productions of different kinds, lava, sand, and large porphyritic masses, which have the appearance of semifusion. It is hardly necessary to say that this is the most famous of South American volcanoes. Cotopaxi was the first volcano of which the Spaniards witnessed an eruption, after their occupation of the provinces of Quito; another eruption took place in 1593. According to Restrepo the mountain then remained tranquil until 1743, (although Humboldt says that in 1738, its flames rose two thousand nine hundred and fifty-three feet above the crater;) in this and the following year (i. e. 1743 and 1744,) by a succession of eruptions, it destroyed a great many Indian villages, besides injuring the town of La Tacunga &c.; in the latter year Humboldt says, its roarings were heard at Honda on the river Magdalena, six hundred and ninety miles distant. In 1768, on the 4th or 5th of April, (accounts differ as to the day,) it threw out such immense quantities of ashes, that in the neighboring towns of La Tacunga and Hambato, the inhabitants used lanthorns in the

streets. Restrepo says that even at Quito more than forty miles distant, a dense obscurity pervaded the air and every thing was covered with heated dust, so that the birds fled from the woods to take refuge in the houses; processions were made, and other religious ceremonies performed, to appease the wrath of God, and the people of Quito attribute the cessation of the eruption, to the interposition of the Virgin of the Mercedes. In January 1803 the eruption from the mountain was preceded by a sudden melting of the snows in one night; Humboldt heard its explosions, resembling heavy cannonading, at Guayaquil. The last notable eruption, was in April 1808, which was also preceded by melting of the snows. Although Cotopaxi does not rise to an elevation as great as has been attained by man on the Chimborazo, yet Humboldt considers the top as inaccessible. The attempt to ascend it has recently been made by two Europeans, who have arrived at the same conclusion. The summit, when we passed, emitted a small column of smoke.

Leaving on our right this great chimney of the earth's central furnace, we travelled through an undulating country, becoming more fertile at every step that we receded from the mountain. We had heard at La Tacunga that we should meet a battalion of soldiers in the course of our day's journey, and soon after sunrise, we encountered straggling parties of the hangers-on of a camp; squalid miserable looking women, some with a child, others with a knapsack or kettle hanging from their shoulders, here and there a sick soldier, taking advantage of the cool morning to get in advance of the

battalion, then a donkey half starved and beaten to death, urged along by a troop of hooting ragamuffins, next two or three mules forcibly seized to transport the baggage, and driven by their unwilling owners as the only chance they ever had of seeing them again. Before long these signs of the march of a body of men led us to a large enclosure in front of a house, where the troops had bivouacked the night before; they were just mustering for the march, and greeted our approach by the most unearthly yells, and insulting language which sorely jarred with my companion's ideas of military subordination. Indeed this corps, which is called *el battallon Flores*, from the President, had the reputation of being the most turbulent and undisciplined of any one in the Ecuador. The tragic scenes, which they afterward enacted, and of which I shall give an account, show how well they deserved their reputed character. We passed however without any other annoyance.

At about ten o'clock we arrived at an estate belonging to our friend Gen. Barriga, where we were to breakfast. This is a *hacienda de ganado*, or grazing estate, like most of those about Quito. It has five thousand head of horned cattle, beside a large number of horses and mules. Within its limits is the mountain called *El Corazon de los Solandas*, the heart of the Solandas, which was ascended, in 1745, by La Condamine and Bouguer. This mountain derives its name of the heart, from its peculiar shape, and is reverenced with an almost religious veneration by the family of the Solandas. The lady of Gen. Barriga is daughter of the late Marquis of Solanda (who was a member of the first revolutionary

Junta in Quito) and widow of the gallant and lamented Gen. Sucre, whose assassination was one of the foulest blots, of the many which stain the page of Colombian history.

I here saw, for the first time in confinement, a condor of the Andes (Vultur Gryphus, Linn. Carthartes Gryphus, Bonaparte.) Its intercourse with men had not ameliorated its disposition, and some care was necessary in approaching it, to avoid a blow from its enormous beak, or wings. The latter I measured, and their extent was fourteen feet and nearly nine inches. This does not agree very well with the account of this bird given by C. L. Bonaparte, in his continuation of Wilson's American Ornithology. He says "the common extent of the wings, from tip to tip, is nine feet; some gigantic individuals attain twelve feet." I have had it from indisputable authority, that they not unfrequently are killed, measuring sixteen feet from the end of one wing to the extremity of the other. The Roc of eastern romances has hardly afforded a more fruitful subject for exaggeration than this cowardly yet ferocious bird, and the naturalist to whom I have alluded to above, appears to have given the dimensions smaller than they really are, that he might run no risk of adding to the stock of lies already in circulation on the subject. He also seems to have mistaken a passage extracted by a recent traveller in South America from the works of Marco Polo, for the assertion of the traveller himself, and pathetically laments, that there are persons in this enlightened age, who will attempt to impose such fictions upon mankind. Had the ornithologist read a few pages more

of the work referred to, he would have perceived his error. The Condor has none of the majestic warrior-like port of the eagle; he sits crouched on the ground apparently asleep, but ever watchful, the very image of what he is, a cowardly robber. On approaching him, he would move off as far as the leathern thong around his leg would allow, and commence hissing, and striking with his wings and beak as if apprehensive of injury from us; some management was necessary in taking the measure of his wings. This bird is of great injury and annoyance to the herdmen of the upper Andes; if a beast fall lame or sick on the paramos, or be overtaken separate from the herd, by one of the tempests of snow and wind to which these regions are subject, it is sure to fall a prey to Condors, which collect in great numbers and fall upon it; they also destroy many calves and lambs. I am aware that this statement does not agree with those of a late scientific writer on the habits of this bird, but I should be most obstinately skeptical, were I to disbelieve that, of which I have had such direct and convincing evidence. These birds do not live in pairs like the eagle, holding dominion over the feathered tribes of the district, but flock together for the purpose of rapine, and never attack any thing naturally stronger than themselves, except at a great advantage. I have seen eight or ten within the circle of a few hundred yards at the same time, and that apparently without any particular attraction. Their numbers in some parts of the mountains are immense.

When we passed the battalion Flores in the morning, we were already somewhat in advance of our baggage

and had some scruples as to the prudence of leaving it with no other protection than that of the muleteer and servant; but as part of the load of each mule had the name and military rank of my companion written on it in full, we thought it would be respected by the soldiery, and rode on. It was now noon, no baggage appeared, and we became very anxious for its safety. The overseer of the estate offered me a fresh horse and a mounted servant to attend me, and I determined to go back in search of it. After galloping about a mile, I found the muleteer and my servant quietly seated by the roadside, rummaging our basket of provisions, &c., our trunks scattered on the ground, and the mules grazing hard by. The muleteer, seeing me gallop toward him, ran into the bushes, where I could not follow him on horseback; but the sight of a pistol, which I drew from my holsters, soon brought him out crying "*miserecordia*" and "*por amor de Dios' no me mate Senor.*" A few cogent arguments from a heavy riding whip, convinced the rogues of the necessity of reloading the mules as speedily as possible, and in less than half an hour, I returned to my companion, with the good tidings, leaving my attendant from the estate with the baggage, to prevent any further delay. This occurrence fully explained the pretended wandering on the *paramo*, at the foot of the Chimborazo. A traveller runs very little risk of losing his baggage by the roguery of the muleteers, but if he do not take great care, his journey will be impeded by its delay, and he will be kept in continual alarm for its safety. After this we made it a point to keep our baggage in advance of us.

At three in the afternoon, we started for Quito, distant nine leagues. Toward dark, a shower fell, which rendered the steep and narrow-paved road, which extends three or four leagues out of the city, excessively slippery and somewhat dangerous. My horse, which was young, and impatient of the slow gait which alone was safe, fell three or four times in attempting to dash suddenly up the hills; but, fortunately, at no time was I dismounted, nor did my horse fail to recover his footing; and at 9 o'clock we crossed *la puente de gallinazas*, or the bridge of turkey buzzards, and entered the steep, paved streets of the city of Quito. Even at this early hour, the streets were silent and almost deserted; here and there one of the military patrole was seen slowly pacing along, his long lance resting upon his shoulder. Now and then a single light was descried, as of some one watching; but otherwise, the whole city was wrapped in darkness. As such a thing as an inn is unknown, our only resource was to inquire the way to the house of Senor Pedro Negrete, a Spaniard, but long a resident and merchant of Quito, to whom we had letters. We accordingly left our baggage at the corner of a street, under the care of both our servants, and asked a soldier if he could show us the house of Don Pedro. He took us through a number of streets, apparently at a loss where he was going, until I became completely discouraged, and dismounted, while my companion went to make another trial. This, then, thought I, is Quito, about which my imagination has long been so busy. This is the spot whence sprung those intestine divisions in the kingdom of the Incas,

which rendered the conquest of their country by foreign invaders, an easy task; the mountain city, the city above the clouds. I do not know how far above the clouds my reverie might have carried me, had it not been interrupted by some one asking me if I had just arrived. I raised my head from the saddle on which I had been leaning, and saw two men of rather questionable appearance, standing near me. I answered that I had just arrived. They then offered to show me where I could lodge. I thanked them, and told them I did not need their assistance, when they became very importunate; and on my continuing my refusal, said they would force me to go with them, at the same time approaching me, as if to put their threat in execution. I had walked a pace or two from my horse, and, striking the nearest a blow with my fist, which staggered him against his companion, I stepped back and drew a pistol from my holsters. They both instantly took to their heels, and at the same moment my companion and the patrol appeared at the opposite corner. The latter was very desirous that I should fire my pistol after them; but as I had no wish to signalize my entrance into Quito by alarming the city, which would have been the only effect of such a proceeding, I begged he would excuse me. Their mission had been as unsuccessful as the preceding ones. Either they had not found the house of Don Pedro, or Don Pedro would not hear, or could not hear the knocking at his door. Here was a dilemma; and we seemed in a fair way of passing the night *sub dio*, when Gen. ——— bethought him that the Peruvian envoy, a friend of his, and a slight ac-

quaintance of mine, was in Quito. The night air was excessively chilly, and this was no situation for ceremony ; we therefore determined to go to his house and beg a night's lodging. We met with no difficulty in finding his residence, where he received us with the greatest cordiality, and we were soon enjoying an excellent supper, and not long after it, the sleep which our long ride rendered so necessary.

CHAPTER VI.

Gen. Barriga.—Quito.—Expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro.—Sketch of the History of Quito.— Revolution.— Battle of Pichinca.— Population of Quito.—Climate.—Costumes.—Edifices.— Pictures.—Clergy, and anecdote concerning.—Etiquette.—Gen. Flores, and anecdote of.—Bishop of Santa Martha and Sõr Restrepo.—Assassination of Gen. Sucre.—College.— Customs, &c.— Wedding celebration.— India-rubber Cloth.— Goitre.

The next morning, before we had breakfasted, our friend, Gen. Barriga, came to see us, and cordially invited us to make his house our home, during the time we remained in Quito. We gladly availed ourselves of his hospitality; for although our present host was very pressing in his requests that we would remain with him, he was, like ourselves, a stranger in Quito, and we feared to put him to inconvenience. As I have before said, there are no inns in the city, and a stranger who does not go to a private house, must be satisfied with such lodgings as he can hire, having meals sent him from a cook-shop. Every thing was on a very liberal and hospitable scale, in the house of Gen. Barriga, and his kind reception and hospitality have left a lively impression of gratitude on my memory. Our host is a disciple of the great Bolivar. He entered the service when quite young, as a cavalry officer, and has distinguished himself in many of the battles of the war

of the revolution, both in Colombia and in Bolivar's Peruvian campaign. He is of a highly respectable, though not wealthy family of Bogota; but his fine person and winning manners, which make him an universal favorite, captivated the heart of the beautiful widow of Gen. Sucre, who has immense wealth; so that, in this instance, the brave has been rewarded by the fair, both in person and possessions.

During the first week that we were in Quito, calls from the gentlemen, and cards from the ladies, in the same fashion as at Guayaquil, flowed in upon us in an uninterrupted stream. But notwithstanding this, I found time to visit most of the curiosities of this mountain city, which will long remain a monument of the almost superhuman perseverance of the Spanish conquerers of this country. No one can contemplate its noble and gorgeous public edifices, its situation over the yawning ravines, and on the steep side of a mountain, supported on arches of beautiful masonry, and this in the interior of a country exceedingly mountainous and difficult of access, to which the tools and iron work used in its construction, were brought by mere bridle paths, on the backs of men or beasts, while its subjugators were surrounded by a thousand times their number of men who had every reason to hate them and rebel against them, without admiration of the talents and indomitable resolution of the Spaniards, while he abhors the remorseless cruelty which they exercised toward the original possessors of the soil. The Anglo-Americans have justly been reproached for the means by which, in many instances, they obtained their present possessions in North

America, from the natives; but the Spaniards joined with an equal want of good faith as that shown by the English, a blood-thirstiness and disregard of human suffering, which is almost without a parallel in the annals of conquest. Beside the Indians who were immolated in such scenes as the treacherous capture of Atahualpa at Caxamalca, thousands and tens of thousands have found their graves in the mines. Humboldt says there is no reason to believe, that in the Spanish colonies the number of Indians has decreased since the conquest. He admits that immense numbers have perished by the sword, and in the mines; but says that the increase of population in the agricultural districts, has balanced the decrease in the mining districts. This opinion of Humboldt may have been true at the time he wrote, i. e., before the revolution; but whether it was or not, there is no doubt that the long wars of the revolution made great inroads upon the Indian population. The British Consul at Guayaquil, who is a man of education, has been long in the country, and is well acquainted with its internal condition, informed me, that from estimates made within four or five years past, the Indians within the government of the Ecuador, of which no part is at present a mining district to any great extent, were decreasing in number every year. He attributed the fact to what certainly exists, an insufficiency of good food and clothing. This may seem inconsistent with some of my statements, in regard to the abundance and cheapness of provisions in certain parts of this country; but there are some circumstances in relation to the condition of the Indian population of the Ecuador, which render

it different from that of the Indians of any other part of Colombia. Of these I shall take occasion to speak hereafter, when I consider more at large this important part of the population.

The discovery and conquest of Quito was made in 1535, by Benalcazar, who was supplanted in his government in or about 1540, by Gonzalo Pizarro. The expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro for the discovery and conquest of the country east of Quito, was undertaken soon after, which, although it entirely failed in the principal object for which it was undertaken, (i. e., the enrichment of the conquerors,) was one of the most remarkable in the history of the invasion, both from the hardships suffered, and difficulties overcome, and from its resulting in the discovery of the largest known river in the world, the Amazon, Maranon, or Orellana. The latter name the river derives from Francisco Orellana, who was second to Pizarro in command of the expedition, and who took charge of a boat carrying fifty men, which they built on the river Napo, one of the larger branches of the Amazon, for the purpose of assisting in the discoveries. Orellana, finding that the stream carried his boat along far more rapidly than his comrades could proceed by land, formed the project of deserting his commander, and going on to explore the river to the sea; which he actually accomplished, and reached the island of Cubagua, where there were Spanish settlements formed for the purpose of pearl fishery. Humboldt is inclined to believe that the stories of the existence of the Amazons (whom Orellana so marvellously describes, and of whom Robertson speaks, as mere

creatures of the imagination,) were not entirely without foundation.

When, on arriving at the junction of the Napo and Amazon, Pizarro found that his treacherous companion had deserted him, his only alternatives appeared to be, either to build another bark and follow Orellana, or to attempt a return to Quito. The latter was decided upon; and he ultimately reached the city, although with the loss of an immense number of his Indian attendants, and of many Spaniards. Robertson asserts, on the authority of Zarate, Vega, Herrera, &c., that four thousand Indians and two hundred and ten Spaniards perished in this expedition; so that, of three hundred and forty Spaniards who started from Quito, fifty went down the Amazon, two hundred and ten died of hunger and fatigue, and eighty returned to Quito, and these in a naked and famishing condition. I will here remark, that although the fragments of history which I from time to time insert, are undoubtedly familiar to many, perhaps to most of my readers, yet I am convinced, that a short recapitulation of, or an allusion to the principal events in the history of the most important places I visited, will heighten the interest of their descriptions. In describing whatever remarkable and worthy of notice there may be in a place, a partial interweaving of history can hardly be avoided; and, moreover, it refreshes the memory of those who may be acquainted with the events which have distinguished any particular spot, and gives a livelier interest to it, by presenting past and present states and events in contrast with each other. The little that is known of the

history of Quito and Peru before the conquest, is principally interesting, as affording a strong illustration, among the many to be found in history, of the agency of civil dissensions in aiding the progress of foreign invasion.

Under the dominion of the Spaniards, Quito was the seat of a royal *audiencia*, or court of justice, the president of which held jurisdiction (subject to the president or vice-roy of New Grenada,*) over the provinces of Quito, Guayaquil, Cuenca, Loxa, Jaen, Mainas, Quijos, Llacas, and Esmeraldas, constituting the presidency of Quito. This territory, under somewhat different divisions and names, now forms the State of the Equator. The first person who took the title of President of Quito, was Fernando de Santillan, who came from Lima in 1564, assumed the government, and established the royal *audiencia*.

In 1765, there happened an insurrection of the populace of Quito against the Spanish authorities, caused by the oppressive *alcabala*, or excise duty, and the royal monopoly of the manufacture of ardent spirits. In the commotion, the people burnt the manufactory of spirits and the excise house, which were under the same roof; and, on their being opposed by the authorities, a battle

* The kingdom of New Grenada was governed by a chief magistrate, bearing the title of president, from 1549, the time of its foundation, until 1723, when the first vice-roy took possession. In 1725, the government was again administered by a president, which form continued until 1740, when it returned to the vice-roys, with whom it continued until the revolution extinguished Spanish power in Colombia.—See *Restrepo, Hist. Rev. Col.*

ensued, in which more than four hundred persons were killed. The populace gained the advantage and put to flight the authorities, but were finally pacified by the interposition of the clergy. On the night of the 31st of July, 1767, occurred the expulsion of the Jesuits, who were all driven from their convents, and sent to Carthagena to be embarked for Europe. The vast possessions of this order were confiscated to the royal treasury, except that part which had been devoted to the support of schools in the different towns and villages, which schools were allowed to continue under different, and, as Restrepo says, better auspices.

In August, 1809, a number of the principal inhabitants of Quito formed a conspiracy to deprive the president (the Count Ruiz de Castilla,) of his government, and establish one of their own framing. This they accomplished, possessing themselves of the person of the president, and establishing a supreme *Junta* of government, which swore allegiance to Ferdinand VII, and also never to acknowledge the authority of Bonaparte or any other foreign king; and declaring that Quito had as much right to establish a *junta* of government, during the captivity of their king, as any of the provinces of Spain, of which kingdom Spanish America had been declared an integral part. This *junta* of government continued only until October of the same year, on the 21st day of which month it was obliged to yield to the old authorities, and Ruiz de Castilla again became president. Many of the members of the *junta* were thrown into prison, and proceedings were instituted against them on charge of treason. In the mean time,

five hundred troops from Lima, which had been dispatched against the revolutionists, arrived in Quito, but found the *junta* no more. They were, however, quartered in the city. On the 2d of August, 1810, an attempt was made by some of the populace, to rescue from prison those still in confinement for the revolution of the year before. It did not succeed, but, on the contrary, caused the massacre (by the soldiery,) of twenty-eight prisoners, including four of the most influential and active movers of the revolution. The soldiers then sallied forth into the city, killing, plundering, and sacking. Restrepo says that eighty persons were killed in the streets, of whom thirteen were children, and three were women. The bishop and clergy at length succeeded in quelling the soldiery, after they had continued plundering and murdering all night.

On the 21st of July, in this year, a *junta* of government was formed at Bogotá, the vice-roy deposed and put in prison, and finally sent to Spain; all of which was approved by the commissioners of the Regency of Cadiz, who arrived in Bogotá soon after the establishment of the *junta*. Don Carlos Montufar, who had been the companion of Humboldt in many of his expeditions in the equinoctial regions, was the commissioner from the Regency of Cadiz to the presidency of Quito. On his arrival in the city, he was received with enthusiasm by the people, and succeeded, without bloodshed, in establishing a *junta*, of which Ruiz de Castilla was named president, on the 22d of September, 1810. This *junta* was to govern in the name of Ferdinand VII, and to be accountable solely to the council of Regency of Cadiz,

while it carried on the war against Bonaparte. In October, 1811, Ruiz de Castilla retired from the station of president of the *junta*, (which office he had always filled with repugnance,) to the convent of La Merced; and, a short time after, was dragged forth by the inhabitants of the parish of San Roque, who had principally suffered in the massacre of the 2d of August, 1810, and received wounds of which he died a few days after.

In December of the same year, (1811,) the *junta* was re-organized under the name of congress. This congress solemnly declared Quito independent, separating itself from the regency of Cadiz, and the Cortes of the Isla de Leon, saying that the government of Quito had acknowledged these authorities provisionally, and under certain conditions: these not having been complied with, the people resumed the sovereignty. On the 2d of September, 1812, the troops of the independents of Quito fought a battle with the troops of the Regency of Cadiz, under field-marshall Don Torribio Montes, at Mocha, in which the independents were routed. On the 3d of November, Montes attacked Quito and gained possession of it, where he took the title of president, under the Regency of Cadiz. Quito remained under Spanish authority until the 24th of May, 1822, when the famous battle of Pichincha was won, by the patriot Gen. Sucre, beating the Spanish forces under field-marshall Aymerich, on the hills near the city. After the defeat, the Spaniards capitulated and yielded up the city, which put an end to the dominion of the mother country in Quito. Quito is now the capital city, and seat of government of the State of the Ecuador. It

contains between seventy and eighty thousand inhabitants, about two-thirds of whom are Indians. It thus contains nearly one-half of the population of the province of Quito, or Pichinca, which, according to Restrepo, was, at the commencement of the revolution, 165,218 souls, which number he considers not essentially to have altered since that time.

Quito is built on the side of a hill, which forms a commencement of the mountain Pichincha, although the crater of the volcano is six leagues distant from the city. The ravines which channel the mountain, are arched over with stone, and on these arches rest many of the streets and edifices of the city. The Jesuits' church and convent, in particular, have extensive vaults under them, which were formerly a natural chasm and water-course, and which have been lined with arches of masonry, on which the edifices are supported. The houses of the city are generally built of *adobes*, or large bricks baked in the sun. They are constructed round a central court, around which runs an open corridor, on a level with the second story. On the outside of the house is a small balcony attached to each window. The better houses are generally very spacious; but, with a few exceptions, a great want of cleanliness prevails in their interior, and fleas are sufficiently abundant. The floors of the second story (which alone is inhabited by the better class,) are made of burnt tiles; and many of them are carpeted with the manufacture of the country, the best of which is rather handsome, having a long pile and brilliant colors. Owing to the coolness of the climate, hammocks are very little used.

In many of the houses, we were received by the ladies, sitting, with their feet drawn up under them, on a kind of divan covered with a small carpet or rug. As there is a great prejudice against the use of fires for the purpose of warming a house, the ladies almost constantly sit enveloped in warm shawls. The last bishop of Quito, in spite of the common idea of the unhealthiness of warming a house by fire, had a chimney built in his palace. Unfortunately, the good bishop died soon after; of course, his death was attributed to the use of a fire, the chimney was pulled down, and it would now be a hopeless task to attempt to persuade a Quiteno to repeat the experiment.

The great elevation of Quito above the sea, (about 9,600 feet,) and the consequent rarity of the air, render walking up the steep streets of the city, disagreeable to a new-comer from the low country; but in a few days the lungs become in a measure accustomed to it. May not the opinion of the unwholesomeness of fires have its origin in the fact, that their immediate vicinity would cause farther rarefaction in the air, already too subtle? The climate of Quito has been represented as one of the finest in the world, and I believe it is very healthy, but it is certainly far from agreeable. The changes during the day are frequent and great; its proximity to the equator exposes it to an intensely scorching sun, which is disagreeably contrasted with the chilling winds which blow from the mountains. Slight frosts are not uncommon during the dry season. In the rainy season, the thunder storms are said to be terrific, and the deluges of rain which accompany them, fill the streets with

rushing torrents. Consumptions, which are of rare occurrence in the low country, are not uncommon here; and seem to be a consequence of the rarity of the air, combined with the frequent atmospheric changes. The climate of other parts of the province, which are somewhat less elevated, appears to be better than that of the city. I know that this account of the climate differs from that given by various travellers, and I should not make these statements merely from my own observations during my short stay in Quito; but I conversed with a number of foreigners while I was there, who had been residents of the place for from one to three years, and all concurred in the representation I have given. Brandin, on Climate, (Lima, 1826,) speaks of the tremendous violence of the storms in Quito, during the winter.

The long Spanish cloak is much used by the white male inhabitants of Quito; it is worn after the Spanish fashion, with the skirt thrown over the left shoulder. With the cloak they seem to have retained some of the gravity of the Castilian; they are far less lively and mercurial than the people of the coast. However threadbare and full of holes the cloak may be, it is worn with all the stately dignity, which seems befitting the garment. The ladies of Quito have fine ruddy complexions, and are generally inclined to *embonpoint*. They do not possess the beautifully regular features and expressive countenances, which render the women of Guayaquil so lovely. They dress much more plainly than the ladies of the coast; their shawls, for instance, in the place of the rich foreign stuffs used by the ladies

of Guayaquil, are made of the different coloured baize of the country manufacture, and their whole dress displays more attention to warmth and comfort, than desire of finery.

Quito contains seven convents of friars, and five of nuns; an hospital; an *hospicio*, which is an institution resembling our alms houses; and a college. Beside the church which is attached to each convent, there are seven parochial churches and a cathedral. The library, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits college, contains twelve thousand volumes. In the outskirts of the city we were shown the first church which was erected after the conquest; it is a small plain stone building with a pepperbox tower at one end, gray and moss grown. The public edifices are built either of stone or of burnt brick. I shall enumerate some of the most remarkable. The cathedral is a large stone edifice, with a beautiful porch of white marble, and a terrace with a carved stone balustrade, fronting on the *plaza mayor*, or principal square and market place; on the opposite side of the square is the bishop's palace; one of the other sides is occupied by the government house, and on the fourth is the prison. So that church and state are here in juxtaposition, and the means of punishing offences against either within a stone's throw. The church of the Jesuits is chiefly remarkable for the rich carved and ornamented front, which is composed of a beautiful buff-coloured porphyry. The church attached to the convent of the Franciscans, is the most spacious and remarkable in the city; in front is an extensive and beautiful terrace of hewn stone with a flight of steps in the mid-

dle, and at each end; on each side of the grand entrance, rises a square tower also of hewn stone. The interior of the church is a perfect blaze of the richest and most massive gilding, except where it is interrupted by pictures. The gilded roof is supported by two rows of stupendous columns, which are also gilt from the capital to the pedestal. The effect of the whole is very grand and imposing; it has none of the tawdry appearance, which is so apt to accompany partial gilding; the great extent of the church, and the massiveness of the ornaments, give a solemn and impressive air to its whole aspect. A few paces in front of the altar hangs an immense chandelier of solid silver. The holy vessels and candlesticks of the church are almost all of gold. The artillery barracks is a handsome and spacious building, but being placed in an obscure and narrow street makes very little show. Among other curiosities we were shown a house, a part of the walls of which are said to have belonged to a house of the city before the conquest. The government house, which is the residence of the President and his suite, as well as the place where the public offices &c. are kept, is a spacious but plain stone building. A late traveller has spoken with enthusiasm of the prospect from the terrace of the government house, and with justice; here you realize the peculiar position of Quito, that it is indeed in the very heart of the Andes. While the environs of the city are clothed with a verdure which continues from one year's end to the other; on either hand you see rising in the distance, those gigantic elevations, which covered with eternal snow, tower far above the limits of organic life.

I visited three or four of the convents. All of them have spacious and neat paved courts, in the centre of some of which is a fountain. The corridors which surround the courts are hung with paintings from scriptural subjects or illustrating passages in the lives of the tutelary saints: most of these are vile daubs by native artists, and some of them so absurdly impious, that I could hardly avoid laughing, while I lamented the blindness and fanaticism which pollute religion's rites with such mockeries. I remember one in particular, which excited some unequivocal expressions of disgust in the gentleman who accompanied me, (the Peruvian envoy who gave us so kind a reception on the night of our arrival.) The tutelary saint of the order was kneeling on the ground, with his eyes cast up to the heavens, in which on one side was represented our Saviour, the wound in his side pouring blood upon the head of the saint, and on the other the Virgin Mary, a stream of milk running from her breast and mingling with the blood on the head of the holy man. *Que brutalidad!* What brutality! exclaimed the Peruvian, much to the astonishment of our conductor, who was a friar of the convent. I said nothing, as I came not to work a reform, but to see things as they were; my companion being a South American and a catholic, could make the remark with less offence than myself, a foreigner and a heretic.

According to Restrepo, the number of secular clergy in Quito in 1824, was two hundred and eighty-eight; of friars and lay brothers of the different orders three hundred and fifty; and of nuns, novices, and servants who live in the cloisters, four hundred and sixty-eight;

making a total of the persons attached to the ecclesiastical establishment, of eleven hundred and six. The clergy here are as dissolute as they are in Guayaquil. The *corregidor* of La Tacunga, who had formerly been chief of the police in Quito, related to me an amusing occurrence which took place while he filled the office. There is a law which had fallen into disuse, that no friar shall be without the walls of his convent after six in the evening, except for the purpose of visiting the sick, or performing some sacrament of the church: this law, as I have said, had totally fallen into disuse, and was entirely disregarded, each friar going at all hours, where it best pleased him. Our chief of the police gave intimation, on being appointed to the office, of his intention to put the law in force; of this the friars took no notice, (probably thinking it a mere threat,) but continued strolling about at improper hours as usual, and the first and second nights the prisons were crowded with shaven crowns. This put a stop to their erratic habits for a time; but the clergy soon exerted sufficient influence to procure the removal from office of the obnoxious chief of the police, when they resumed their nightly exercise without molestation.

The streets of Quito are all paved, and from their steepness, and the abundant supply of water from the hills behind the city, they might be kept very clean, as each street can be flooded with a rapid stream, at any moment; this is sometimes done: but from its infrequency, I am inclined to think that the inhabitants of Quito find the same particular satisfaction in their own atmosphere, which the inhabitants of Edinburgh and

Madrid are asserted to do, by the Doctor in Humphry Clinker. At any rate, the peculiar quality of the atmosphere must be the same.

A great deal of etiquette is necessary to be observed in returning the calls, which a stranger receives from the inhabitants; each one must be graduated as to succession, according to the rank of the person on whom you call; for instance it would not be *comme il faut* to call on a Colonel or Captain before calling on a General, even if the former had called upon you before the latter. The day after we arrived, we carried our letters of introduction to the President and were presented. There was no levee, and his excellency received us very informally and with cordiality. He appeared not to have been shaved for two or three days, had on an old threadbare green coat, his linen was soiled and in disorder, and he was slipshod. Plainness and simplicity of dress may be very well for the chief magistrate of a Republic, but surely neatness should accompany them. Gen. Flores is a small and to appearance a slight man, but he is said to possess great personal vigour and powers of endurance. An anecdote is related of him, which reflects great honour on his personal courage, and is said to have given a powerful impulse to his subsequent rapid advancement. While Gen. Bolivar was engaged in the reduction of the province of Pasto, which held out against the patriots, a Pastuzo, who, even among that warlike and athletic race, had the reputation of extraordinary strength and powers, and of being the best lancer of the province, sent a challenge to any one of the officers of Bolivar's army to meet him in single combat. No one

of the superior officers seemed inclined to accept the challenge, when Flores, then a subaltern, begged permission to engage the Pastuzo, which he obtained, and going out, encountered him with lance and sabre, and killed him. He has at other times, and since his elevation to the presidency of the Ecuador, displayed great promptitude in emergencies; but his administration of the government during peace is very little to his credit. Gen. Flores is said to have a tinge of Negro blood, and his appearance strongly corroborates the assertion.

The commissioners, sent by New Grenada to the Ecuador, for the purpose of settling the disputed points between the two States, were then in Quito. They were the Bishop of Sta. Martha, and Sōr Jose Manuel Restrepo, author of a History of the Revolution of Colombia, formerly Secretary of State under the Presidency of Bolivar, &c. The Bishop is a middle aged man, of a dignified and commanding exterior, with much more of the statesman, than the ecclesiastic in his appearance, which tallies well with his reputed character. He has been on the side of the patriots since the commencement of the revolution; in his arms, the heroic Bolivar died, and this circumstance, aside from the high character and winning manners of this prelate, was sufficient to render him an object of great interest to a stranger. Sŏr Restrepo is an older man than the Bishop, tall and thin, with an acute and sagacious but a sour saturnine expression of countenance. His account of the revolution, as far as it goes, is considered mainly faithful and true.

In one of our visits to an officer of the revolution, Gen. S., he showed us the hat which the unfortunate Sucre wore at the time of his assasination. Gen. S. seemed to regard this relic of that chivalrous man with the greatest veneration, which also appeared to be participated in by all present, both foreigners and Colombians. Sucre the patriotic, the disinterested chivalrous hero, fell a victim to the envy and savage ambition of him, who has emphatically been denominated the man of blood. A foreign officer of high standing who had been in the service of more than one of the South American Republics, and has distinguished himself on many occasions, assured me, that of all the patriot officers he had ever known, Sucre was the most devoted, the most enthusiastic, the most disinterested, in short that he was the pattern of a patriot hero. His murder is one of the foulest blots on the page of South American history, a history replete with bloody and cruel events.

Some little effort seems to be making in the college at Quito, for the advancement of education. A Scotch physician was giving lectures on chymistry and Botany, and a French surgeon, on Anatomy and Surgery, during the time I was in Quito. But books are sadly wanting, and the instability of the government, and the frequent occurrence of political troubles must, as long as they continue, keep education at a low ebb.

The domestic habits of the Quitenians, differ much from those of the Guayaquilenians ; they are much more secluded, and there are none of those unceremonious, delightful *reunions* in the evening, with which every stranger is so much pleased in Guayaquil. I have before men-

tioned, that a little after nine o'clock at night, I found every thing quiet in the city, all the houses shut, and most of them without any light apparent; this is universally the custom. During the two hours after sundown, the streets and market places are full of people, as at this time, during the summer, there is no wind, and this is the pleasantest part of the day, when the ladies sally forth to make their purchases in the shops. The booths of the sellers of ice are brilliantly lighted, and crowded with people, the great square is filled with a clamorous multitude, buying and selling, and priest, citizen, and soldier, all seem on the alert to make the most of the short evening. Foreign intercourse has done less toward modifying the customs and manners of the inhabitants of Quito, than of those of the cities of the coast, and it requires very little effort of the imagination to fancy yourself on the theatre of some of the scenes so admirably described by Gil Blas. Every thing that meets your eye, with the exception of the few articles of foreign manufacture, which have found their way hither, strikes you with the idea, that you are among a people an age behind the rest of the world, and the dimness and obscurity of this part of the day helps the voluntary delusion. As the crowds begin to disperse, you will meet at one turn a cavalier closely muffled in his long cloak, whom you may picture stealing along with his guitar, to make "night hideous" under the balcony of his mistress; at another a well fed jolly friar, perhaps the favorite confessor of half a dozen fair penitents, then a swarthy whiskered and mustachioed fellow with a long cutlass in a rusty leather sheath, whom you can easily convert in-

to an *alguacil*, who metamorphosed an Italian prince and his servant into two arrant rogues. By eight o'clock the streets begin to be deserted, and by half after nine, darkness and silence reign undisputed, save by the street lamps which at long intervals throw a glimmering and uncertain light for a few feet arround them, and by the long drawn cry of the patrol, announcing the hour of the night.

The only public diversions are at the time of the festivals, and as none of these took place while we were in Quito, I had no opportunity of witnessing in what manner they are celebrated. When speaking of the carnival in Guayaquil, I alluded to the manner in which the same festival is celebrated in Quito; and I am convinced that the allusion will satisfy most of my readers, without going into minutiæ; indeed some of the particulars of the diversions, which I have heard from unquestionable sources, are of such a nature as would, I am afraid, if I related them, give an unfavorable opinion of my veracity; this might be a reason for not inserting them, even if I had not a much stronger one.

As regards private society, as far as I could judge during my short stay in the city, there is much less friendly intercourse subsisting between the inhabitants than in Guayaquil. This was undoubtedly in a measure caused by the jealousy and suspicion existing between the two parties then in being, viz. the party for Gen. Flores, and resistance to New Grenada; and the party against him, and for anything that would rid them of him. The latter of course was obliged to be quiet and cautious, but there could be no doubt of its exist-

ence, and that it was strong, and regarded by the government with a watchful and jealous eye. Subsequent events led to an explosion, which took place before I left the Ecuador, and which I shall endeavour to describe in its proper place.

The manner of celebrating a wedding among the lower classes, will perhaps give as good an idea of the character of the *populace*, as any thing I can offer. For two days and two nights in succession, we had heard sounds of drumming, playing on different instruments, and singing, mingled with bacchanalian shouts and laughter, proceeding from a house opposite to us, the door of which was kept constantly closed. We enquired the cause of this protracted festivity, and were informed that they were celebrating the nuptials of a *pulpero*, or keeper of a grog shop. We asked if we could be permitted to witness it for a short time, and were answered, that they would be very glad to have us come in, but that if we entered, we should be obliged to comply with the custom, and remain until the whole was over, for no one was allowed to pass out the gate until the end of the festivity, which never continued less than four days and often six or eight. As we had no inclination to undergo such a penance, we were obliged to content ourselves with a description. After the knot is tied, which is done in the morning, all the guests proceed to the house of the bridegroom, and the day is past in dancing, and drinking *chicha** and spirit. At night the bride and groom are allowed to absent themselves, and

* *Chicha* is a fermented liquor made from malted maize; it very much resembles poor cider.

then the uproar begins, which soon grows "fast and furious;" the one who can drink most and dance longest, is most applauded; nobody thinks of going to bed, (if indeed there are any beds,) but when overcome by liquor and fatigue, men and women promiscuously lie on the floors or benches, wherever they may happen to fall. The musicians are relieved from time to time, and take their places among the dancers. This scene proceeds day after day, the actors alternately wallowing in beastly drunkenness and dancing and yelling in mad frenzy, until they or the liquor are entirely exhausted. On the morning of the fifth day, the guests in the house opposite us began to issue forth one by one, and a more degraded looking, beastly, and squalid set of beings, I never saw; reeling, dull-eyed and bloated, with their clothes filthy and in rags, they staggered away from the scene of debauch. Fatal accidents not unfrequently occur at these orgies, in the quarrels which are the necessary consequence of their unnaturally excited passions. The consequence of such assemblies as I have described, upon the morals of the community in more respects than one, are sufficiently obvious to need no comment.

I visited with a friend several of the painting rooms of the native artists: some of them appear to possess considerable natural talent for the art, but not having the advantage of instruction, and possessing very few studies that are not abominable daubs, their productions are in general, detestable. The only two paintings which I saw in Quito, that pleased me, were, a Saint Catharine in the church of San Francisco, painter not

known, said to have been brought from Spain, and a picture of our Saviour crowned with thorns in another church, which the superior of the convent said was painted by Murrillo. The Indians of the city manufacture wooden saints great and small, which they gild and clothe in gaudy robes of paint, and carry about the city for sale, so that all good catholics can be supplied with a guardian saint "at a small expense and short notice" as puffing advertisments have it.

One of the most curious manufactures in Quito, is that of garments, hats, bottles, portmanteaus, &c. of the cloth rendered impervious to water, by the juice of the *Siphonia elastica* or American India-rubber tree. The sap of this tree, which grows in great abundance, in the part of the province near the sea, on the river Esmeraldas, is mixed, when first drawn, with an equal quantity of water to prevent it from coagulating, and brought in hollow gourds to Quito. Any thin cloth can be prepared with it, coarse cotton is generally used. The pieces of cloth to be prepared are cut of the requisite form, and a thin coating of the liquid is laid on one side of them with a brush ; they are then laid in the sun to dry, which soon takes place, the water which has been added to the *Xeve* (so is the sap called) forming no impediment, although it prevents its coagulating when in any considerable quantity. When the coating is dry another is added, and the moist surfaces are carefully put together, so that no air shall be left between them to prevent their applying to each other throughout their complete surface : this double piece is now laid in the sun to dry, which completes the process. The *Xeve*

does not penetrate the cloth so as to injure its appearance, and when it is finished it is only at the edge that you can discover the India-rubber, in a film of about the fiftieth of an inch thick. The seams are sometimes sewed and sometimes merely joined with the *Xeve*. In this manner are manufactured riding pantaloons with feet to them to draw over the boots, which form an admirable protection against water, in fording the rivers of this country. Ponchos of this manufacture are particularly fitted for a protection against the rains of tropical climates, being light, cool, and perfectly impervious to water: they are generally made of coloured calico. With a broad brimmed hat, a poncho, and pantaloons of this manufacture, a person may ride in the heaviest rain, perfectly dry. A bottle made of this cloth, capable of containing a gallon may be rolled up in a small space and put in the pocket. Valises to carry behind the saddle, beds to be inflated when used, and which when collapsed can be put in a small trunk, and a great variety of other useful things are made of this cloth. A French trader, who had been a long time in the part of the province where the Siphonia grows, informed me that the sap forms a considerable article of food for the inhabitants; it is considered wholesome and easy of digestion. This statement has been repeated to me by two other persons, who have been in the same region.

Goitre is not uncommon in Quito, but is by no means as frequent as in the province of Popayan, where, it is said, scarcely one of the inhabitants is without an unsightly protuberance.

CHAPTER VII.

Excursion to the volcano Pichincha.—Ice carriers.—Zorochi.—Eruptions of Pichincha, from Restrepo.—Province of Quito, or Pichincha.—Agriculture.—Manufactures.

I determined not to leave Quito without visiting the crater of the volcano Pichincha, which, although it has been quiescent for a long time, is certainly not extinct, occasionally grumbling, to give the inhabitants of Quito a warning of its vicinity. My companion from Guayaquil was too ill to accompany me; but, on hearing of my intention to visit the crater, Col. ——— an English gentleman formerly in the service of Colombia, and Dr. ——— a Scotch physician, a resident of Quito, both of whom had been at the crater before, kindly consented to accompany me. Sōr Pedro Negrete was afterward added to our party. The morning after our arrival in Quito, we ascertained that Sōr Negrete had heard the knocking at his gate, but being a *little timid* on the score of robbers, had thought it most prudent to let us knock in vain. Our intention was to descend, if possible, to the bottom of the crater, which, as far as I know, has never yet been accomplished, and to spend the night in it. There was, in the house of Gen. Barriga, an old man who had been a servant of Don Carlos Montufar,

and had accompanied his master and the Baron Von Humboldt to the crater of Pichincha. Many were the wonderful stories he told of it, and of the difficulties encountered in reaching the summit; but when I told him of our intention, not only to ascend, but to descend on the inside, he held up his hands in astonishment, and seemed inclined to bid me a last farewell, affirming that an attempt of the kind must be fatal, as the sulphureous vapors would certainly kill us.

The day on which we had fixed for starting, an invitation came for my companion and myself to dine with Gen. Flores the next day; but the crater of a volcano was a greater curiosity to me, than the President of a republic of 600,000 souls; beside, I had seen the latter and not the former: so the crater carried the day against the dinner, very probably to the satisfaction of both the President and myself. Accordingly, on the 27th of July, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the Colonel, the Doctor, Sōr Negrete, and myself, with a guide, mounted our mules, and, clattering over the pavement at a rapid pace, soon gained the outskirts of the city, and immediately began to ascend. The hills near Quito have few or no trees on them, but are covered with grass, and dotted with sheep and horned cattle, or cultivated in maize, wheat, and barley. The road wound up the hills, between hedges of *Andromedæ Thibaudiæ* and *Fuchsiæ*, whose bright scarlet blossoms shone like strings of coral among their deep and shining green leaves. Now and then a shallow rivulet crossed the path, which at times tracked along in perilous proximity to the crumbling bank of a deep chasm, worn by the

winter torrents, and, at others, lay over bare and slippery rocks, where even the mules could hardly keep their footing. The hills rise so abruptly above Quito, that after ascending for a long time and to a great height, the city can be distinctly seen far below. As we turned and looked down upon it, I could hardly persuade myself that the paltry collection of pigmy-looking huts was the large city, with its splendid churches and towering spires, which we had just left. The vastness of the objects by which it is surrounded, and with which it is placed in contrast, gives it the appearance of a little village built in a ravine.

We had with us, beside the guide, three Indians from the estate of Gen. Barriga, who carried provisions, hide ropes, a crowbar, and a small bag containing charcoal, as we contemplated passing the first night in the open air at some distance from the crater, and thought that a cup of hot chocolate would be no bad defence against the cold of these elevated regions. Without this explanation, it might seem that we were carrying coals to Newcastle. The wife of one of the Indians accompanied the party, as it appeared, merely for the sake of seeing the volcano, for which they seem to entertain great veneration, as well as fear. The whole of them kept pace with the mules with great apparent ease. When we started, the Indians appeared sullen, and to all our questions gave us to understand that they did not understand Spanish, (poor fellows! Spanish and a white face are always coupled in their minds, with the fear of oppression); but by the help of small presents of money and some of our provisions, we contrived to

teach them the language effectually before night, and secured their willing services. One of them, a young man, was the finest looking Indian I have ever seen, and was all life and alacrity.

After rising above the belt which Humboldt calls the belt of leathery-leaved shrubs, we came to the *paramo*, which here forms an immense and tolerably regular basin between two ridges. In other respects than this peculiarity of form, it is like the *paramos* I have before described, and furnishes pasture for large herds of cattle. Just as we entered the *paramo*, we met one of the Indians who supply Quito with ice, from a peak somewhat nearer the city than Pichincha, which is called the lesser, or bastard Pichincha. These Indians leave the city in the morning, ascend the mountain, and get the ice from a place at a distance of more than four leagues from Quito, and are again in the city often before two o'clock in the afternoon, carrying on their shoulders more than fifty pounds of ice, enveloped in hay and secured by wattles.

After we had travelled about half the length of the *paramo*, a snow storm overtook us. Sōr Negrete was excessively fearful that we should be overwhelmed and buried in the snow, although it was so light as scarcely to spread a white coat over our hats and *ponchos;* and, as it was unaccompanied by wind, there was little danger of its increasing. But the good old Spaniard afforded us great amusement by the many anxious questions he asked the guide, whether the storm was likely to continue, and whether he was sure he knew the road, or rather the proper direction, for path there

was none on the *paramo*. Our guide answered all these questions to the letter, for he was no joker; but the Colonel and myself rather heightened the Senōr's fears, by pretending a grave sympathy with them. At about four in the afternoon, we arrived at the spot where we had determined to pass the night. This was at the base of a cliff, which, as it projected a little, afforded a partial shelter. This place is distant about five leagues from Quito, (the crater being six,) and has an elevation of about 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. The snow storm ceased soon after we arrived, and it became bitterly cold. At sun-down the thermometer stood at 24° Fah.

On examination it was found that our lanthorn, candle, and matches, on which we had relied for means of kindling a fire, had been left behind. Here was a dilemma indeed, all our prospects of hot chocolate, and a good fire by which to sleep, faded into "thin air." I had gunpowder about me, to be sure, and pistols in my holsters, but every thing was so wet with the snow which had just fallen, that not a dry blade of grass could we find. A cold comfortless night was staring us in the face, and we were preparing to make the best of a bad thing, when I espied a hole in the saddle of our guide, through which the straw stuffing projected; nothing could be better, a handful of the dry broken straw was laid in a dry spot under shelter of the cliff, a little powder flashed among it, and with a few pieces of charcoal we obtained the seeds of a fire. Within twenty steps of our *bivouac* was a grove of a woody species of *Solidago* which grows twenty feet high, and has a

stem as large as a man's thigh; this is the only shrub of any considerable size which grows at this elevation, and this only in sheltered places; the wood is resinous, and burns readily, with a bright clear flame, even when first cut: with the branches of this, the Indians soon made an enormous fire, to temper the sharpness of the mountain air. Our dinner of cold fowls, &c., which we had brought from the city, was soon disposed of, and a cup of smoking chocolate, not quite as hot as it would have been at the level of the sea, followed. After dinner our Indians collected more wood, and we made our preparations for the night, which with all of us except Sōr Negrete, were very simple, consisting of a few blankets, and our *ponchos*, with the saddles for pillows; these we arranged between the fire and the rock. But poor Sōr Negrete was sorely troubled to arrange his camp equipage to his satisfaction. Somebody in Quito (and I afterward found that it was a piece of waggery) had lent him a kind of canopy to a field bed, made of thick heavy leather, which required four small, strong sticks to support it; these he had not brought, but with the aid of the guide he attempted to make them, from the brittle branches of the solidago; we gave him all the aid in our power, but as soon as one corner was propped up, the support of the opposite one would give way. In vain did we try to persuade him that the leather would be of more service to him if spread under him as a protection against the damp cold ground: no, nothing would do but he must have a shelter, and at last he succeeded in making himself a sorry sort of tent; and calling on us

to admire and envy his superior forethought, he exultingly took possession of it.

None of us lay down until N. had finished his preparations, which was long after dark. The heavens had become perfectly clear, but so deep was their hue that we should have supposed them shrouded in the blackest clouds, had it not been for the brilliant stars which crowded their surface. The only sound which broke the deathlike stillness of these solitudes, was the occasional howl of a wolf on the opposite side of the little valley which lay before us. We must have formed a picturesque group, and one from which a traveller would have been justified in expecting any thing rather than a peaceful salutation. Our various colored *ponchos*, our broad brimmed high crowned hats, and the saddles, each with its holsters, had quite a bandit-like appearance. Our poor Indians were crouched cowering round the fire, trying to compensate by its warmth for the scantiness of their clothing, and as fresh fuel was from to time heaped on, the flame flashed up, glaring brightly on their swarthy countenances and long elf locks, and partially illuminating the nearest features of the wild and savage scenery around us, but leaving the imagination full scope, in filling up the dark back-ground, beyond the circle of rays dispensed by our fire.

Before day-break we were again on our way, wishing to arrive at the top of the mountain as soon as possible, for early in the morning the crater is generally free from the mist which fills it at a later hour. The height of the mountain at the edge of the crater, is about 15,800 feet above the level of the sea. Mules can ap-

proach within about 500 feet of the top ; the rest of the ascent must be accomplished on foot. At about sunrise we left our mules and commenced the ascent. The hill is very steep, and composed of small loose masses of lava, which afford but an insecure footing, and together with the rarity of the air render the ascent exceedingly toilsome. Sōr Negrete, although somewhat in the vale of years, astonished us by the vigor with which he pushed up the hill, proving himself fully equal in activity to any of us. When we arrived at the top of the hill the mist had not filled the crater, and we could see to its bottom, from various crevices in which a dense white smoke was issuing. A stifling smell of sulphurous acid filled the air, and increased the oppression of breathing caused by its rarity. In various parts of the mountainous regions of S. America, more especially in Peru, there appears to exist a cause, in addition to the rarity of the air, which oppresses the breathing ; the effect of this appears to be far more severe than that produced by the rarity of the air merely. Both are called *zorochi*. The one of which I now speak has been attributed to arsenical vapour ; it certainly bears no fixed relation to the elevation, many of the places where it is most severe, being less elevated than where the oppression of the lungs is comparatively slight. Many interesting facts in relation to its effects, were related to me by my companion from Guayaquil, who had travelled much in Peru. He particularly mentioned a small circular plain (the precise location of which in Peru has escaped my memory) surrounded by hills, and only at an elevation of a little more than six thousand feet above the sea, where the zorochi is so se-

vere that it is necessary to let your horse or mule proceed at a walk. A brisk pace for a few yards, will cause them to fall instantly dead. This accident had occurred to this gentleman twice while in Peru; once, if I do not misremember, at this very place. There are reasons which will suggest themselves to every physiologist and chymist, which render it more likely that carbonic acid gas is the agent in the production of this effect, than arsenical vapors.

In the crevices of the black and fantastically-shaped volcanic rocks which arose round the edge of the crater, were small masses of snow and ice; but generally the top of the mountain was free from them. The crater is an immense, yawning abyss, not having the circular form which is generally described as the figure of volcanic openings, but partaking more of the aspect of a ravine. We judged the depth of it to be from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet; and from the point where we stood, could see no obstacle to prevent our reaching the bottom, by following the course of a kind of ravine which was free from large rocks, and which, although rather steeper than the hill on the outside, afforded much better footing. Our Indians had not yet arrived at the top, but we determined to descend quickly, lest the mist should fill the crater; and if we came to any obstacle which we needed the crowbar and cords to overcome, we could wait for them. But we were soon destined to encounter an obstacle against which crowbar and cords were of no avail, and which put a period to our expedition. After we had descended about six hundred feet, we came to a precipice of eight

hundred or a thousand feet perpendicular height, the base of which appeared to rest nearly in the bottom of the abyss. In vain did we search for some less precipitous part by which we might descend: the sloping hollow here terminated, and on each side rose high walls of rock, continuous with the face of the precipice. It was an awful place upon which we stood. Life of every kind seemed to have fled in terror from the dangerous vicinity. Not the smallest plant, not even a blade of grass was to be seen. Even the lichens, those children of barren rocks, refused to clothe the scorched and blackened surface of the crags. Not the chirp of a bird, nor the hum of an insect, was to be heard in this abode of silence; and even the condor shunned to soar within reach of the noxious breath of its vapors. Below us lay the smouldering fires of the volcano, and on the opposite side rose black and ragged cliffs, a fit boundary for such a view.

While we were gazing on this, to me, novel and extraordinary scene, the mist began to drive up the chasm from the lower land in which the ravine terminates, and we were soon completely enveloped in a thick fog, which prevented us from seeing a dozen yards in any direction. The mist had a very sensible warmth, compared to the sharp mountain air which we had been breathing a few minutes before. Had we been inclined to trust our lives to the strength of a hide rope, in so long and perilous a descent as that of the cliff before us, the quantity we had with us would not have availed. There was not enough to reach half way down. Our prospect being destroyed by the mist, and all hope of

reaching the bottom by this road gone, we turned to ascend; and on arriving at the top, found our Indians waiting for us. In reply to our questions why they did not come down, they replied that they were afraid, that yonder was the abode of devils; and truly it had a most devilish smell. I have no doubt that, by making a circuit of several miles, and following up the course of the ravine, the bottom of the crater might be reached.

We had given directions to our guide, whom we had left with the mules where we dismounted, that he should wait for us a certain time, within which, if we did not return, he was to go back to our resting place of the night before, (where there were grass and water for his mules,) spend the night there, and return for us in the morning. Fortunately he had not left the spot, and we remounted and rode to Quito, highly gratified with our excursion, although we had failed in attaining the principal object.*

I do not know that I can give a better account of the eruptions of Pichincha, than that contained in a note in Vol. II. of Restrepo's History of the Revolution of Colombia, pp. 71, 72, and 73. I will therefore translate it as it is there given.

"This volcano, on whose eastern skirt the city of Quito was founded in 1534, made its first eruption after

* About the place where we slept, and between that and the crater, we found many plants, interesting from the great elevation at which they grow. Among these were three species of Gentiana, two species of Valeriana, two species of Culcitium, C. nivale and C. reflexum, Chuquiragua insignis, &c., &c. Fortunately, most of the plants in this region were in blossom, and I was able to obtain specimens for preservation.

the occupation of the country by the Spaniards, in 1539, filling them with fear and horror. Happily, the mouth or crater of the volcano has a direction to the side of the mountain opposite to Quito, in which direction it launches the burning materials which it vomits forth, and they are lost in the wilds of Esmeraldas. The second eruption happened in 1560, although it was so small that it caused no damage. The third, a horrible one, happened on the 17th of October, 1566. The volcano cast forth immense quantities of dust, ashes, and stones, which covered the city and its environs to a *vara* in depth. The hot water and liquid bitumens descended toward Quito in great abundance, in many streams, tearing up the arable fields, destroying country-houses, inhabitants, and cattle; and rendering useless the soil, since they deposited in their course multitudes of stones, which the inundation had carried along in its stream. To this day, the stones are seen upon the plain which the natives call Rupibamba. The fourth was in 1577, causing the same destruction as the one before it had done. The fifth, and perhaps the most horrible, happened on the 27th of October, 1660. It was announced and accompanied by severe earthquakes and horrible roarings of the volcano, which, for many days, vomited stones, sand, and ashes, with so much force and abundance, that they reached even to Popayan, Barbacoas, the borders of Guayaquil, to Loxa, and the missions of Maynas. In Quito, there was, for a whole day, a dense shower of coarse sand and ashes, which left the fields and roofs of the houses covered to a great depth. The records say, that the affrighted inhabitants made prom-

ise under oath, to celebrate an annual feast to the virgin of the Mercedes; and that immediately the rain of pernicious materials ceased, and another of water commenced in such abundance, that it cooled the heat of the first, and washed the streets, roofs, and fields. This feast is still celebrated, on the 27th of October. This was the last eruption of Pichincha, which, since that time, has remained tranquil; and in Quito, are only heard from time to time, the subterranean noises of the volcano."

The city of Quito has suffered at different times, from earthquakes, but never severely, in comparison with other towns of these regions, as La Tacunga and Riobamba.

Many of the older inhabitants of Quito remembered the visit of Humboldt; and they invariably spoke of him with respect and admiration, and inquired if he were living, &c., with great apparent interest.

The province of Pichincha, or Quito, is extremely fertile, and the necessaries of life are abundant and cheap. The husbandry is partly pastoral and partly agricultural. Wheat, barley, maize, pease, beans, and potatoes, form the staple agricultural productions. The land yields large crops of these, although the implements and manner of cultivation are rude and insufficient; for instance, the plough is merely a wedge-shaped piece of wood, sometimes tipped with iron and sometimes not, with a single handle. This plough breaks the ground but to the depth of about four inches. In the convent of San Francisco, is preserved the vessel in which wheat was first brought from Europe. It

is a kind of vase. Horned cattle exist in great numbers in this province. They are pastured all the year on the *paramos*. During the season of snow-storms, great care is necessary to prevent their being overwhelmed. This object is effected by driving the herds down, on the approach of storms, from the high and exposed situations to those lower and more sheltered. A late writer on Colombia, says that the cheese made in this province alone, amounts to between $70,000 and $80,000, in yearly value. This I think an exaggeration. Many sheep are also bred. These are said to be the descendants of the Merinos of Spain; but either from neglect, or from the too great luxuriance of the pasture, they have degenerated, and the wool has become coarse. From the wool are manufactured large quantities of coarse, long-napped baizes of different colors, carpets, ponchos, and hats. This province is farther advanced in manufactures than any other in the Ecuador. The population of this province, in 1810, according to Restrepo, was 165,218 souls. It has probably varied little since that time.

The day before we left Quito, we received a mark of attention from the lady of Don Juan de Larrea,* which I must not omit to mention. The Spanish Americans, whatever their faults may be, are certainly very hospitable and attentive to strangers. At about 10 o'clock in the morning, three servants came from the lady, two of them bearing each a large silver tray,

* Don Juan de Larrea was Marquis of San Jose, under the Spanish government. He was one of the prime movers of the first revolutionary proceedings in Quito. He still, by courtesy, retains his title.

and the third, a basket covered with napkins. The basket and trays contained three fine hams, a quantity of bread baked hard and dry for the purpose of keeping well, a neat round box of fresh butter, a cheese, and a great variety of delicate confectionary. This present, inappropriate as it would appear in our country, was exceedingly well timed, and proved of great convenience to us; for although provisions are good and cheap, along most of the route which we were to pursue, yet, as there are no inns in the towns, and you are liable to arrive at unseasonable hours, it is always best to carry some provision with you. We therefore had the more substantial part of the lady's present packed in a large basket, and subsequently had no cause to regret having taken it with us.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leave Quito.—Ancient Ruins at Callo.—La Tacunga.—Hambato.—Fair.—San Andres.—Riobamba Nuevo.—Guamote.—Llamas.—Tigsan.—Alausi.—Drunken Alcalde.—Ride from Alausi to Chunche.—Gorge in the mountains.—Condors.—Chunche.—Hospitality.—Ride from Chunche to Canar.—Political opinions of a native.—Ride from Canar to Cuenca.—Refractory Mule.—Bog.

My companion having now so far recovered his health as to be able to travel, and I having satisfied myself with the curiosities of Quito, on the 2d of August we left the city on our route to Cuenca. Gen. Barriga, Col. ——, and Dr. ——, who went with me to Pichincha, accompanied us to a place called Callo, about fourteen leagues from Quito, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of one of the edifices erected by the Inca Huayana Capac. We now saw by daylight, that part of the environs of Quito through which we had passed by night when we came to the city: they are very beautiful and fertile. At about noon we stopped at the house of a friend of Gen. Barriga: he had lately retired from the city, to live in the country: his house was spacious and new, and fitted up with an expense and neatness which I have seldom met with in the country: of this he was evidently proud, conducting us from one room to another, and bespeaking our admiration for every thing; at

last he took us to his private chapel or oratory, which he seemed to consider the chief ornament of his house, and indeed a great deal of pains had been taken in the embellishment of the altar, and the shrine of Our Lady of tears, which surmounted it; paint and gilding had been expended more lavishly than tastefully. When we returned to the lay part of the house, we found the lady of our entertainer awaiting our arrival, with a dish of fine raspberries, and glasses of *fresco;* of these we partook, and having made our adieus, mounted and arrived at an early hour at the *hacienda* of Gen. Barriga, where we passed the night.

On the morning of the 3d we went to visit the ruins, which lie at some distance from the direct road between Gen. Barriga's place and La Tacunga. Callo, the estate on which these ruins are situated, belongs to Sōr Valdivieso, the then Secretary of State, who has contributed considerably to their dilapidation, having used many of the stones in the construction of a farm-house, as he says, for the purpose of preserving them. Enough however remains, to give a correct idea of the forms and situations of the buildings as they originally were. They appear to have been eight in number, ranged at equal distances round a square for a hundred feet in diameter, of all of these some vestiges remain; of one, the four walls remain perfect, from which the following description was taken. The length of the building is thirty-three feet, its breadth fourteen feet, height of the solid masonry about thirteen feet. In the side of the house which looks toward the enclosure, is a doorway eight feet high, by two feet wide. The masonry

of which the building is composed is extremely neat and well executed; the stones are large, there being only eleven tiers in the height of thirteen feet; they would be rectangular parralelopipeds, but that the outer surface of each is slightly curved or bellied outward; the corner stones have two of these curved surfaces. The material of the edifices is the same as that used in the construction of La Tacunga.* The thickness of the walls is two feet four inches. In the interior of the building at the height of six feet from the ground to their upper edge, are a range of niches, seven in number on the side opposite the door, three on each side of the door, and two in each end wall of the house: these niches are twenty inches high, one foot wide, and one foot deep. On a line with the tops of the niches, and alternating with them, are projections of from one to two inches and a half in length; they appear to be the bases of cones, which, if continued out, would be about eight inches in length. Humboldt, in a drawing of one of the walls of this house, made when he visited Callo, has represented the projections as globular knobs, attached to the wall by a neck; he supposes them to have been used as hooks on which to suspend arms, &c. No appearance of knobs now remains, all have been broken off, and those projections which appear the bases of cones, are probably the remains of the necks, by which they were connected with the walls. The distance between the two adjacent buildings of one side is about twelve feet. These buildings are attributed to Huayana Capac, the Peruvian conqueror of Quito, the father of

* Humboldt says it is a burnt porphyry.

Huascar and Atahualpa. They are supposed to have been one of the places at which the Inca encamped, in his progress between his two dominions. On the top of the masonry of the building, which is in the best preservation, an apparently modern addition of clay and rough irregular stones has been made, to the height of about two feet; on this long grass and weeds are growing; at one end is a kind of gable of the same rough material, and on the other end are the remains of a similar one: as this building has been used as a dwelling place by the Indians long since the conquest, there can be no doubt that these additions are more modern than the rest of the building, with which they are so incongruous.

A little to the northeast of the building which I have just described, stands a hill of a singularly regular conical form, called *Panecillo* or the little loaf. This rises two hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the surrounding plain, according to Humboldt. Various conjectures have been advanced as to its origin, and the use to which it was applied; some persons have supposed its extreme regularity of form to be the result of accidental and natural causes; while others have reviewed it wholly as a work of art. By some it is supposed to have been a burying place of the monarchs, and by others a military post, or lookout for the purpose of descrying any danger, which might threaten the royal inmates of the houses below. No discoveries have been made which strengthen the opinion of its having been a burial place, and its situation commanding the country for many miles around, would have rendered it

particularly eligible for a military post. Among many things which strengthen the opinion of its natural origin (although probably shaped and fashioned by the hand of man) is a spring which issues from it near its base.

Among these mementos of the departed empire of the Incas, we bade adieu to the friends who had accompanied us from Quito, and soon regaining the high road, we pushed on toward La Tacunga, where we arrived before sunset. As we rode into the square, the battalion Flores was drawn up on one side of it, and although on parade, they again saluted us with a most discordant chorus of shouts and yells ; giving strong evidence of that spirit of riot and insubordination, which was so soon after to prove fatal to their officers, and still later to themselves. Our friend the Corregidor of La Tacunga received us with great cordiality.

In the morning, 4th, we proceeded to Hambato, where we slept. The next day happened to be a fair, and as we rode through the great square, it was crowded with people dressed in their holiday suits, animated, and intent on buying or selling. The appearance of two Yngleses was the signal for a host of them to rush forward, and we were beset by a crowd of the most clamorous and importunate beings, which it has ever been my lot to encounter. One held up a hat, another a poncho, a third was for dismounting us, to try on an immense pair of huzzar boots, while a fourth, in his eagerness to display his wares, almost thrust a wooden spoon into my mouth. Spurs, whips, bridles, &c. &c., were pushed on us from every side, and we were almost deafened by cries of *barrato*, *muy barrato*, and the

curses which they plentifully heaped upon each other. At last, by dint of spurring, we cleared the crowd, and rode out of Hambato. This day's journey was partly on the road which we had before travelled coming to Quito, and partly on the Cuenca road, which diverges from the other, on the paramo at the foot of Chimborazo, a short distance from Mocha. Our night's resting place was to be San Andrés a small village eleven leagues from Hambato, where we arrived at about 9 o'clock in the evening, and were very hospitably received by the curate, to whom the *Corregidor* of Hambato had sent notice that we were coming. San Andrés is an Indian village; it appears thriving; a great part of the population is engaged in the manufacture of baizes and carpets.

6*th*. We had engaged our mules only as far as Riobamba Nuevo or New Riobamba, a town two leagues from San Andres; after partaking of an excellent breakfast with the hospitable curate, we therefore proceeded to this place, hoping to procure beasts, so as to prosecute our journey the same day. On our arrival at Riobamba, we found that the gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction was absent; while we were debating what to do, Sōr ——— one of the principal inhabitants of the town, finding that we were foreigners and strangers, sent a servant to say that himself and his house were at our service; we were fain to accept of this seeming hospitality, for which however we amply paid in the sequel, for the good Sōr offered to procure mules for us, at the same time saying that nobody could procure them as cheap as he could: the result was that

he furnished us with his own mules, and made us pay more than double the usual price; for how could we dispute the demand of the man who had so *hospitably* entertained us? I only mention this occurrence as an exception to the disinterested hospitality, with which I have in so many instances been treated in this country.

Riobamba Nuevo is one of the prettiest towns I have seen in the Ecuador; the houses are built of stone or of mud bricks, one story high; they have tiled roofs, and are neatly whitewashed; the streets are very wide, and some of them are paved; it is situated on a plain, is spread over a considerable extent of ground, and has an airy and cheerful look. Riobamba has been built since the destruction of the old town of the same name, by the horrible earthquake of the 4th of February 1797, in which earthquake a late author says, that of the nine thousand inhabitants of the town, only four hundred escaped death. The same author says that the town of Riobamba Nuevo contains twenty thousand inhabitants: this estimate appears to me much too large. The elevation of the town differs little from that of Quito. From the great square of Riobamba, the view of the Chimborazo is very fine; it bears nearly N. W. To the N. E. is seen the famous volcano Tunguragua, which is second in this class of mountains only to Cotapaxi; the top is divided into two beautiful snowy peaks, from the top of one of which, smoke is almost constantly issuing. The ruins of old Riobamba are situated at the distance of about two leagues from the present town; we did not visit them. The inhabitants of the new town affect to consider its present site secure

from the effects of earthquakes; they pretend to judge from the formation of the ground, but it is evident that they do not place perfect confidence in the pretended immunity afforded them by this circumstance, from their building their houses as they do, low and exceedingly strong.

In spite of our anxiety to proceed, we did not leave Riobamba until the next morning, 7th. During the first part of the day, we travelled through a cultivated country, resembling the canton of Guaranda, although not as fertile and beautiful. In the afternoon we crossed a long paramo: descending from this, we soon found cultivation, and arrived at Guamote, a miserable Indian village, where we were to pass the night. To show the cheapness of food in this country, I will mention the price which we paid for a fat sheep at Guamote, which was only four reals, or half a dollar; this sheep our servants slaughtered, and although two hours before it appeared on the table it had been grazing on the hills, and was in consequence rather tough, we found it savory and substantial food; the three quarters which were not cooked we had packed in a basket on one of the mules, for future use. At Guamote, the only thing which we found of any interest, was the old blind *Teniente Corregidor* [Lieutenant *Corregidor*]; he was formerly an inhabitant of old Riobamba, and was one of the four hundred that escaped when the town was destroyed in 1797. He described the motion of the earth, the terrific roaring, the falling of the houses, the inundation (caused by the falling of a hill which dammed up two streams), and the terror and despair of the inhabit-

ants, with very animated language and gestures; but a habit of often repeating the story had doubtless induced him to magnify some of the occurrences, which he did entirely beyond the stretch of our credulity. For example, he said that an altar and image of the Virgin, which stood in one of the churches, were taken up by some invisible power, and carried into the square, and that all who followed them from the church were saved, while those who remained were crushed by the roof and walls, which fell almost immediately after. Guamote is six leagues from Riobamba Nuevo.

After leaving Guamote on the morning of the 8th, we rode for three leagues over a desolate plain, on which not a particle of verdure was to be seen; its whole surface was either lava or volcanic sand; it is probably the production of some eruption of Tunguragua. On this day's journey we met many llamas, carrying loads, and driven by the Indians; they carry from eighty to a hundred pounds, and with this weight will travel seven or eight leagues a-day. The llama, the paco, the guanaco, and the vicuna, appear to be either species or varieties of the same animal (Camelus Glama, C. Paco, C. Guanaco, and C. Vicuna); the wool of all is used for making cloth and hats; that of the vicuna is most prized, and from it are made in Peru, the famous vicuna *ponchos* and shawls, which are most beautiful and expensive fabricks. Having crossed the plain, we ascended for a few miles, and descending through a *quebrada* or ravine, arrived at Tigsan, a small village much resembling Guamote. Tigsan is situated in a small circular valley, completely embosomed in the hills, which

form a most beautiful and regular amphitheatre around it; they are all of nearly equal height, none of them being so high as to have snow upon them at any season. After resting our beasts we proceeded toward Alausì, our stopping place for the night. To emerge from the valley in which Tigsan is situated, we followed the course of a narrow ravine or gorge in the mountains, through which runs a tributary of the Guayaquil river: the road led along the hills which formed the sides of the ravine, often at the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the bed of the river; notwithstanding this it was perfectly safe, being dry and sufficiently wide.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Alausi, which, although the principal town of the canton of the same name, is hardly better in appearance than Tigsan; it is situated much in the same manner, the hills about it are higher, and the valley on a grander scale; it is distant from Guamote about thirteen leagues. The Corregidor of Alausi, to whom we had a letter from Senor Valdivieso, the secretary of state, was absent collecting Indian tributes, and the chief alcalde was very drunk, and exceedingly disobliging. Part of the duty of an alcalde in this country, is to provide lodging for travellers who may apply to him for them, for which the traveller remunerates the owner of the house. After a good deal of delay and grumbling, our alcalde showed us what he said was to be our lodging, which was a room filthy beyond description, with a clay floor; at one end of it was a bed containing a woman dangerously ill of a fever: this was rather too bad, and as the

alcalde said it was the only lodging to be procured, we were debating whether to go on, or to pass the night in the street, when a message came from the wife of the *Corregidor*, who said, that although the house in which she was living was unfinished, if we would lodge with her, she would give us the best accommodation in her power. We were glad to avail ourselves of this invitation, and escape the alternative of filth, fleas, and a sick woman, or the open air, which already began to feel chilly. When we arrived at the house of Madam *Corregidor*, such a torrent of words as she launched at the poor drunken alcalde, I never heard: to carry strangers to such a place, the brute, the beast; she would send him to prison, his staff of office ought to be broken over his head, the drunken rascal, &c. &c., until she had exhausted the whole vocabulary of spanish objurgations. He attempted defence, but that only made matters worse, and completely astounded by the whirlwind of her wrath, he stole away, crest-fallen and apparently somewhat more sober.

From Alausi to Canar, there are two roads; one direct, leading over the great *paramo* of the Asuay; the other more circuitous, passing through the village of Chunche. Which of these to pursue, now became a matter of deliberation. On the *paramo* of the Asuay, we should have an opportunity of seeing the remains of the famous road of the Incas from Cuzco to Asuay, and the no less famous fort or castle of Canar; but the paramo of the Asuay is considered the most dangerous for travellers of any in the Ecuador, and it was now the worst season; a party of fourteen travellers had perished

in the snow, only a fortnight before. The other road, which is about half a day's journey longer, leads through a gorge in the mountains, following the course of the same river, along which we had been travelling; it only crosses the western skirt of the *paramo*, and that at a place lower and not so much exposed to tempests as the other road; but it was represented by the people as having been dangerous on account of its narrowness, bad repair, and the precipices along the edges of which it wound. They said indeed that it had been repaired lately, but in this we placed little faith, and had determined to run the risk of a snow-storm, and if possible to see the antiquities of the Incas, when many persons begged us not to go over the *paramo*, as every thing foreboded a tempest the next day. As there was no apparent motive for their anxiety except good will and care for our safety, we once more changed our determination, and resolved to pursue the more circuitous route.

In the meantime we had been enquiring for mules, as those which we had procured at Riobamba were only hired as far as Alausi; not a mule or a horse could we procure in the village, and our only resource was to continue on to Canar with those we had, which we had the less scruple in doing, as we had paid double price for them. The drunken alcalde volunteered to shut up the two muleteers and the mules in the prison for the night, for, said he, they will certainly run away if I do not. The prison is a large yard surrounded by a wall about eighteen feet high; within the yard are a number of huts for the prisoners to sleep in. The muleteers

went in without reluctance, apparently thinking it no hardship to pass the night here, especially as we gave them a few reals to buy them a supper, and we, after seeing them safely housed, took possession of our quarters, which we found decently clean in comparison to those offered us at first.

On the morning of the 9th we made an early start, wishing to have the whole day, to overcome the difficulties of the road. Soon after leaving the village, we struck the left or eastern bank of the river, and following its course, quickly entered the gorge or ravine of which I have spoken. For the first two leagues the road was good, winding along the sides of swelling hills, at one time descending nearly to the bed of the river, and again rising six or seven hundred feet above it. Our hostess of last night, had in the exuberance of her hospitality, made one of the servants so drunk as to be almost unable to sit on his mule, and entirely unable to urge her on, so as to keep up with the party; we therefore delivered him over to the care of the soldier, with instructions to drive on his mule, and hinted moreover, that if any of the blows intended for the beast, should fall upon the shoulders of the rider, it would be all the better, and if I am not mistaken, he profited fully by the hint, for many were the maledictions he earned from Antonio, who in the course of an hour was so far roused as to be able to take care of himself.

After riding about two leagues, the road began to change its aspect; the hills on each side became higher, and their character more desolate and savage, their bases and sides for a considerable height being compo-

sed of perpendicular rock, and approaching so near each other as barely to leave a passage for the rapid stream to struggle through, which, impeded in its course by numerous rocks, boils and foams along, making the cliffs resound with its roaring. The path now became narrower, and as it was impossible it should lead along the face of the cliffs, it was carried above them, often at a height of from 1500 to 2000 feet from the bed of the river, wherever earth was found for its construction. Many places were absolutely terrific from the narrowness of the road, and its near approach to those tremendous precipices, a fall over which would have ground the traveller to powder. Many times did I feel strongly tempted to dismount and trust to my own feet, rather than those of my mule, but the excellent beast I had, carried me without a false step over the whole. The desolation of this wild scenery was much increased by the blackened and scathed appearance of the tops of the mountains, from which the grass had lately been burnt, to allow the new crop to spring up. This gorge seemed to be a favorite haunt of the condors; a dozen were often in sight at the same time, and one which we first saw perched in a ledge of the cliff, on the opposite side of the river, apparently within a short stone-throw of us, (so near do the mountains approach each other) accompanied us for some miles, his attention being evidently strongly excited by something belonging to the party; at one time he would hover over the ravine on a level with us, and within a pistol's shot, hardly moving his immense wings, and keeping parallel with our party, his brilliant and piercing eye intently fixed upon us; then

he would ascend far above, and hovering for a moment around some peak of the mountain, would swoop down with inconceivable velocity within a few yards of us, and resume his watchful position. I could not help imagining that he was waiting until one of the party should tumble over the cliff, that he might make his dinner from him; but the object of his attention to us was explained at night, when I saw a quarter of the sheep which we had bought at Guamote, taken from one of the baskets. The acute scent of the bird had undoubtedly discovered the odour of the dead meat, although it was perfectly free from any smell of putrefaction. After following this gorge for about five leagues, we emerged into a more open country, and having descended rapidly for more than a league, we stopped to rest at a little farm-house, where we found oranges growing, and the master of the house pointed out to us still lower down on the mountain, a patch of cultivation, in the beautiful light green of which, we recognized the sugar-cane. We here quitted the course of the river, and ascending the hill to the left (i. e. eastward) after crossing some considerable elevations, arrived at Chunche, a considerable Indian village, about eight leagues from Alausi.

The only place we could procure in which to lodge, in Chunche, was the "*casa de viageros*" or traveller's house. This was uninhabited, and absolutely alive with fleas. On opening the doors, these vile insects skipped in clouds before our footsteps; and when our servants sprinkled the mud floor and swept it, the sweepings were full of shining, black points, the bodies of fleas.

After the sweeping, we had the floor sprinkled with fresh lucerne, to which the fleas are supposed to have a great aversion. I must here relate an incident, which places in a strong light the frank and ready hospitality with which a stranger often meets in this country. While we were standing in the porch of our miserable shelter, and gloomily pondering on the *fleaing* (almost flaying,) which we had in prospect for the night, a very respectable looking man rode up on a fine horse, and, saluting us courteously, said that he was an *haciendisto*, (owner and cultivator of an estate;) and, seeing that we were likely to be poorly lodged, had come to offer us his house, to which he hoped we would accompany him, and with him pass the night. We should have been much pleased to have availed ourselves of this kind offer, but on inquiry, we found that his house was two leagues distant, in nearly a contrary direction to our route for the morrow; and although he offered to accompany us in the morning, and put us on the right road, we, with many thanks, declined his hospitality. Here was hospitality for hospitality's sake. The gentleman (as we afterward learned,) was a man of large fortune. We were perfect strangers to him; and there were nine chances that we should never see him again, to one that we should. His only motive was kindness to strangers in a foreign land. I regret that the name of one who so well knew how to practise this exalted virtue, should have escaped my memory. We here procured abundance of fine vegetables. With these, and with the mutton which had so excited the appetite of the condor in the morning, our servants made an ex-

cellent pottage ; and our precautions against fleas had been so effectual, that we passed an excellent night. As I said, we had plenty of good vegetables ; but when we first arrived and asked for pease, potatoes, onions, milk, "*no hay, no hay,*"—*there are none, there are none,* was the constant answer. This we knew was false ; for in the outskirts of the village we had seen plenty of all these vegetables growing, and in the square were standing a dozen or more fine milch cows. The *alcalde* of the village to whom we applied, soon procured us every one of the things for which we asked, in spite of the repeated *no hay.*

The next morning, 10th, we were on our way before dawn. The moon was shining brightly, although near the western horizon ; and while the open ground around the village, and the tops of the hills, were brightly silvered by her light, the glen which the road soon entered, was in such deep shade, as to appear like the mouth of an immense cavern. Indeed, the illusion was so complete, that I could hardly persuade myself that we were not about to plunge into a tunnel piercing the mountain. The shadows from the western side of the ravine were thrown so completely across, as to envelope the whole of the hollow, as well as the eastern boundary of it, in deep darkness ; and the tinkling of the mountain brook which ran close to the road, sounded hollow, as if reverberated from the walls and roof of a cavern. As we ascended, the dawn began faintly to tinge the tops of the eastern hills, and broad day-light soon dispersed the shadows, and showed us the scenery of the beautiful, wooded pass through which we were

again approaching the *paramo*. Before leaving Quito, our attendant soldier had been furnished with a government requisition, addressed to the various magistrates on our route, to furnish him with a horse, or mule, as often as he chose to change; for which, by the way, we privately remunerated the owner, whenever we could find who he was. At Chunche, the *alcalde* had given him a beast scarcely larger than a Norway rat, which could hardly struggle along with its heavy rider. Soon after day-light, my companion and myself, who had ridden considerably in advance, met an Indian mounted on a fine, large, gray horse. My companion immediately remarked, that our soldier would probably, by some means or other, either by persuasion or intimidation, probably the latter, make the Indian exchange with him. It was not half an hour afterward, when the fellow overtook us, mounted on the poor Indian's horse. We could make no reparation to the owner, or we should have done so.

It was a glorious sun-rise when we arrived at the top of the pass, and found a small house, belonging to an old man half Indian half white, where we took a draught of milk fresh from the cow. The man, though hale and active, bore the appearance of great age. He said he was more than eighty years old. We asked him some questions about the revolution, whether he thought it had benefited the country, &c., &c. "Oh, Sirs," said he, "I am a very poor, old man. It is of very little consequence to me who governs, so that the country be quiet. There is my barley field, and here are my cows; they feed me." "But do not the soldiers

kill your cows, and steal your barley?" "Yes, Sir, sometimes; but when I hear they are coming, I drive away my cows, and hide myself and them. My barley must take its chance. *Malditos soldados!—cursed soldiers!*" Just as he had uttered this benediction, our soldier appeared at the top of the hill with the baggage, to the utter dismay of the old man; who, hearing my companion addressed by his military title, saw, in the perspective of his imagination, a regiment of lawless soldiers about to arrive, and the consequent destruction of his little property. He thought it was too late to hide, and began to beg that we would not kill his cows and steal his horse; but we soon convinced him that we were very peaceably inclined, and, paying for the milk we had drank, we mounted and rode off.

At about 8 o'clock in the morning, we reached an extensive *paramo*, which is the western skirt of that of the Asuay. On the highest part we found a small patch of snow, about four inches in depth; and on our arrival at Canar, we were informed that the whole had been deeply covered about a fortnight before. We saw few cattle on this paramo, although there appears pasture enough for an almost unlimited number. The small number of cattle fed here, is probably owing to the snow storms. Should this country ever be so happy as to have a good and permanent government, these extensive and luxuriant pastures must become very valuable; for grass enough to support a very large number of cattle, during the longest time that the snow ever lies upon the ground, could be cut and cured during the fine season. After descending from the *para-*

mo, we travelled through a very fertile country, covered with cattle, and large fields of wheat, barley, and pease. The sides of the hills were covered with three or four species of Calceolaria in blossom, which grew so high that we were able to pluck its beautiful, golden flowers as we sat on our mules. As we approached the village of Canar, the number of fields of wheat increased, and the immediate vicinity of it appeared a vast sea of grain, just ready for the sickle. This shows that the harvest here is nearly a month later than that of Guaranda, which we had seen, as we passed through it on our way to Quito, in the same state. This may partly be attributed to its more elevated situation, and partly to its greater distance south from the equator. This district is probably as fertile as that of Guaranda, although not as beautiful. The formation of the ground is not as fine, and it wants the sublime back-ground which the latter has. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Canar, having travelled thirteen leagues; and as Cuenca was still six leagues distant, and we were tired, we determined to stop here. We now dismissed the muleteers and beasts which we had brought from Riobamba, giving to the muleteers an extra remuneration, and a note to the owner at Riobamba, explaining the reasons of our travelling with his mules further than had been agreed upon. Canar differs in no essential particular from other villages of this region.

The next morning, the 11th, after procuring fresh beasts and a guide, we were on our way to Cuenca at about 10 o'clock. I rode a stout-looking, white mule,

which, while in company with the other beasts, went very well. Soon after leaving Canar, I stopped and dismounted to pick some wild flowers. Very fortunately the soldier stopped with me, while the rest of the party proceeded on. By the time I had gathered the flowers, the party were nearly out of sight, as the road was good, and admitted of a brisk pace. I therefore mounted in haste, intending to push on and overtake them; but the obstinate brute I rode would go no faster than a walk; and all my persuasions, aided and enforced by the severe spurs used in this country, and by a heavy whip of twisted hide, produced no other motion than kicks and plunges, and, at last, a complete standstill. Not even a kick or a plunge could all my efforts elicit from the motionless mass under me, and I began to think of that story in the Arabian Nights, where horse and rider are transformed into stone, when the soldier suggested that the animal was a baggage mule, and more used to being driven than ridden; and at the same time he uncoiled his *lasso* from the pommel of his saddle, and whirling it three or four times about his head, he discharged the knotted end full upon the ribs of the refractory party. This had the desired effect. Immediately the mule started off on a tolerable gallop, the soldier followed, shouting after the manner of the muleteers, and occasionally refreshing its memory by an application of the lasso, while I plied whip and spurs to the best of my ability. In this manner I soon overtook the party.

The road now led over a desolate kind of moor, so boggy in many places, as to render great care necessa-

ry in selecting the path. One of our attendants came very near losing his horse, I may say himself, in attempting to cross a small level spot between two hills, which had the appearance of smooth fine green turf; at the first step which the horse took, he plunged above the saddle girths into the bog, but as he was going slowly his rider pulled him up, and he had the sagacity to lie partly over on one side, and not to struggle, while the man slipped over the crupper, and gained firm ground; with the assistance of his companions he hauled the horse out, by the strong hide bridle. Had he galloped into this place, he must inevitably have lost his horse, and probably his own life. Our guide appeared to be a very stupid fellow, often leading us over places, which although affording good footing for a pedestrian, suffered our beasts to sink in half way to the girths, and we were obliged to threaten him with an application of the *lasso*, before we could induce him to select the path with care. After crossing this moor, we came to a cultivated, but much broken country; most of the smaller hills present a very singular appearance, the sides being occupied by a succession of terraces, so regular as to appear the work of art, which there is good reason to suppose they are. The purpose of their formation seems to have been, to extend the surface of arable land, and probably to prevent the soil from being washed from the sides of the hills by the rains. Many of them are now cultivated, and present a singular and beautiful appearance.

At 4, in the afternoon, we stopped at a little cluster of houses, the name of which I do not recollect, to pro-

cure fresh beasts, the sorry ones we took at Canar being completely knocked up. After leaving this place we crossed a ridge, the summit of which is composed of basaltic rocks of a very regular columnar structure: one fragment I recollect particularly, which was so large and was terminated by so regularly conical a top, that until I approached very near it, I could not persuade myself that it was not a small watch tower. We had been detained so long at the place where we changed beasts that it was 8 o'clock in the evening before we arrived in Cuenca. The streets were filled with processions, and fireworks were burning in different parts of the city, in honor of some festival of the church, what it was I do not recollect, but it gave the city a very gay and lively appearance. While I was in Cuenca I was entertained with much hospitality by Col. H——, an Irish gentleman formerly in the service of Colombia.

CHAPTER IX.

Cuenca.—Treasure found.—Axi.—Flour Mill.—Musical Instrument.—Bull Fight.—Brandy Drinking.—News.—Excursion to Chollabamba.—Curious Custom.—Hot Springs.—Soldier and Nun.

The city of Cuenca was founded in 1537, by Gil Ramirez Davalos. It is situated Lat. 2° 53′ 49″ south, Long. 81° 30′ west of Cadiz. Although so near the Pacific ocean, strictly speaking, it is on the eastern side of the ridge of the Andes. The river which washes the eastern and southern sides of the town, is a tributary of the great Amazon. Cuenca contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are Indians. It has four or five large churches, but none of them are equal in magnificence to those of Quito ; there are also about as many convents well filled, and plenty of friars are seen in the streets. The priesthood are said to possess a great share of their ancient power and influence in the city. There is a college here which formerly belonged to the order of the Jesuits ; at present it is at an exceedingly low ebb. A curious circumstance happened in this college while I was in Cuenca, which was the subject of much wonder and conjecture among the inhabitants. One of the superiors of the college, and the Prefect of the department were examining one of

the walls of the college, which are made of *adobes* or mud bricks, in relation to some repairs which were needed, when, in a place where the plaster had peeled off, they discovered a wooden box imbedded in the substance of the wall. They immediately procured a laborer, and having dug out the box, found it to be full of dollars; report said it contained between four and five thousand. Having divided the prize, and rewarded the laborer, they enjoined on him secrecy, for fear the government might put in a claim to the treasure; but the story leaked out the next day. Whether it was ever claimed by the government I do not know. Various conjectures were afloat, concerning the time and manner of the treasure being placed in the wall; the most reasonable seemed to be, that it was hidden there before the expulsion of the Jesuits.

The city is built on a gentle declivity and is nearly surrounded by streams; the houses are constructed after the same fashion of those of Quito, mostly of mud bricks; the streets are paved. In the centre of the *Plaza mayor* or great square, where the market is held, is a handsome fountain made of porphyry; it is now dry and serves as a public shrine of the goddess Cloacina. To the south-east of the city, on the opposite side of the river, is an extensive plain, regularly divided by inclosures, and in a high state of cultivation; there are many peach, apricot, fig, apple and pear trees, &c. scattered over it, a large number of which were then in blossom, and although it was the dry season, the whole presented a delightful and refreshing prospect. Cuenca is situated at an elevation of a little more than six thousand

feet above the level of the sea. The climate at this season, is much more agreeable than that of Quito: in the winter season, the storms of wind and rain are said to be more violent than in that place; in the dry season there are occasionally light frosts.

Bread, vegetables, meat, and poultry are extremely cheap and abundant, and of a finer quality than I have seen in other parts of the Ecuador. The quantity of *axi*, or red pepper, consumed here is almost incredible: it appears to be used rather as an important article of food, than as a condiment; on going into the market place in the morning, twenty or thirty Indian women are seen sitting on the ground, with a heap of from one to two bushels of pepperpods before them, all of which is sold before night; every dish bears witness to its abundance; even an East Indian nabob would, I think, get enough of pepper in Cuenca; besides heating every gravy and sauce with it until they are equivalent to so much melted lava from their volcanoes, they make a paste of the bruised pods, and used it almost as freely as they would butter. To the excessive use of this vegetable, the leprosy, which is so common in this part of the country, is popularly attributed. I visited a flour mill, and notwithstanding the great water power afforded by the abundance, and rapid descent of the streams, the mill stone was making most sluggish and irregular revolutions; there was no hopper, and the Indian women, who were waiting to have their corn ground each as her turn came, put it into the hole in the centre of the stone by handfulls. There is no apparatus for bolting, the flour being all bolted in sieves worked by hand. I may

here remark, that notwithstanding the natural ingenuity of the natives, the mechanic arts are generally in a very rude state throughout the interior; the blacksmith's and joiner's work especially is extremely rough and clumsy; still, while in Cuenca I saw a guitar made by an old Indian, which, for elegance of workmanship, would have done credit to the most expert maker of musical instruments; on the belly of the instrument were the arms of the Mexican republic inlaid with different colored woods, so shaded as to produce the effect of the most skilful painting; around the edge of the guitar, both on its front and back, was a flowering vine, done in the same manner, with great taste.

On the 14th, was the feast of San Roque, which is celebrated in an inclosure in front of a chapel dedicated to the saint, at a short distance from the city, on the beautiful plain I have above described. I was told that there was to be a bull fight, and although I had no great relish for such revolting sights as Capt. Hall describes the bull fights of Lima to be, on the principle of seeing every thing, I determined to witness it, and found it a very different thing from what I had expected, and certainly not very exceptionable on the score of inhumanity; for the bull, or rather ox, is neither killed nor wounded. The whole sport (and a very stupid one it is,) consists in a few men both on foot and horseback, teasing the animal by waving their *ponchos* before him or pulling his tail, and then avoiding the plunges he makes at them in consequence, which did not appear to be very furious; indeed the first bullock which was brought into the ring, suffered himself to be pulled and teased without showing

any mark of resentment, and at last he was dismissed from the ring to make room for one of a less peaceful temper. No darts or sharp instruments or fireworks were used to provoke the animals, and if the diversion were stupid, it was at least free from the charge of the brutal cruelty which disgraces most of the exhibitions under the name of bull-fights. A few rude boxes had been erected for the accommodation of the ladies, who appeared hugely delighted with the sport. Most of the people either stood in the inclosure, or sat on the mud walls by which it is surrounded. After the diversion was over, we went with a large party of ladies to a little *neveria*, or ice-cream house: this is situated near the end of the bridge which joins the city with the plain, and as those who had been to the bull-fight crossed the bridge, we had an excellent opportunity of observing the grotesque and curious costumes of the various actors in the sports of the day; the devils, as usual, made a conspicuous appearance. One part reminded me of our Sunday school processions at home; the priests had procured a large number of the prettiest Indian girls that could be found, from the age of twelve to thirteen years, and dressed them in uniform white dresses, with a profusion of flowers in their hair: they marched in procession, and being neatly dressed, and having ruddy cheeks and sparkling black eyes, they looked exceedingly pretty. What part they performed in the ceremonies, I do not know, as I did not arrive at the chapel until the religious part of the performance was over and the sports had begun. I was here first initiated in a custom which I had never seen in any other part of the country, and

which I should indeed hope was limited to a very small section. Raw spirit, either the rum of the country, or Spanish brandy, is brought on the table with a single wine glass, which a lady or gentleman fills, drinks half the contents, and passes it to another of the company, (to a gentleman if it be a lady that fills, and to a lady if it be a gentleman) who is obliged to finish the remainder, and then possesses the privilege of calling on some one else, to fill and go through with the same ceremony; all this is so rigidly enforced, that great offence would be taken, if a stranger were to refuse swallowing the noxious potion. This drinking is sometimes carried to so great a height, that serious innovations are made upon the brains of both sexes. After being caught once or twice, I always sought safety in flight, when the bottle was introduced. After eating ice and drinking brandy, we returned to the city, and concluded the day with a dance at the house of one of the ladies of the party; waltzes, Spanish contre dances, and the peculiar dances of the country, amused us until a late hour.

On the 17th the agreeable companion of my journey left me, to return to Guayaquil. I had determined to remain for a few days longer in Cuenca, and in the sequel my stay was prolonged to nearly a month. On the day after the departure of my companion, news arrived in Cuenca, that the battalion Flores, consisting of four hundred and fifty men, quartered in La Tacunga, had mutinied, and after murdering their officers had sacked the town, and were on their march toward Guayaquil, plundering and burning as they went. I immediately determined to go to Guayaquil, but not a beast could I procure;

every body who kept mules to hire, refused to let me have them on some pretence or other; the true reason was that they were afraid the mules would fall into the hands of the soldiery, insurgent or loyal, it was no matter which, the mules would inevitably be lost if they fell into the possession of either. There was no remedy, and I resolved (making a virtue of necessity,) to await the result, and to amuse myself as well as I could in the mean time.

One day, in company with three or four gentlemen, I went to visit Chollabamba, an estate a few leagues from Cuenca, belonging to Senora G., a widowed lady at whose house I had often been in the city. Senora G. and her two daughters were at the estate during the harvesting, which was now going on. We were received in the most cordial manner, and pressed to stay to dinner. Dinner was served at about two o'clock, and consisted of a great number and variety of dishes, in which garlic, and red pepper, as usual, held prominent stations as condiments. I here observed a custom, which if not quite as disgusting and noxious as the rum and brandy drinking of which I have before spoken, was rather startling to my ideas of the fitness of things. We had been seated at table but a few minutes, when Senora G. cut a morsel from the meat on her plate, and extended it toward me on the point of a fork; I not understanding the motion, (for the Senora said nothing) hesitated what to do, when Col. H. who sat next me, whispered, that I must take it, eat the morsel, and return the fork; which I accordingly did, apparently with the best grace possible, although I must confess with considera-

ble repugnance. I soon observed another lady present a morsel from her plate, to a gentleman, who with many bows and smiles received it and ate it with much apparent *gusto*. A gentleman then paid the compliment to a lady, and so it went round, until a complete community of forks and viands was established. This was worse to me than all eating out of one dish would have been; but it was the custom of the place, and appeared to be held in the same light as the drinking of healths is with us, a compliment, and to have refused compliance with it, would have been to give offence to persons who had treated me with hospitality and kindness; I therefore complied without a symptom of disgust, and probably thus escaped being considered a boor. I have often remarked, that it is harder for the Colombians to forgive a slighting or disregard of their customs, or a breach of etiquette, than a much graver offence which involves neither of these. After dinner, the brandy bottle and the single wine glass were introduced, but the drinking was comparatively moderate. Cigars followed, of which both sexes partook.

Among the curiosities about Cuenca, are the hot springs, situated about three leagues to the north-eastward of the city. I made two visits to them; one in company with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and the other in company with one gentleman, a foreigner, for the purpose of giving them a more minute examination than I was able to do before. These springs issue from a sort of semicircular dyke, which juts out from the side of a small hill. This dyke appears to be wholly composed of Carbonate of Lime, in various states and forms. Masses of crystals are found;

but the greater part of the dyke appears to be composed of a soft, friable variety of the mineral. That it is obvious how this is formed, will be seen in the course of the description. The length of the dyke is about a quarter of a mile. It is about thirty feet broad at the base, about twelve feet broad at the top, and varying from twenty to thirty feet in height. The concavity of the semicircle looks toward the south. Running through the middle of the dyke or mound, is a longitudinal rift or crack, from one end to the other, of from six to eighteen inches wide. In some places it is five or six feet deep, and has the appearance of having been much deeper; but it has been filled up with what appears to be vegetable mould, or perhaps *detritus* from the mound. The sides of the rift are, in some places, covered with small, stalagmitic incrustations. The whole mass bears marks which leave no doubt, in the mind of the examiner, that it has been formed by a gradual deposite from water. In parts of the dyke where now no water issues, there are waves and indentations all over its sides, precisely like those near the main fountain, which are evidently of very recent formation. Along the course of the rift, at intervals, are a number of small springs, the temperature of which is 130° Fah. The largest fountain issues from a kind of subordinate dyke, which springs from the main one at a short distance from its free end. The spring here, appears at some former period to have divided, the larger portion going off at nearly a right angle, to form this subordinate dyke, while the smaller part carried on the deposition in the same direction with the general bearing of the mound.

This smaller dyke, which is about two rods long, and somewhat lower than the main one, has also a longitudinal rift through its centre, from the end of which, and near the base of the mound, issues a copious spring, which falls into a small circular basin. From the bottom of the basin, the water also bubbles up copiously. A thermometer, plunged to the bottom of the basin, or held in the stream where it issues from the rift, indicated 165° Fah. Immediately in the edges of the stream, as it issues from the rift, the granular deposite of which I have spoken, is very soft, hardly having as much consistence as chalk. As you recede from the stream the deposite becomes more firm; but to a considerable distance it preserves its fresh and recent appearance, showing its rapid formation. The indentations and waves consequent on its being deposited from running water, are here deeper than on the older parts of the dyke, where they have been partially smoothed by the action of the weather. A strong evidence that this dyke has proceeded gradually in its formation from the bottom of the hill, is, that these waves or indentations (which much resemble, in form, the ripple produced on smooth water by a slight puff of wind,) regularly decrease in distinctness, from the extremity where the spring issues, to the other which joins the base of the hill, at which latter place, although vestiges of them are perceptible, they are worn almost smooth. On the surface of the basin into which the main fountain is poured, a delicate pellicle of Carbonate of Lime is constantly forming, which the agitation of the water breaks into very small grains, some of which sink to the bottom,

while others are carried off by the stream, to be deposited in its course. This granular substance is, then, probably an aggregation of very minute crystals. Unfortunately, all the specimens which I brought away for more accurate examination, were lost by the stupidity of my servant, who, the day before I left Cuenca took them from my table and threw them into the river. Every stick, or leaf, or blade of grass, which is touched by the water of the fountain, is covered with a coating of the same substance. The soil, to the distance of a number of rods from the end of the mound, is covered with a thick crust, deposited from the streams which run from the basin, thus forming a foundation for a future extension of the dyke. The stream rising from the main fountain, can be seen at a considerable distance. The manner in which what appears to be a rift or crack has been formed, is obvious. It is the old channel of the spring, which has deposited these walls of Carbonate of Lime on each side of itself; the place where it opened, advancing with the progressive formation of the dyke. At the end of the main dyke is the second largest spring. This is of a considerably lower temperature than the great spring, (140° Fah.) and the deposite seems to go on languidly. It is probable that the channel of this spring became partially obstructed, and that it found for itself a new opening where the subordinate dyke springs from the main one. The abundance and rapidity with which the material is deposited, the fresh appearance of the parts of the mound to a considerable distance around the great spring, and the fact, that in the oldest parts, the waves and indenta-

tions made by the water can still be traced, not entirely effaced by action of the weather, are all strong proofs of the comparatively modern formation of the whole mass. The probability is, that the springs (before subterranean,) have burst forth in some one of the convulsions and changes to which these regions have been subject. I made inquiries from old citizens of Cuenca, if the dyke had increased much in length, within their recollection ; but I could gather no satisfactory information on the subject. The quantity of water discharged by the great spring in a given time, I had no means of ascertaining. The aggregate from the various springs, forms a brook of considerable size. The inhabitants of Cuenca use the waters of these springs as baths, for rheumatisms, and for the various cutaneous diseases to which they are much subject.

The productions of Cuenca and its vicinity, are similar to those of other parts of the Ecuador of the same elevation. The Cinchona, or Peruvian bark, grows in this province, but not in such abundance as to render its gathering and curing a source of emolument. The neighboring province of Loxa furnishes a large portion of the bark which is exported. The coffee of Cuenca is exceedingly fine ; but, although the inhabitants represent it as thriving well, and producing abundantly, so little attention has been paid to its culture, that it is scarce, and bears a high price.

Various and contradictory rumors reached Cuenca, from time to time, concerning the motions of the insurgents : now, that they had beaten the troops sent from Guayaquil to oppose them, then, that they were advan-

cing upon Cuenca ; which last intelligence put the city in a great ferment and uproar. Some of the inhabitants talked of flying to the country to secrete themselves and their valuables ; and I fully believe, had the rumor proved true, that the city would have been deserted before the insurgents were within a day's march of it. I cannot imagine how four hundred and fifty men, without leaders, could inspire such a panic in a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, a city, almost every house of which is a strong defensible post, and so constructed, that it would be impossible for such a number of men to fire it to any considerable extent, if a moderately vigorous opposition were made to them. There were in the barracks some three or four hundred stands of muskets, beside which, many of the richer inhabitants had guns of their own. Their fears were soon relieved by the arrival of a soldier of the battalion Flores, who had deserted from them as soon as he could, after the mutiny, and murder of the officers, to which he stated he had been a forced accessory. This man said that the object of the insurgents (most of whom were natives of New Grenada and Venezuela,) was to sack and burn Guayaquil, toward which they had bent their course ; then to possess themselves of some vessel in the river, and go to Panama, from whence they might easily return to their native country. The person who brought this information was a native of Cuenca, and had enlisted in the battalion, (on the discovery of an amour which he had with a nun in one of the convents,) to avoid punishment. After his enlistment, the nun was put in close confinement, where she gave birth to the

fruit of her transgression, which, according to the tenets here held, (I will not say of the Catholic faith,) is forever shut out from salvation. After the return of the man to Cuenca, I believe he was not molested. Happy for both of them was it, that there was no Inquisition to take cognizance of the offence.

The nuns in the convents here, make various ornamental works for sale, artificial flowers, embroidery, &c., as well as most delicious confectionary and dried fruit.

CHAPTER X.

Leave Cuenca.—Narrow Escape.—Snow Storm.—Cattle Feeder's Hut.—Meet Travellers from Guayaquil.—Forests.—Cascades.—Molleturo.—Horrible Roads.—Mountebanks.—Chalapud.—Fever and Ague.—Bivouac.—Bats.—Fording the Naranjal.—Naranjal.—Hospitable Priest.—Manuel and the Mule.—Voyage to Guayaquil.

On the 4th of September, I succeeded in obtaining mules to prosecute my journey toward Guayaquil, although the uncertainty concerning its fate, and the course which the insurgents had taken, still continued; such is the slowness of communication in this country. It was a lovely morning when I left Cuenca, and the beautiful wild flowers* in the hedges, glittered with dew in the light of the morning sun. At this elevation, the atmosphere has the freshness and purity which belong to mountain air, while the height is not so great as to render the air difficult to breathe, on account of its rarity. Consumption, which is common in Quito, is almost unknown in Cuenca. As I have before said, Cuenca is situated on the eastern slope of the Andes; the rivers which are in its neighborhood, being tributaries of the Amazon. The road, therefore, after leaving Cuenca, constantly and rapidly ascends for about two leagues,

* Principally Fuchsias, Alstrœmerias, and Salvias.

when you arrive at a kind of marshy *paramo*, studded here and there with small lagoons covered with wild fowl. This dreary expanse is full of deceptive bogs, into which the mules would often unexpectedly plunge so far as to require the aid of the muleteer, my servant, and myself, to extricate them. The wonted sagacity of these animals in bad roads seemed to be at fault here, and this was the only instance during my journey, in which I thought it safer to dismount than to ride. While passing this *paramo*, the baggage mule fell sick, and came to a full stop. The only way in which we could proceed, was for me to give up my saddle mule to carry the baggage, and myself mount the horse of the muleteer, he going on foot. This arrangement very nearly proved the cause of an accident, which would probably have put an end to my journeying. We were just leaving the marshy flat, and entering upon the ascent of a chain of hills above it. I was the last of the train in ascending a steep and narrow pass where there was room but for one at a time, with a steep hill rising on one side, and on the other nothing but a kind of parapet of earth, about a foot high, between the path and a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet. When we were about half way up, the foremost mule stopped, and the sick mule, which was next in front of me, being suddenly checked, slid back on my horse and forced him down the hill. In his struggles to recover a footing, his fore feet fell upon the extreme edge of the precipice, and, for a second, we were both hanging upon the very verge of destruction. I instantly reined him back with all my force, at the same time turning him toward the bottom

of the hill. He reared, and, whirling round, dashed down the path, not without some risk to my neck; but we were saved from the more rapid and fatal descent of the precipice. The poor animal appeared fully sensible of the danger he had escaped, trembling in every limb; and it needed some persuasion, before he could be induced again to try the path.

At about noon we arrived at the highest spot, which the road crosses between Cuenca and Guayaquil. The elevation is about thirteen thousand five hundred feet. This part of the way is considered dangerous at this season, on account of the snow storms. On the very summit, I observed one of those little mounds and rude wooden crosses, which are the perishable memorials erected in this country, over the grave of some unfortunate way-farer, who has either died or been murdered on the road. The muleteer said that here a gentleman, travelling from Guayaquil to the interior for his health, had perished in a snow storm the year before. The mist had been gathering round the sharp peaks of the mountains for an hour or two, and just after passing this grave, the sun became obscured, and the wind swept along in heavy gusts, bearing large flakes of snow. The miserable horse I rode was nearly jaded. I could hardly urge him out of a walk; and when the storm increased to a heavy and continued fall of snow, accompanied with a strong wind, I must confess I felt rather unpleasantly, and could not help asking the muleteer if he thought there would be a tempest. He answered cheerfully, that there was no danger of one, and that the snow would soon be over. Had I been riding a

strong, fresh beast, I should have been under no apprehension; but the prospect of encountering one of the terrible tempests to which these regions are exposed, with a horse weak and ready to drop with fatigue, was by no means pleasant. When we are conscious that we possess the power of struggling with danger with a reasonable chance of success, it possesses a pleasurable excitement; but when we know our own efforts can be of little avail, and that our means of resisting the threatened evil are totally inadequate, it may be viewed with calmness, but I cannot think the sternest soul can regard it with pleasure. If the reader think that I exaggerate the danger of these tempests, let him peruse Capt. Head's account of them as they occur in the *cordilleras* of Chili, or the accounts of the marches of troops across the *paramos* of New Grenada, during the wars of the revolution, when hundreds perished in a single night. On another pass in these same mountains, between Cuenca and Guayaquil, ninety out of about four hundred troops, perished in the snow a few years since.

As we descended, the storm moderated. The snow changed for rain, which, after a short time, ceased, and the sun shone out before his setting, as I arrived at the solitary hut of a herdsman, almost in the lower edge of the paramo, where I was to sleep. This was a mud-walled cottage, thatched with long grass. The door was so low, that I had to bend double in entering. On the mud floor, in the centre of the hut, was a fire, the smoke of which circled round the roof, seeking an outlet at any cranny it might encounter. Around the sides of the hut was a kind of divan of earth, to serve in lieu

of chairs; on a part of this I had my matress spread. I had, in Cuenca, provided myself with a well-stored basket, containing bread, cooked meats, ground coffee, sugar, &c., &c., which every traveller who has any regard to his own comfort, will do on this road, as between Cuenca and Naranjal, it is more difficult to procure provisions, than in less wild parts of the country: and let the traveller be careful, also, to have a good water-proof covering for his basket. As my eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity of the apartment, I saw, in the farther part of the hut, in a sort of niche in the wall, a number of earthen vessels of milk. This was a great discovery; and having bought some from the *patrona*, or mistress of the cottage, I had prepared a smoking bowl of coffee, when two travellers from Guayaquil arrived, weary, and drenched with rain. I invited them to partake of my supper, to which they were in no way disinclined, for they appeared to have brought no *viveres* of any kind with them; so, using the top of a trunk for a table, we made a very social and agreeable meal. My chance companions were small shop-keepers of Guayaquil, who had fled with their little stock of goods to Naranjal, and were now employing their time, until the disturbances should be over, in an excursion to Cuenca. They were very willing to communicate all they knew of the affairs of the low country, and confirmed the report that the troops sent from Guayaquil to oppose the insurgents, had been beaten. They said that a volunteer corps had been formed to defend the city, and that temporary fortifications had been erected at its northern end.

Great apprehensions were entertained, in case of an attack, that the blacks of the city would take part with the insurgents, against the whites. To guard against this, and to prevent all assemblages where any thing like concert or organization could be established among the blacks, an armed and mounted guard patrolled the streets night and day. Since the inhabitants of Guayaquil were on the alert, and resolved on defence, I had little apprehension for the result; and I slept with the full expectation of seeing my friends in Guayaquil with uncut throats.

Before sunrise the next morning, September 5th, the muleteer awoke me; and by the time the god of day was peeping over the eastern hills, I was mounted, and ready to proceed on my way. But my servant Manuel did not make his appearance, and I heard his voice in high altercation with the *patrona*, inside the hut. I called him, and asked what he and the *patrona* were quarrelling about. "Oh, Sir, she wants another rial to pay for the pipkin." "To pay for the pipkin! what does that mean?" "Why, Sir, she says that I left the pipkin on the floor, and the dog has stolen it during the night. A wonderful dog, to steal earthen jars! But the *patrona* may go to the d**** before I will pay her:" and with this magnanimous resolution, Manuel proceeded to mount his horse. The *patrona* now came out of the hut and appealed to me in the most moving manner: her beautiful new jar gone, gone forever. What a contrast to the lovely Kate of Colraine, this withered crone formed! But I could not help humming, "'Twas the pride of my dairy." To quiet matters, I gave her the

additional rial, and proceeded on my way. As I turned from the herdsman's cottage, I cast my eyes over a romantic and beautiful scene. The hut was situated at the head of a deep and narrow, wooded valley, which appeared to stretch far down toward the low country; and in the bottom of which the white mist still lay in a fleecy cloud, not yet reached and disturbed by the rays of the newly-risen sun, which, higher on the sides of the valley, were reflected from the dense foliage, still wet with the showers of the preceding evening. A tall cliff thrust its naked front from the thick woods, as if to take a stride into the valley, and assert the dominion of the giant mountains from which it sprung. The lowing of cattle and the chirping of birds mingled harmoniously with the faint and far-off roaring of the torrent in the dell below.

> "But who the melodies of morn can tell?—
> The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,
> The lowing herd, the sheep-fold's simple bell,
> And pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
> In the lone valley."

I believe that the sight of forests is peculiarly congenial to the taste of a North American. I gazed with almost rapturous delight, on the expanse of foliage spread before me, as far as the eye could reach. I had seen nothing like a forest for about six weeks, and the sensation was like that produced by seeing the land, after having been long at sea. With it, was mingled an elastic, bounding feeling of recovered liberty, as I emerged from the confines of the immense mountains by which I had of late been surrounded. But I must push

on; and, setting spurs to my now fresh horse, I rode rapidly along the fine, terrace-like road which is cut in the face of the hill on the south side of the valley.

The ride of to-day is altogether one of the most interesting and beautiful which I have ever seen. Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of the hills and valleys. Every one of the latter has a tumbling, rapid stream running through it. Some of these streams form cascades. One, in particular, I took notice of, for its singularity and exceeding beauty. At a sudden turn in the road, I found myself within ten yards of the cataract, which is formed by a large brook. The first fall is over a smooth, perpendicular cliff, of about a hundred feet high. The sheet of water is unbroken until it reaches the base, where it is at once dashed into a tumultuous mass of foam. The water, after running a few yards, finds temporary rest in a large, deep, natural basin, worn in the rock, and overhung with flowering shrubs* ; and, eddying round here for a moment, it darts off to take another and a deeper plunge. The second fall, although much higher than the first, is not, like that, perpendicular and unbroken; but the water leaps along from ledge to ledge, dashed into a stream of foam, by the numberless projections of the rocks. This succession of falls I judged to be between four and five hundred feet high ; but the growth of wood in the ravine is so thick, even up to the very face of the cascade, that the eye, after tracing the streak of foam for a long distance, loses it among the foliage, apparently about half way down. In the rainy season this fall

* Fuchsiæ Andromedæ Befariæ.

must be very grand. The stream, now a large brook, is undoubtedly swollen to two or three times its present size. Just in the edge of the basin, near the foot of the upper fall, we forded the brook.

At about noon I arrived at Molleturo. Here is a house for travellers, not a tavern, but an untenanted house in which travellers can take shelter. Near it stands a small and miserable church, but no other house, of any kind, was in sight. As it was absolutely necessary to procure a fresh beast before going any further, I stopped and dismounted, while the muleteer went to summon the *Alcalde* of the settlement, which consists of a few houses scattered about among the hills. He accomplished this by ringing the bells, which were suspended on a kind of gallows in front of the church. In about a quarter of an hour an Indian appeared, bearing the badge of *Alcalde*, a long staff with a silver head. As I was to pay the muleteer so much for transporting me to Naraujal, I left him to treat with the *Alcalde* as best he could. The mule was not procured until near night; and as the next stopping place was more than four leagues distant, I determined to sleep at Molleturo, and by making an early start, arrive at Naranjal, fourteen leagues distant, the next day.

September 6th. I was on my way this morning, long before day-light, as the muleteer had warned me to expect bad roads, and fourteen leagues is a very long stage, even when the roads are what they call good in this country. About 10 o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Chagal, which is merely a miserable *tambo*, or hut, built for the accommodation of travellers. It is

commonly the first stage from Naranjal, when the roads are at the best. I here bade adieu to the fine, terrace-like roads of the middle range of mountains, and entered upon the almost impracticable paths of the first or lower range. This road is considered one of the worst in the Ecuador. It leads through forests which have remained untouched by the axe, since the discovery of the country, and which, from their proximity to the boundless swamps which surround the mouth of the river, and the gulf of Guayaquil, are continually enveloped in the exhalations from them; and even at this, the dry season, each morning and evening a fine and drizzling rain takes the place of the mist. The hill called La Chalapud, had been mentioned to me as the most difficult on the road; and on inquiring from the muleteer, if one that looked much steeper and more difficult than any we had passed, were the Chalapud, I received the consoling answer of a negative, with the information that the Chalapud was much worse. On we floundered, through mud and briars, over rocks and roots of trees, at every step meeting some new obstacle which I imagined was worse than any we had before encountered.

A little after noon, we met various muleteers conducting a train of mules loaded with boxes, bales, and trunks. "To whom do these belong," said I. "To some of your countrymen, Senor, who have come from Guayaquil." "My countrymen! then Guayaquil has probably fallen into the hands of the insurgents." But not a particle of information could I extract from the Indians, except that the owners were my countrymen, and had left Guayaquil two days before, and were going

to Cuenca. I therefore hastily pushed on, and soon met the persons to whom the baggage belonged; who, instead of being my countrymen, were a party of French mountebanks, going with all the paraphernalia of their trade, to exhibit in Cuenca. My first question was concerning the fate of Guayaquil; and I learned, that although the insurgents still threatened, vigorous measures had been taken for its defence, and that the city was probably by this time in a state of tranquillity. The poor mountebanks were in a woful plight, having just passed the dreaded Chalapud, where, by the advice of their guides, they had dismounted, and stripping their lower extremities, had ascended on foot. They were still without their nether garments, but, in their place, wore a very accurately-fitting film of mud. They assured me that to descend without dismounting, was absolutely impossible, that I should certainly be killed if I attempted it, and much more to the same effect; but I determined to run a great deal of risk, rather than submit to the operation they had undergone. It was indeed a road which would have been appalling to one unaccustomed to travelling in Colombia; but I was partially initiated, and having great confidence in the goodness of my mule, rode on, determined to try it. The road is winding, and consists of a succession of short, steep descents, diversified by occasional sloughs, which might well be called "sloughs of despond," into one of which Manuel was thrown rather unceremoniously, by the bursting of his saddle-girths at the top of one of these short hills, by which means he took a flight over the head of his beast, and found a soft resting place in

the mud at the bottom. He, however, received no injury, and the damaged girths were soon repaired. And now came the worst place over which we were to pass. This is one of the short descents I have mentioned. It is covered with loose sand; and is so steep, that the only mode in which the mule can descend in safety, is by putting her fore feet together, sitting on her haunches, and in this manner sliding to the bottom. Walking is out of the question. In ascending this place, the mules are unloaded, the baggage is drawn up by ropes made of hide, and the mules are assisted to ascend in the same manner. On the right of this narrow, steep, and slippery path, is a deep ravine with almost precipitous banks, and at the bottom of the slide is a slough, by no means to be despised. I waited until the baggage mules had descended in safety, determined to leave nothing behind me, which might perchance hasten my descent by sliding or rolling over me; then, directing my servant not to commence his flight until I had accomplished mine, away I slid, and in a second was floundering in the slough below. My mule, though very strong and spirited, was small; and on plunging so suddenly into the quagmire, made an effort to extricate herself, which had nearly precipitated us both into the ravine close to whose edge we were. I quieted her by speaking, and then, gently encouraging her, she extricated herself foot by foot, and gained firmer ground.

The excessive fatigue of descending these abominable passes (which, by the way, is far greater than that of ascending) together with the dampness of the atmosphere, brought on, at about four in the afternoon, an at-

tack of my old enemy, the ague and fever, with so much severity, that I found myself utterly unable to proceed to Naranjal, from which we were distant about five leagues. Having intimated this to the muleteer, he said, that there was a cave in which we might take shelter for the night, about half a league distant. On arriving at the cave I found it was nothing more than a flat rock at the foot of an immense *Bombax* or *Balsa-wood* tree, in which there was a small hollow, and whose thick branches and leaves afforded a partial shelter from the fine rain which now began to fall. But I could not have ridden my mule a league farther, had there been no shelter at all, and in spite of the myriads of mosquitos, gnats and ants which I saw swarming about, I prepared to make this my lodging. The tree stood at the top of a steep woody bank, below which there was a strip of flat land bordering on a rapid stream ; the muleteer here put his cattle to graze, and then with the help of my servant, constructed a rude shelter of boughs, which by the aid of my two *ponchos* was rendered nearly impervious to the rain. Having kindled a fire they prepared some coffee, of which I took a cup, and then cast about, for the means of protecting myself against the gnats, mosquitos and ants ; my feet and legs were sufficiently protected by the water proof *cauchouc* pantaloons which I wore ; my hands I shielded by thick leather gloves, and drawing down the cuffs of my riding coat so as to overlap them, secured them by strings ; then taking a silk handkerchief, I cut holes in it for my eyes and mouth, and tied it over my neck, face and ears, putting my straw hat on, to retain it in its place. I thus set the in-

sects at defiance, but nearly suffocated myself in doing it. Before I was able to sleep, night had fallen for some hours, and the mist and rain gave place to a cloudless moonlight sky, of which I caught an occasional glimpse through the tops of the trees. The deep silence of these great forests was only broken at long intervals by the cry of some nocturnal bird; all was solemn and sombre; the dank foliage hung in dark, shapeless masses above my head; the air was disagreeable with exhalations from the mass of dead and decaying vegetable matter with which the ground was covered, heavy and oppressive as those of a charnel house; the rank and unwholesome luxuriance of the vegetable productions seemed to have driven all animal life, except the noxious and loathsome, from its boundaries, and I longed for morning to enable me to fly from a place where I felt that every breath I drew was laden with poison. Much of this feeling was undoubtedly owing to the fever under which I was laboring, but the appearance of the forests by daylight, will almost justify the character with which my imagination invested them. As I have before said, they are almost continually enveloped in mists, which, morning and evening, degenerate into rain; these cause a luxuriance and rankness of vegetation, which I have hardly seen even on the flat lands; the trees are covered with moss, and innumerable parasitic plants; not a bird is to be heard or seen, as if the ever-weeping branches would afford them no shelter; even the monkeys, which are to be found numberless in the pestilential mangrove swamps, shun these abodes of silence; and desolation reigns undisputed.

When the muleteer in the morning brought his beast from the place where they had been grazing by the side of the stream, I observed that they were covered with blood, which flowed from four or five wounds in their necks and sides, into which you might have thrust the end of your finger. The muleteer, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that the wounds were caused by an enormous bat which abounds in these woods, and which he described as having an extent of wing of at least three feet; he said they were never known to bite man, but that they sometimes collected in such numbers on the body of the beast, as to kill it; which I can well believe, for our poor animals appeared weak and exhausted for the loss of blood.

Soon after leaving our *bivouac*, we were obliged to ford a branch of the river Naranjal three or four times; the muleteer said the stream was a good deal swollen, unusually so for the season of the year, and it was with the greatest difficulty my little mule could stem the current; once, indeed, she lost her footing, and was in imminent danger of being swept down the stream, when just as I was on the point of abandoning her, to make the best of my way to the shore, I felt that her fore feet were on the ground, and in a moment more she had gained the bank. A floundering ride of about four hours extricated us from the hills, and we emerged on a flat, dry alluvion, where the character of the forest changed entirely; beautiful and stately palms shot up here and there, the songs of birds were heard from the trees, among which the melodious note of the *oriole* was plainly distinguishable, the sun shone warm and pleas-

ant through openings in the forest, and all nature seemed rejoicing in his morning beams. Two hours more of rapid and pleasant riding, brought us to the little village of *Naranjal*, or orange grove, probably so called on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, for not an orange tree that I could discover grew near the place.

I was received with the most cordial hospitality by the curate of Naranjal, to whom I had a letter of introduction: he was a very young man, I should judge not more than twenty-one or twenty-two years old; he was educated at the college of Popayan, and seemed to possess a very unusual share of intelligence and information for one of his order in South America. Just as I arrived, the post came from Guayaquil, and letters were received by the worthy curate announcing that the insurgents had retired, and the city had regained its tranquillity. My first care was to procure a bunque to transport myself and baggage to Guayaquil, which after a good deal of trouble I accomplished, by means of the mediation of my host. The boat was to start the next day, as soon as the tide served, which I afterward found meant after mass, as it was a holiday.

Naranjal is a little village of about a hundred and fifty inhabitants, built round an open square; the houses, like all those of the villages in the flat country, are wooden frames covered with split bamboo and thatched. Like all the settlements near the mouth of the river Guayaquil, it is extensively engaged in smuggling spirit from Peru, which is carried into the interior. The inhabitants are nearly all mulattoes, and in the evening, when they were all collected in the square,

and engaged in dancing and other pastimes under the light of a brilliant moon, until near midnight, I could not help observing the strong contrast between their tall, graceful, athletic figures, their merry games, and joyful ringing laugh, and the abject carriage and mournful demeanor of the poor Indians of the interior.

There are extensive plantations of *cacao* about Naranjal, but it is considered of an inferior quality to that growing higher up the river Guayaquil; and as in other places, owing to its depreciation in price, many of the plantations have been abandoned. In the evening, as I was straying about the village, amusing myself with observing the various groups scattered here and there, and answering the courteous salutations with which I was greeted when I passed any one, I happened to take the path that led to the forest which on one side comes close to the village; after proceeding a little way, my steps were arrested by voices calling after me, and, turning round, I saw two women following me, running and beckoning me to stop; I accordingly did so, and found that they had followed me for the benevolent purpose of warning me not to go into the forest, which they said abounded with venomous snakes that were particularly dangerous after nightfall. Thanking them for their kindness, I returned to my host, who assured me that there was abundant reason for the caution I had received.

The curate warned me that it would be necessary to keep a sharp look-out for my boatman, who as he expressed it was, *un gran picaro*, a great rogue. Accordingly, the next morning, when he came to get part of the hire of his boat, on pretence of buying provisions

for his voyage, I made him buy the provisions in my sight, and bring them to the house of the curate, where they were left under the care of my servant; an arrangement by no means pleasing to master Pedro the boatman, who had doubtless counted on getting an *escudo*,* to make merry with for the holiday, by which means I should have been detained another day. Finding that I would give him no money on any pretence, and that in case he would not start before mass, I should go in search of another boatman, Pedro prepared to depart for the place of embarkation, distant about three leagues from the village. Having secured the principal, whom I determined I would not trust a minute out of my sight, I thought I might permit the two assistants to remain and hear mass, which in truth was rather making a virtue of necessity, for I could not help it.

Just as we were leaving the village, a ludicrous circumstance occurred, which I will relate, as showing in a strong light the sagacity of the mule. As I was preparing to depart, I was attacked by an ague, but determined to proceed, as the road to the place of embarkation was represented as being good; the horse which my servant Manuel had ridden the day before, was an easy, ambling beast, and I therefore directed the muleteer to put my saddle on him, and let Manuel ride my mule. It was always my custom to see every thing and every body prepared and mounted before mounting myself, so as to leave nothing behind; this is what I would recommend to every traveller in this

*Escudo eighth part of a doubloon, value a trifle more than $2.

country, unless he makes up his mind to lose many things. To-day, I had an additional reason for bringing up the rear myself, for I feared Pedro would give me the slip. Many of the villagers had collected in the green open square, to see us depart; the baggage was all loaded, and every body mounted, except Manuel and myself: I directed him to mount and follow the cavalcade, while I made my adieus to the good curate; but no sooner had the poor fellow seated himself in the saddle, than the mule dashed off, kicking and plunging in a most furious manner, which soon resulted in leaving Manuel sprawling at full length on the grass, fortunately uninjured. Shouts of laughter now arose from the spectators, and many a gibe had poor Manuel to undergo for his bad horsemanship. Mount, again, Manuel and cling tighter this time; and do you hold the mule and help him, said I to the muleteer, who led up the vicious beast, which had stopped the moment she had dismounted Manuel, and now stood with half-shut eyes and drooping head, the very picture of patient gentleness. With the assistance of the muleteer, the poor fellow was again seated in the saddle, but no sooner had the former quitted his hold of the bridle than *mula* dashed off again, renewing her kicks and plunges with greater violence than before; Manuel sate somewhat longer this time, but ere the animal had reached the opposite side of the square, he was again prostrate, but happily, again uninjured. He now came toward me, beseeching me not to make him ride that "devil of a mule," he would rather walk to the boat. I told him he should have his horse again, I would ride the mule.

The crowd now gathered around, and I took notice of many a wink and whisper passing among them, signifying that *el Yngles* was to have a fall for their amusement, but fortunately they were disappointed; for the mule trotted off with the utmost quietness, doubtless remembering the long spurs I wore, which on a former somewhat similar occasion, I had applied with the most salutary effect to her refractory carcass.

We soon arrived at the boat, but did not get under way until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, owing to the delay of Pedro's two assistants. At last, however, we were off, and after a great deal of trouble in getting the boat out of the shallow creek in which she lay, fairly afloat in the river Naranjal, and approaching the Guayaquil (into which the former disembogues nearly opposite Puna) as fast as a strong current and two very lazy oarsmen would urge us. The Naranjal is a stream much like the Balao, which I have before described, except that the latter has a bar at its mouth, which prevents the tides of the gulf of Guayaquil from affecting it, and keeps the water fresh, nearly to its mouth; while the Naranjal, free from any such impediment, has a regular flow and ebb of the tide, and is brackish for some miles from its mouth.

A little after sun-down, we emerged from the Naranjal into the Guayaquil, and found a fresh breeze blowing directly down the river. The large, square sail of the bunque, and her shallow keel, were ill adapted for beating to the windward, and we made no headway against the ebb tide. I insisted upon their taking to their oars, when the boat grounded upon a long shoal which lies

near the middle of the river. I have no doubt that the rogue, Pedro, ran the boat upon the sand, to avoid rowing. The wind blew quite fresh, and in this shallow water made a good deal of sea, which tore off the miserably constructed rudder of the *bunque*, while the boatmen were making sham efforts to get clear of the shoal. I was rather glad of this, as it was some punishment for their roguery. The small canoe which we had in tow, was now dispatched in quest of the rudder, which was fast drifting away on the tide. After it was picked up, it appeared very doubtful if the man in the canoe would be able to regain the bunque, in the face of wind and tide; but after more than half an hour of hard struggling, it was accomplished. It was now as dark as it could be with the moon in the heavens. A heavy mist shut out the land from our view, and nothing could be seen but the dark and troubled waters around. The tide had fallen so much, that all attempts to push off the boat would now have been unavailing. Nothing could be done until the tide rose so as to float us. The wind increased, and when the flood-tide began to make so as to oppose it, caused such a swell, that one man was constantly employed in bailing out the water which dashed in. I never passed a more dreary, dismal, uncomfortable night. I had heard stories of travellers being robbed and thrown into the river, by these boatmen; and I examined my pistols, and tried to keep them from the water, and loosened my short, straight sword in its sheath. The boatmen, however, seemed more inclined to sleep than to molest me; and when, toward morning, I found the boat afloat, I had to rouse

them, and exhort them to row. We went but a short way with this tide, as it was nearly full before we floated, and we soon came to anchor. The next tide carried us as far as *Punta Piedra*, or Rock Point, a little more than half way between the mouth of the Naranjal and Guayaquil. On the morning of the 10th, the shipping in the river, the tall palms, and airy balconies of Guayaquil again greeted my view. Every thing wore an air of bustle, mingled with some little confusion; and I imagined every man I met looked as if he had just escaped having his throat cut. A few grave faces were to be seen among those who were under the suspicion of government, of having joined in a conspiracy for its overthrow. A hundred tongues were ready to give me as many versions of the recent events; and a listener who had arrived from a direction opposite to the scene of action, was a valuable acquisition. I cannot say that I lost many buttons during the various long narratives I heard, for I was in general a willing listener to all, from the pompous stories of the present governor of the Gallapagos islands, Mr. V———l, (who was commander of the volunteer corps for the defence of the town,) of what he would have done had the enemy advanced, to the softer strains of the Senoritas, relating their dire alarms, and the many troubles to which they had been subjected, by the near approach of "grim-visaged war."

As the accounts I heard, tallied with each other in most of the important particulars, and I subsequently gained information from other sources, I was enabled to draw up an account of the affair, which may be relied on, as nearly correct. This may perhaps not be unin-

teresting, as it affords a fair specimen of the occurences of a like nature, which have taken place since the revolution, in almost all parts of liberated South America, and as giving some idea of the state of *energy* which exists in the constitution of society in this part of the world. But this in another chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Insurrection of the Battalion Flores.—Summary Banishments.—Insurgents Defeated.—Executions.—Arrival of the Falmouth.—Departure of the Falmouth.

The negociations concerning disputed territory, between the Ecuador and New Grenada, had terminated in a declaration of war by the latter, and the former was apparently making preparations to meet the troops of Gen. Obando in Pasto, which was the principal bone of contention. Gen. Flores had actually dispatched most of his troops in that direction; all the troops that remained, were a few recruits in Guayaquil, amounting to about three hundred men, and the battalion Flores, consisting of about four hundred and fifty men, of which I have spoken as being quartered in La Tacunga when I was last there, on the third of August. This battalion was composed of about two hundred and fifty veteran soldiers, chiefly natives of New Grenada, and about two hundred recruits. The battalion Flores had the character of being the worst disciplined, and most licentious corps in the service. There were several causes of dissatisfaction combining at this time to produce the fatal results which soon followed. By the recent decla-

ration of war, the veteran part of the battalion [which, as will be seen, was the soul of the conspiracy] expected soon to be opposed to their own countrymen, on behalf of a people whom they affected to despise, and almost to consider in the light of a conquered nation. Another, and perhaps greater, cause of discontent was, that their pay was far in arrear, and what little was doled out to them from time to time, was paid in Popayan rials, a base coin which the government had bought up at half its nominal value, and paid to the troops at its full ostensible value. At no time do they receive more than half pay, either in money or rations [the other half being paid in government paper or obligations, which not being then receivable at the custom-house, were worth absolutely nothing] so that by this system of base coin, they actually received less than one quarter of their pay: at this time they received no rations, it being the money-making policy of the government to force as much of the base coin upon the troops as possible. The colonel of the battalion was an old Spaniard, who had made himself extremely obnoxious to them by some severe acts, particularly by the execution of a soldier near Bodegas, on a former march; this was awfully avenged afterward. Added to all this, there were undoubtedly visions of rich plunder seducing them. Their purpose was, to murder the most obnoxious of their officers; to plunder all the towns on their way to Guayaquil, and there, either by threats or actual force, to obtain a vessel in which to transport themselves to Panama. How far they succeeded will be seen in the sequel.

A sergeant in the battalion, a mulatto, by name Pa-

reles, was the ringleader of the conspiracy, which broke out at about 10 o'clock on the night of the 12th of August. Near half the battalion proceeded to the quarters of Col. Lopez, seized and bound him, and placed him in close confinement: they then seized upon the other commissioned officers, with the exception of Major ——, who was an Irishman, and very popular with the soldiery, whom, it appears, it was their intention to spare. Poor fellow! he met his fate nobly, in the discharge of his duty. On hearing the tumult, he rushed from his quarters, and, perceiving there was a mutiny, called on the men to return to their duty. They warned him to retire, threatening to shoot him if he did not; he still persisted in recalling them to their duty, when Pareles, snatching a musket from one of the men, shot him dead. The mutineers then proceeded to the house of Col. Carreon, the Corregidor, our kind and hospitable host of a few days before; he had been paymaster of the troops while they were in La Tacunga, and they intended murdering him; he however had timely notice, and escaped on horseback; the soldiers plundered his house of every thing valuable. After this they plundered the inhabitants indiscriminately, and burnt a number of houses. During the night and the next morning, they deliberately murdered eight more of their officers, by shooting them in the public square.

In the night, most of the recruits deserted and returned to their homes, so that when they marched toward Hambato the next day, their number was reduced to about three hundred men. Nearly a hundred women accompanied them.

At Hambato the insurgents plundered and burnt, as they had done at La Tacunga. The *corregidor* fled when he heard of their approach, but was taken near the village, and was forced to ransom his life by the payment of a thousand dollars. Desolation marked every step of their progress: they plundered, burnt, and murdered, without opposition, until they arrived at *Palo-largo*, a short distance from Bodegas. At this place they shot Col. Lopez. At *Palo-largo* they were met on the 20th by Gen. ——, who had been dispatched from Guayaquil to oppose their progress, with two hundred and eighty men. The semblance of an engagement took place here; for after the first fire, Gen. —— turned and fled, and his officers and men followed him; though to the credit of the latter be it said, they ran but a little way, while Gen. —— stopped not until he arrived in Guayaquil, which he had left just forty-eight hours before. By his extraordinary speed in this expedition he gained himself the name of Gen. Carrera (Gen. Race). Before he left Guayaquil, the consternation of the inhabitants was great, for their confidence in his courage was not very firm, but when he returned the panic was greatly increased. The citizens embarked their families and effects on board vessels lying in the river, or sent the former to obscure places in the country; one large English brig had on board two hundred trunks, filled with the plate, jewels, and other valuable effects of the richest families in the city; probably to the amount of more than half a million of dollars. The merchants shipped all their goods ready to drop down

the river, whenever the insurgents should enter the town.

The white inhabitants of Guayaquil had really great cause for apprehension. There were whispers abroad, that a plan had been formed by the blacks to join the insurgents, and massacre all the whites. Whether such a plan were really on foot, it is impossible to say ; but two plots for rising upon the whites had been discovered within a few years, and the first intimation of such a thing put the whole city in a ferment. As I have before said, in addition to the defences which had been erected on the hills adjacent to the city, a volunteer corps was formed, which included, beside many of the inhabitants, most of the foreigners in the town : a horse patrol was established, which scoured the streets night and day, and an order was issued for no inhabitant, not on military duty, to leave his house after nightfall ; the smaller men of war were moved up, opposite the fort, to assist in the defence of the upper part of the town ; and in short all the means in their power were resorted to, for defence. The troops which Gen. —— had outstripped in flight, made a stand at *Tres Bocas*, near Samborrondon, and under the conduct of their two Captains, gave battle to the insurgents on the 24th. It is said that they made a good fight, and that their Captains fully retrieved their character for courage, which had been so strongly impeached by the flight at *Palo Largo ;* but they could not resist the veteran troops when they came to the bayonet, and were obliged to retreat, and fall back on the city.

The rebels now advanced within three leagues of Guayaquil, and sent a flag of truce to treat. They demanded a certain sum of money, and a vessel to carry them to Panama, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to burn and pillage the town. Their demands were of course refused; the defences were manned, and preparations were made to resist an immediate attack. The insurgents, finding their demands were not complied with, and probably learning that they would meet a vigorous resistance, and even if they should take the town, would find very little plunder, as all the valuables had been removed on board ship, made a retrograde movement as far as Daule, on the 2d of September, and striking to the north-westward, endeavored to gain the coast, with the intention of marching to Panama, from which place they might easily regain their native country.

When the news of the insurrection arrived at Quito, orders were immediately dispatched toward Pasto, to recall a troop of cavalry for the suppression of the disturbances. On the 5th of September, Gen. Flores arrived in Guayaquil; and the next day, Mr. P——, the manager of an extensive English mercantile house, was banished from the country at an hour's notice, and without trial or investigation of any kind. Many other gentlemen, and among them two or three North Americans, were denounced, one of whom, Mr. T——, formerly in the service of the Ecuador, was sent away also. The motives alleged for their banishment were, that they were engaged in a conspiracy to join the Ecuador to Peru, and had excited the battalion Flores to mutiny. The last part of the charge was utterly

ridiculous, and met not a moment's credit from any body. It was absolutely contradicted by every occurrence connected with the event. Mr. T—— brought the misfortune (if it could be so called) on himself, by his own imprudent and intemperate conduct and language, during the time the city was threatened. These alleged reasons for Mr. P——'s banishment, and for the threats held out to others, were based on conversations related by Col. ——, formerly in the service of the Ecuador, who had been dismissed from it for participation in Urdaneta's revolution. This man had been the intimate friend of Gen. Barriga, and during Gen. B.'s stay at Mr. P.'s house, he had often dined with him. Other foreigners were present, and the conversation naturally often turned toward the measures of the government, especially as regards the *estancos*, or monopolies; and they were undoubtedly censured as oppressive, and injurious to the commerce of the city. I have more than once been present at these conversations myself. This person (Col. ——) went with us from Guayaquil to Bodegas, when we commenced our journey to the interior; and he took this opportunity to suck treason from the conversation which then took place, and to denounce his best friend, Gen. Barriga. Happily, however, Gen. Barriga was too powerful and popular a man, and too necessary to Gen. Flores as a skilful soldier in the approaching war, to be banished. I heard the whole conversation, which took place in the boat; and, except some strictures on certain measures of the government, it was principally on subjects unconnected with politics. Nothing was said concerning the

powers that be, as harsh and severe as what is often published in every gazette in the United States; and as to plots, or treason, they were not breathed. Indeed, it would be a very extraordinary place for such things, on board a boat containing two or three passengers, who must necessarily be precluded from any participation in them, and having ten oarsmen, some of whom were natives, and must have understood all that was said. Col. ——, the denouncer, and the only real traitor among the party, failed in obtaining what he proposed to himself as the reward for his information, viz., readmission into the service with his former rank. To the credit of Gen. Flores be it said, he refused his petition for readmission, and the Col. gained, as his only meed, the detestation of all honorable and high-minded men in the community.

Gen. Flores returned to Quito on the 14th, and immediately banished Col. H., an English gentleman formerly in the service. If rumor could be believed, personal enmity had more to do with the banishment of Col. H. and Mr. P., than any suspicion of having plotted against the government; and that the pretended conspiracy was nothing but a cloak under which to gratify private revenge.

The cavalry under Col. Otamendi, which had been sent in pursuit of the rebels, came up with them on the 13th, after they had reached the coast at the bay of Caraques. The insurgents were most of them lying asleep on the beach, the cavalry came upon them unaware, hardly any resistance was made, and they were entirely routed in a few minutes. Many were killed on the

spot, and ninety taken prisoners. Col. Otamendi then marched toward Guayaquil, following the route which the insurgents had taken, shooting his prisoners in small parties, at the villages and towns where they had committed their outrages, until, when he arrived in Guayaquil, only twenty-three or four remained, who were all shot in a body, after a summary sort of trial. All executions here are by the musket. Common criminals, or such as are guilty of murder and robbery, are shot in front; those called traitors are shot in the back. As they marched through the city to the place of execution on the *savanna*, I saw the poor wretches. Their apathy and unconcern was astonishing. No one would have imagined, from their aspect, that they were on the point of making that last awful step, which leads from time to eternity, from the smiling earth to the cold and narrow grave. Many of them were smoking segars. Not a sign of blanching or terror could I mark on any of their faces; and even the joke and the laugh were bandied about. I did intend to witness the execution, and followed the procession, although with reluctance, nearly to the outskirts of the city; but before arriving at the appointed place, the thought that I was soon to see more than twenty of my fellow-creatures snatched forever from the pleasant light of day, by a violent and disgraceful death, grew so intensely painful, that I turned back and retraced my steps, lost in sad meditations on the havoc committed by man's ungoverned passions.

As soon as news arrived at Guayaquil that the mutiny had taken place, and that the insurgents were advancing on the city, letters were dispatched to Callao,

to the commander of the U. S. ship Falmouth, informing him of these occurrences, and requesting the presence of a man-of-war, for the protection of citizens of the U. States in Guayaquil. On the 20th of September the Falmouth arrived in the river, and anchored opposite the town. A person must have been in a foreign country during troublous times, to imagine the joy, the delight, with which we all hailed the stars and stripes waving majestically over guns manned by our own brave tars. To those who rail at our naval eslablishment as expensive and unnecessary, I say, go to a foreign country and witness the respect that is paid to our flag, the protection it affords to our trade and citizens. There is no doubt in my mind, that an U. S. merchant vessel, which arrived a few days before the Falmouth, would have been seized, on pretence of her having sold a barrel of bread, (which charge was utterly false, for she had hardly bread enough for her passage home,) and thus having infringed on the monopoly, had not the man-of-war arrived in the river.

Without entering into particulars, it will be sufficient to say that the representations of Capt. G., of the Falmouth, (there was no Consul in Guayaquil,) to the prefect, produced assurances that the rights of citizens of the United States, as guaranteed to them by the treaties of Colombia, would be respected. These were very different from the threats which had lately been made, of sending them out of the country in irons, &c., &c.

The arrival of the Falmouth seemed to infuse new spirit and life into all, both native and foreign. Balls were given on shore and on board ship. Parties were

made to hunt deer on the *savanna*, and shoot plover on the marshes. In the evening, music sounded from many a balcony, and fair forms mingled in the mazy dance; the cavaliers were devoted, and the ladies smiled. All appeared willing to forget past trouble in present enjoyment. The ship remained until the 29th of October; and when she sailed, many a regret followed her track, and many a kind wish was given to her gay and gallant officers and hardy crew.

While the Falmouth was in the river, more prisoners were brought in, who had been taken subsequently to the battle of Caraques. Among them was Pareles, the sergeant who excited the mutiny. They were all shot on the mole in front of the Custom House. A large number of women who had accompanied them, were shipped on board a government schooner in the bay of Caraques, and brought round to Guayaquil. They were subsequently sent to colonize the Gallapagos islands.

CHAPTER XII.

Before taking leave of Guayaquil, I propose to devote a part of this concluding chapter, to a general view of the political, moral, religious, social and commercial condition of the country.

All comparisons drawn between the United States and the South American republics, must be unjust, unless we take into consideration and give full weight to the different conditions of the two countries, before the yokes of their parent nations were cast off. Although our grievances were considered by the best and wisest men of the age, as weighty enough to justify our ancestors in periling their lives and fortunes in a struggle with the most powerful nation of the globe, to be rid of them, yet how far short did they fall of those suffered by the Spanish colonies. Among the heaviest of these may be mentioned the incapacity (until within a short time before the revolution) of any Creole or South American Spaniard, to hold any office in the colonial government, and what perhaps was by them considered a more weighty grievance, the prohibition of the culture of certain articles, such as the grape and the olive, that the wine and oil of Spain might suffer no competition in the market. Added to these,

were the prohibition of trade with any other country than Spain, until a late period, and a long list of exactions and impositions, more oppressive perhaps than any other colonies have ever labored under.

The progress of education was not checked in the British colonies of North America, but in Spanish America, although colleges and schools were established, they were entirely under the control of a bigoted priesthood, and all means of information were studiously withheld from the Creoles, (by Creoles I mean those of European descent born in Spanish America,) except those destined for the church or the law, and even to these, no books were allowed, except those strictly pertaining to their professions. No books were permitted to be brought into the country, but those which were specially licensed by the Spanish authorities, after having undergone a rigid inspection, to ascertain that they contained no heretical or antimonarchical doctrines. Restrepo in his history of the revolution of Colombia, says: "even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Spanish fiscal Don Alairino Blaya put a stop to public *theses* on arithmetic and geometry in Bogota, on the ground, that they were contrary to the enactments of the council of the Indies" says the same author. The Archbishop of Sta Fe de Bogota, Don Jaime Martinez Companon, an European Spaniard, obstinately maintained in the public meetings for the regulation of education, that the creoles ought not to be permitted to learn any thing but the doctrines of the Christian religion, to the end that they might remain submissive.

How different was the condition of the British American colonies, on the eve of revolution. The men at the head of that glorious struggle were sages as well as patriots, men of enlarged and disciplined minds, and who, as far as human foresight could, penetrated the future, and foresaw the consequences of the enterprize in which they were embarked. Still it is to the difference in the enlightened state of the mass of the people, and consequently in their morality, that we must look for the main cause of the different courses which they have pursued, since gaining their independence. To this difference is undoubtedly owing the almost unexampled prosperity of the one, and the miserable anarchy and confusion, which have for years past distracted, impoverished, and finally almost ruined the other.

I have already given a general sketch of the progress of the revolution in Quito and Guayaquil. The history of the revolution of other parts of Spanish America, is to be found in various works, not difficult of access. It will therefore be unnecessary to say any thing more on that subject. Since the accomplishment of its independence, this unfortunate country has been distracted by intestine commotions, to a most lamentable extent; and it is very problematical, whether the condition of the mass of the people has been at all improved by this event. These commotions have almost invariably been caused by the soldiery, acting under the guidance of some restless and unscrupulous officer, who hoped to place himself at the head of affairs; the mass of the people have really had very little to do with them, for it little matters to them who governs, all so far have

been nearly equally bad. Until some man of both extraordinary talents and virtue shall gain the ascendancy, the country has very little chance of permanent improvement.

The government, whoever has been at the head of affairs, has been sanguinary and severe without stability. Political offences have been punished in the most summary and remorseless manner; but he who one day gave forth the order for banishment or death, might, perhaps, the next, be made to undergo the same punishment, or be fleeing to escape it. All criminal trials are appallingly short and summary; execution follows close upon the heels of conviction, while the delay and uncertainty of all civil suits in Colombia has become a proverb.

As might be expected from the want of education, and from the example set by the greater portion of the clergy, the general state of morals, in those parts of Colombia where I have been, is bad. Profligacy which if it were known to be practised by a man in this country, would deprive him at once of his standing in society, is there made no secret of, and, being so common, excites no surprise or censure. Gambling is universal among the men of all ranks, and with the more wealthy, the play is often very deep. It is the common amusement of the laborers after the toil of the day is done, and in the *pulperias*, while a part engage in dancing with the women, others are amusing themselves by risking the earnings of the day, on the turn of a card. Drunkenness, as I have before remarked, is extremely rare

among the descendants of the Spaniards, although, the Indians and Negroes sometimes use spirits to excess.

Charity, to the poor, the sick, and the infirm, is practised with a zeal and warmth, which might be an example to many a community, which boasts a more moral and civilized state of society The gentler sex are the ministers of this heaven-born virtue, and it is a common thing to see a lady sending, from her own table, food to her sick and infirm pensioners. But the *Beatas*, or blessed women, are those who are most zealous in the work of clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and tending the sick. These women devote their lives and often their fortunes, to the work of alleviating the miseries of their fellow creatures, going about dispensing comfort and consolation, and shrinking not from any labour, if it can soothe the pain or raise the drooping spirit of the unfortunate. I believe their vows are only taken for a short time, to be renewed or not as they think fit, although after having once engaged in their charitable work, they generally continue as long as they live. They do not, like the nuns, dwell in communities, nor are they distinguished by any peculiarity of dress, except its perfect plainness, and the absence of all that ornament, in the use of which the women of Guayaquil are so profuse. Soon after my arrival in Guayaquil, I was in the country, and was suddenly attacked by a severe illness; one of the *Beatas*, who lived in the city, happened to be at the place, and she nursed me with a skill and care, which excited my liveliest gratitude, and which I am confident contributed not a little to my speedy recovery. Soon after, I went to see her in Guayaquil, and found

her spacious house filled with unfortunates, orphans, and infirm people, to the support and protection of whom, she devoted herself and the whole of her moderate fortune.

> " O woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain coy and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade,
> By the light quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

The Roman Catholic religion is of course the religion of Colombia, but foreigners are not molested in the exercise of any form of worship which they may prefer. In August 1811, the Congress of Colombia abolished the tribunals of the Inquisition, and in its stead, established an ecclesiastical court, to try offences against religion. The power of this tribunal only extends to Roman Catholics born in Colombia, and not to foreigners or their descendants, who are allowed a free exercise of their religion. Some offences against the church are punished with the greatest severity ; for instance stealing the slightest thing from a church, or from the ornaments of a saint, is always punishable with death, if the thief be detected. The practice of confession is said to be much on the decline ; very few men approach the confessional, probably not wishing to intrust the cleansing of their sins, to those who have been their companions and abettors in the commission of them. It is generally a matter of some difficulty, to obtain permission for the celebration of a marriage, between one of the ladies

of the country, and a heretic foreigner ; and they pretend to require the conversion of the heretic, before they will marry them, but a few ounces of gold generally allay all scruples. Of the character of the clergy generally, I have already spoken pretty fully. As a natural consequence of contempt for the ministers of religion, religion itself has fallen into contempt, and deistical opinions are widely prevalent among the men. This remark, and also what I have said concerning the confessional, must be understood to apply more particularly to the coast, than to the interior, where the clergy still possess a share of their ancient ascendancy.

According to Restrepo, the secular clergy of the Ecuador, in 1824, amounted to three hundred and nine individuals ; the regular clergy to five hundred and eighteen ; the nuns, novices and servitors to six hundred and sixty-three ; total belonging to the ecclesiastical establishment, fourteen hundred and ninety persons.

From what I have said of the manners and customs of the Guayaquilenians, it will be perceived that they are an eminently social people. Quick and vivacious in conversation, and generally without the least tinge of *mauvaise honte*, they render the most accidental and smallest *reunion* animated and pleasant. In the distinctions of society, great stress seems to be laid, in some cases, on colour, while in others it seems wholly disregarded : for instance, many families mingle in the highest grade of society, who bear strong marks of Negro blood having mingled in the current derived from their European ancestors ; while others, perhaps whiter and with fewer marks of the African, are excluded, and the reason

given is, that they are Negroes. It is a well known fact, that many families in the Spanish colonies, strongly tinged with Negro blood, obtained, long before the revolution, and at a great expense, decrees from Spain, declaring them white; and it is probable that it is in consequence of this curious custom of whitewashing, that many are considered white, who are darker than their neighbors, who are called Negroes.

The custom of having a foster mother to the children of the wealthy is very prevalent, and the attachment, which grows up between the child and its foster mother, and foster brothers and sisters, is generally very strong, the former, when arrived at sufficient age, protecting and helping these humble relations, while the zeal and fidelity of the latter, in the service of their more fortunate brother, is unchangable. Many affecting stories are told of the devotion of these persons to the families in which they have been reared. Owing to this custom of fostering and to the indolence of their habits, the wealthy Colombians are surrounded by a large number of dependants hangers-on, and servants, all of whom they treat with much kindness. Indeed I should judge the Guayaquilenians, to be generally very amiable in their domestic relations; great respect is shown to parents, and to the aged universally, while the tone and manner of addressing all their friends is particularly pleasing.

One of the most prominent features in the character of the S. American Spaniards, with whom I have been acquainted, is the almost universal disposition to procrastination; it runs through every action of their lives: if you

have an appointment on business, you may be sure that the person who has made it with you, will not arrive at the place of meeting until a considerable time after the hour appointed : if an excursion or a journey be planned, three or four days, after the day fixed on, are usually consumed in frivolous delays. So accustomed have those persons who furnish conveyances become to this trait in the character of their countrymen, that they consider such delay as a matter of course. I was once much amused, while treating with a muleteer for the hire of his beasts, by his asking me when I wished to set out, and on my replying to-morrow ; saying "but that will be the day after of course," I could hardly pursuade him to have his mules ready the next day, for said he, "when any body says he will go to-morrow, he always delays until a day or two after" ; in spite of all I had said I could perceive that the man could not be convinced I would be ready at the time appointed ; and when in the morning he came and found me prepared to mount, he manifested much astonishment. *Poco a poco*, (which may be translated, fair and easy,) is a favorite maxim with them, and they fully act up to it.

The population of those provinces which now compose the state of the Equator, was in 1810, according to Restrepo, six hundred thousand persons. There is reason to suppose that there has been little aggregate increase or decrease, although the Indian population has probably somewhat diminished. Of these six hundred thousand, one hundred fifty-seven thousand are calculate to be whites, three hundred and ninety-one thousand Indians, thirty thousand free blacks, mulattoes, &c.

and twenty-two thousand slaves. Of the white population I have already spoken. The blacks, mulattoes &c., both slaves and free, are the operatives and cultivators in the hot regions of the low country, while the Indians occupy the same station in the interior. A few more words in relation to this singular and interesting portion of the population (the Indians) may not be misplaced.

The cruelties inflicted by the Spanish conquerors upon the Indians, have been so often detailed, and the history of them is so familiar to every one who reads, that it would be useless to say any more about them. Our forefathers have something of the same sin to answer for, although it may perhaps be said that they were not so utterly remorseless and treacherous, and that they had a fierce and warlike people to deal with, in place of the mild, hospitable and pacific South Americans. Their present state is what I wish to consider. Most of those Indians living on the *haciendas* or estates, are as truly and as helplessly slaves, as the blacks on the sugar plantations, although were you to ask a Colombian, if any of the Indians were slaves, he would promptly answer in the negative. This occurs in the following manner. The wages of the Indians, who are attached to the haciendas, are fixed at about eighteen dollars a year; now this (after deducting the poll tax, which amounts to from $3 to $6 per year, on every male from sixteen to fifty years of age) will hardly supply them with barley-meal, which is almost their sole food. The manager or owner of an estate makes them small advances from time to time, for clothing &c., and

by this mean keeps them constantly in his debt, which if he can make appear, binds them by law to his service. In this way the Indians are as completely at the disposal of their masters, except that they cannot be sold, as if the possesion of them was by law vested in him. The Indian tribute or poll tax, of which I have spoken above, and which was imposed by their Spanish conquerers on every male Indian between the ages of sixteen and fifty years, was abolished by the Congress of Colombia, in all parts of their territory, except the now state of the Equator, at that time a part of Colombia. What was the reason of this repeal of the tax not extending to the provinces of the southern division of Colombia, I do not know.

Under the present government, the tax is levied in the same manner as under the Spanish dominion : to the *corregidores* is intrusted the collection of it, and in those cantons having a large Indian population, they manage to feather their own nests very comfortably, while serving the government. Sometimes the Indians prove refractory and refuse to pay the tax, pleading inability ; in this case they are very uncerimoniously and without process, taken and shut up in prison, where they might starve, if their relations did not bring them food. At the time we had our mules and muleteers shut up in prison in Alausi, to prevent them from running away during the night, we saw two or three of these poor creatures who were confined for refusing to pay the poll tax. In each canton, where there is any considerable number of Indians, is an officer having the title of Indian advocate, whose business it is to undertake

the defence of any Indians who may apply to him; and when one makes application, representing that he is unable through sickness or other inevitable cause to pay the tax, it is the advocate's office to inquire into the truth of his statement, and cause him to be liberated, if he show sufficient reason. But as these advocates are some of the most profligate and worthless men in the community, and in league with the *corrigidores*, the matter is almost always decided against the prisoner, and ends in some of his friends paying the demand for him, after he has spent some days in prison. Restrepo says that under the Spainish government the Indian tribute one year amounted to so large a sum as $213,089 in the presidency of Quito alone, (now the State of the Equator.) Riobamba and La Tacunga perhaps yield a larger sum than any other two cantons in the state.

As a whole, the Indian population is in a most abject state. I have more than once seen them kneel in saluting their masters. In most parts of the interior, the priests exercise a powerful influence over the Indians. They are exceedingly strict in requiring a punctual attendance at mass from them; a foreign gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood of Cuenca, told me, that he had many times seen corporal punishment inflicted in the church, by the priests, on the Indian men and women, and this not in the most decent manner, because they had failed in attendance at mass.

The physical constitution of this people is robust, and capable of bearing great fatigue. They travel over the mountains on foot, with surprising rapidity, and will accomplish a long distance in a day, far outstripping the

mules and horses. Where we have had occasion to send a messenger, I have been astonished at the short time they would consume in carrying a letter to a neighboring village, and in returning with an answer. Their stature is generally low. They have very large limbs, and their hands and feet do not possess the delicacy of those of the North American Indians; their feet, especially, are enormous. They have almost universally, a dejected, submissive expression of countenance, and are evidently mild and pacific in their characters, as history shows them to have been ever since they became known to the civilized world.

The dress of the men consists of coarse woollen pantaloons, a cotton shirt, and the universal *poncho*, with a broad flapped hat; all the manufacture of the country, with the exception of the shirt, which is sometimes of foreign cotton. Except on long journeys, nothing is worn upon the feet. In travelling, they sometimes use a coarse sandal made of undressed hide. Very often the dress consists of nothing but the pantaloons and *poncho*. The dress of the women consists of a petticoat reaching as high as the waist, a chemise of cotton with short sleeves, and a *poncho*, which last is often disposed on the shoulders as a shawl. The young Indian girls are generally very pretty; but hard labor, and their miserable mode of living, destroy their good looks very soon.

Of the ingenuity of the Indians in mechanical arts, I have already spoken; and although my opportunities of forming an opinion relative to their mental constitution and capacities, have necessarily been limited, I believe

they are a people who would rapidly improve and profit by means of acquiring knowledge and civilization. They have certainly none of that wildness and unconquerable attachment to a predatory and hunter's life, which appears so inherent in the North American savage.

Of the present commercial state of the country, what I have heretofore said in my account of Guayaquil, will give a correct general idea. With natural facilities for commerce, hardly exceeded by any port in South America, Guayaquil has sunk to comparative insignificance from a variety of causes, of which I have already enumerated the most prominent. This city is among the many evidences we have, that the greatest natural advantages cannot counteract the deleterious effects of internal commotions, and a disjointed and precarious state of society; and that a low standard of morals and education, are incompatible with a republican form of government. While the strong arm of Spanish dominion was extended to keep the country in a quiet state, and at least to afford security to person and property, as long as the laws were not infringed, notwithstanding the oppressions and disabilities under which the colonists labored, trade flourished, and they grew rich; but when they had succeeded in freeing themselves from the rule of Spain, and attempted to establish a government on a republican model, it was soon found, by the leading men, that they had to do with a people, the mass of whom were entirely unable to appreciate the value of civil liberty, and who would be satisfied with the name of a republic, without one of the fundamental requisites of

such a government. As in the worst days of the Roman empire, the army has been the engine used by ambitious men to accomplish their ends, and a military despotism has become the essence of a government, masqued under the prostituted name of a republic.

Except during the time that the military forces were actually engaged in the expulsion of the Spaniards, their legislative assemblies have been a farce, they have been overawed, controlled, or disregarded, by any military chieftain who could gain the suffrages of the soldiery. The consequence of this state of things has been, that the government rested on no solid basis. As soon as the capricious soldiers became tired of a tranquil state, and impatient for an opportunity of plundering, some chief was always ready to place himself at their head, and hurl his predecessor from power. In more than one instance, has the nominal president been declared supreme dictator. These constant changes have still more demoralized a people already without much moral worth. Industry has been paralyzed, and commerce of course has suffered in proportion. It is true, that for a short time after the expulsion of the Spaniards, trade was apparently flourishing: the country seemed to rally, after having accomplished this end. This, however, is chiefly to be attributed to the fact, that in the hands of the wealthier part of the community, was accumulated a large amount of exchangable commodities, particularly of the precious metals, by which they were enabled to purchase foreign productions; but when these exchangeable articles were exhausted, the state of the country was so bad, industry was so completely at a stand, that

no adequate supply was ready to exchange for the productions of other countries. Those who had bought foreign cargoes and sold them again on credit, to different individuals, were ruined in many instances, by the inability of second purchasers to meet their payments. Another source of impoverishment has undoubtedly been the introduction of foreign articles of luxury, the use of which was almost unknown before the revolution; or if they were known, they were only introduced by smuggling, and came at such a high price, as to put them out of the reach of all except the most wealthy. But when the expulsion of the Spaniards opened the ports of South America to many nations, the great abundance and *comparative* cheapness of foreign luxuries led to a sudden and extensive use of them, which drained the country, to a great extent, of its exchangable commodities; and this, at a time when all prudence, economy, and forethought were absolutely called for, to enable the country to struggle with the difficulties of its new situation.

From the causes I have enumerated, both here and in a former part of the book, all the bounties of nature lavished on the State of the Equator, its fertility and various productions, the salubrity of the climate of a great part of it, its noble river, navigable for vessels of the largest class, its port, the only one on a coast of some thousands of miles, where shipping can be advantageously built or repaired, have been insufficient to render it prosperous; and, as I have repeated, nothing can render it so but tranquillity and the diffusion of education.

Should the country ever be tranquillized, and a tolerably good government be established, one great step toward reviving commerce must be to facilitate the means of transportation to and from the interior, by the construction of good roads. A vast extent of fertile and healthy country is, as it were, locked up and deprived of all advantageous intercourse with the rest of the world, by the intervention of a few leagues of impracticable roads.

I am now about to take a final leave of Guayaquil, to which I wish all manner of prosperity. To some of its inhabitants I am indebted for a great deal of kindness, which I hope I shall always gratefully remember. In the account I have given, both of the city and of other parts of the State of the Equator, I have endeavoured to follow impartiality, and eschew prejudice. If in some instances I have failed, (and perhaps it is almost impossible for a traveller to do otherwise,) I can only say I am sorry for it, and shall be glad to be set right by any one who has better information, or a clearer head to judge of the people and country. I am certain that I have nothing set down in malice, however much I may have extenuated.

I had engaged my passage to the United States, in the ship Henry, bound for New-York. On the 9th of November, 1832, the ship got under way, and dropped down the river. The next day I followed in a boat, and overtook the ship a few miles below the city. On the 11th we arrived at Puna, and came to anchor. In company with one of the passengers I went on shore to visit the British consul and his lady, who have their

summer residence on this island. After having bade them adieu, we went on board; and on the next day the master ordered the anchor up, and we stood out into the gulf. On the 14th the pilot was discharged, and a departure taken from the island of Santa Clara. This island is also called El Muerto, the corpse, or El Amortajado, the shrouded corpse, from the strong resemblance its outline bears to a corpse shrouded after the manner of Catholic countries. It is a small, uninhabited spot, and somewhat dangerous to navigators, on account of the strong currents which run around it, setting vessels upon it in calm weather, there being no good anchorage near its shores. On the 15th we were still beating about in the bay, and saw two American whale ships and a barque at anchor off the mouth of Tumbes river. This river is the northern boundary of Peru, and is a great resort of the whalers, for the purpose of procuring vegetables. On Friday, the 16th, we lost sight of land, and shaped our course for Cape Horn. The ship leaks a good deal, and in heavy weather the pump is kept going about half the time: rather an unpleasant sound. On the 19th of December, in Lat. 51° 49′ S., we spoke a whale ship from New-Bedford, with a master by the name of Coffin. On the 20th we had a heavy gale from the north-west. On the 21st we saw the islands of Diego Ramirez, which lie a little to the southward and westward of Cape Horn. We had no bad weather in these seas, which are often so terrible to navigators. Christmas day, which is here nearly midsummer, was delightful. The air was mild and clear, with a moderate and fair breeze.

Hundreds of albatrosses were flying about us, many penguins were seen in the water around the ship, and that beautiful kind of porpoise which has a stripe of pure white along its side, was gamboling in shoals over the dark blue waves.

Nothing worthy of notice happened from this time until the 12th of January, when the cabin-boy, William, died of a dysentery which he contracted in Guayaquil. Poor fellow! he was an excellent boy, the hope and consolation of a widowed mother, to whom he sent the greatest share of his earnings. The next day his body was committed to the deep, with the appropriate solemnities. It was a gloomy day. For two days before William's death, a dog that was on board was continually snuffling about the steerage hatchway, where the boy was, and uttering the most piteous howls. His acute scent probably detected the smell of mortality, and with that curious instinct which dogs, as well as some other animals, are known to possess, he thus manifested his alarm and sorrow. Even when the sailors knew that the boy was in great danger, and with very little hope of recovery, no perceptible change could be perceived in their conduct or feelings,—they were as light-hearted as ever; but when the dog began to manifest symptoms of alarm and uneasiness, I quickly observed that they communicated themselves to every sailor on board. They talked in whispers; and many a sorrowful glance was cast toward the steerage. They evidently thought that the seal was put on the fate of poor William. It is not strange that ignorant sailors should be superstitious. In the midst, as they continu-

ally are, of nature's most striking and appalling phenomena, surrounded by sounds and sights of horror imperfectly seen through the obscurity of night, they have more scope for the imagination of supernatural agency, and they beguile the long watches by tales of spectre ships, portending destruction to hapless mariners; of ghosts of murdered victims, haunting the blood-stained deck, and driving the guilty captain mad, until he seeks refuge from horror in self-destruction; of shipwrecks following the throwing overboard of a cat, or the shooting of a mother Carey's chicken; and the numberless superstitions which, puerile as they are, strike terror into the mind of the credulous sailor.

From this time until we made land, nothing of peculiar interest occurred, with the exception of a tremendous gale in the gulf stream, which did us some damage, and increased the leak. The first land we made was Montauk point (not having had an observation for five days, on account of thick weather); and, in consideration of the leaky state of the ship, and the signs of an approaching north-west gale, the master determined to run into New-London, and on the evening of the 20th of February, we came to anchor in the harbor. On the 24th the ship came to at the wharf in New-York. It was the Sabbath; and as I stepped out of a carriage at the door of a hotel, the bells were ringing for church, and throngs of people were flocking to worship. Every woman appeared an angel, and every tolerably good looking man an Adonis; so well did my joy at once more setting foot on my native shore, dispose me to be pleased.

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